SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LV FEBRUARY, 1914 NO. 2

THE ALPINE ROAD OF FRANCE

THE BEST MOTOR-WAY ACROSS FRANCE, FROM NORMANDY TO THE MEDITERRANEAN BY THE NEW "ROUTE DES ALPES"

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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS

WE cross France from north to south four times a year. We are weary of the ordinary routes. To reach the Mediterranean through Germany, and Switzerland or Italy, is a long way round, while time is precious and tires are costly. So we spread out a map of France to think of a new way, and the famous example of the Czar at once occurred to us. When his engineers presented him with their route from Petersburg to Moscow, the line curved like a snake, for the engineering difficulties of that marshy land were great. "Not at all," said the Emperor; "this is the way to connect two cities," and he took a ruler and drew a straight line. So the railway exists, and he probably never knew how many millions of rubles that ruled line cost. We were bound for the southeast. Why not start from the northwest? and we laid the ruler from Cherbourg to Antibes. The more we considered this, the better we liked it, until at last it clearly offered so many advantages as to show itself an ideal route across France. Especially, of course, for American travellers, for they land at Cherbourg, or reach that place easily from Southampton. It combines more aspects of French life and history, and a greater variety of scenery, than any trans-France route we know. The watering-places of the west coast; a glimpse of Normandy and Britanny; the world-famous, if tourist-haunted, Mont St. Michel; Anjou, the melting-pot of Anglo-French history; the Loire valley, with the most wonderful chain of castles in the world; a pleasant bit of Auvergne; the great city of Lyons, splendidly prosperous and picturesque; a dozen delightful river-valleys, from the gentle Cher to the dashing Durance and the lordly Rhone; and, finally and best, the new route des Alpes, the series of thrilling mountain roads over a dozen passes of the Savoy, Dauphiné, and Maritime Alps, up eight thousand five hundred feet high, now beginning to be available to automobilists, in most ways equalling, and in some surpassing, any roads that Switzerland can show. The decision was therefore easy this time, and early one morning last September we disembarked on the quay at Cherbourg, every preparation made, the car tuned up afresh for fast runs and high climbs, a bag filled with books and maps, and in our hearts the exhilaration that comes from days ahead of unknown content—in the spirit of the Frenchman who said that a key is the most beautiful object on earth, since you never know what it may open.

The superiority of travel in an automobile to every other kind of journeying enables a mass of heterogeneous scenic and

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human detail to be grasped as a unit. In other forms of travel the parts obscure the whole. The saying that one cannot see the wood for the trees is not merely a figure of speech: it is a statement of fact. The automobilist knows the Black Forest, or the New Forest, or Fontainebleau, as forests, not as groups of trees intersected by roads. The traveller by train must go to a place, observe the details of that place, then move on to another place, with other details. The best traveller on foot —Borrow or Stevenson—can enjoy himself, or interest others, only by his impressions of the insistent details of each trudged mile. The motorist alone can perform the great deduction of travel. His privilege is to see the surface of his planet and the activities of his fellow men unroll in impressive continuity. He moves along the vital lines of cause and effect. He sees how the earth has imposed character and habits upon her inhabitants. The movements of populations are complete phenomena to him, as are the migrations of ants to the observant scientist. He realizes why the Welsh have necessarily remained the separate race they are. He knows why the people of Yorkshire are different from the people of Kent. He understands why and how the Moors came and went. It becomes clear to him why there was first decentralization in France, then centralization, and now why the future must happily bring about *régionalisme* again. The philosophy of history, which Hegel viewed transcendentally, the automobilist visualizes. Of course he enjoys unequalled opportunities for studying details, but if he is wise he will pass these by, for they only serve to detract from the special and unique advantages he may otherwise secure. "Leave wars to others; thou, happy Austria, marry!" Let the travelling microscopist pore over the infinitely small; thou, happy motorist, see life steadily and see it whole.

France, more than any European country, informs this kind of observer. If you say "France" to the common traveller, what does the word connote? The Paris boulevards, the Grand Hôtel or the Ritz, the Bon Marché or the Printemps, Notre Dame or Napoleon's tomb, the stained glass of Chartres, the façade of Amiens, the beach at Biarritz, the Promenade des Anglaise, at Nice. When you say "France" to us, what do we see? The great central wheat plain; the broad vine-belt; the western *landes*; the eastern pine slopes; the welter of history in Touraine and Anjou; dear, yellow, dusty, wind-swept, singing, dancing Provence; the southward climatic procession of buckwheat, wheat, vine, olive, palm, and orange tree. "The moon was a ribbon of silver across the purple moor." So France, to us, means a moving panorama of man and nature, vitally interwoven, from Roman legionary to the champagne-grower of to-day burning the vineyards from which he lives, with the resultant nation at once the delight, the puzzle—in faint-hearted moments almost the despair —of the rest of mankind, the enthralling spectacle of the gravest problems and the most gallant courage to grapple with them that the modern world affords.

Come with us, therefore, and you will not be bothered much with details. If you must have these, go to Baedeker—he will give you nothing else. We land at Cherbourg. Is it not the third naval port and arsenal of France? It is. See Baedeker. But look at Normandy. It is like the England that it once was. The undulating country is gay with heather and gorse and broom; festoons of blackberries hang over the hedges into the lanes; the stone-built houses have yellow-ochre mud-plastered tops, and the saxifrage which has covered their thatched roofs has withered away into a gray-brown fluff. Apple orchards everywhere, and the ground under the trees covered with little scarlet cider apples. The roadside trees have thousands of big bunches of mistletoe—tons of this were exported to England, but an edict has now gone forth that it is a baneful parasite, and the farmer—for this, unlike other parts of France, is a land of tenant-farmers—must cut it down, or the state will come and cut it down for him. There are three crops—or four if you include bees—apples, flax, and stretches everywhere of wine-red fields. "Sarrasin," was the answer to our question. It is buckwheat—the famous *blé noir*. It is not for stock, and certainly not for the

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nefarious purpose sometimes planned by unscrupulous people in England—to attract a neighbor's pheasants! It is "pour faire la galette"—to make into the flat bread-cakes which are staple food of the people hereabouts. But it is also exported for poultry-feeding, and to Holland for the Dutch distillers. For there is an awful—that is the word—consumption in France of hundreds of kinds of pernicious *spiritueux*, horrible, poisonous "bitters" and "tonics" and "*apéritifs*." You see rows of bottles of them in every *café* and *estaminet* and *buvette*, the despair of reformers, for they are undermining the health of the whole community. Millions of litres of raw potato-spirit are imported from Germany to Bordeaux, of all places, the very home and centre of the wine-country of the world! And these Normandy peasants may poison themselves with the stuff distilled in Rotterdam from their own ruddy fields.

A puncture brings us to a halt in a lane off the highroad—a short cut we were taking, and my lady walks on and smiles at the door of each cottage in turn, and every housewife invites her in and displays the little home and its treasures. The people are distinguished in manner, and speak French without accent. Each house below is one large room, picturesque and exquisitely kept; a hearth-fire beneath a vast hooded open chimney, with no grate of any kind; double-curtained wooden beds on either side of the fire, old swell-bodied wooden clocks, lumpy carved-oak cupboards, with brass hinges and finger-plates two or three feet long, the walls covered with china, a highly polished brown clothless table, spread for a meal for many persons, and long, thin benches on each side. The men have no peculiarities of costume, but the women seem to have stepped out of Millet's pictures, with their full, neatly brushed, very short black skirts, sabots, cross-over black bodices, and starched caps, the latter varying with every village, from plain linen bands to elaborate frilled caps with strings. But, though the homes are so pleasant, the farm-buildings are filthy, and the cows and oxen are tied up to pegs in the walls, and lie in a foot of rotten manure, as do the sheep, with no sign of trough or food-rack.

Those who enjoy, as I do, standing upon the exact spot of some great historic happening, where the significance of it permeates them like an emanation, should not pass through Normandy without halting for a few minutes at Avranches. Leave your car for a few minutes by the Sous-prefecture, and make your way to a shady secluded square on the edge of the ramparts, where few tourists penetrate. In a corner, surrounded by a chain, stands a broken column—the only fragment remaining of the cathedral destroyed by the revolutionists of 1790. It has a bronze plate with this striking inscription:

SUR CETTE PIERRE
ICI, À LA PORTE DE LA CATHÉDRALE D'AVRANCHES,
APRÈS LE MEURTRE DE THOMAS BECKET
ARCHEVÊQUE DE CANTORBÉRY,
HENRY II,
ROI D'ANGLETERRE ET DUC DE NORMANDIE
REÇUT À GENOUX
DES LÉGATS DU PAPE
L'ABSOLUTION APOSTOLIQUE,
LE DIMANCHE XXI MAI,
MCLXXII

What a picture of the time—the coarse-built, passionate Plantagenet, never humbled before, on his knees on the stone at the door of the cathedral, remembering his friendship with the chancellor, his quarrel with him when archbishop, the reconciliation, the murder three years ago, and now prostrate before the emissaries of Rome, to escape from the curse flung at him at Chinon by a monk of Canterbury!

Of course the sight of Normandy is the abbey-fortress of Mont St. Michel, and long tradition has linked to it the omelet of Madame Poulard. For two hours before you reach the embankment, which since 1879 has destroyed its island character, the pyramidal group of fortifications, houses, battlements, and spire rise wonderfully in the vast stretch of sand. We had never visited it, and two impressions of unexpected strength remain. First, this architectural summary of the centuries from the eleventh to the fifteenth, whose monks in 1066 were already so rich that they sent six ships to help William conquer England, is vastly more interesting and impressive than we had

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thought. Second, it is the most tourist-destroyed place we have ever known. Madame Poulard is dead and gone, omelets made by the hundred are apt to be leathery and cold, the strange, steep streets are dreadful with souvenir-harpies stopping you at every yard, and you must see it as one of fifty visitors taken round at a time by a bored state official at a franc a head. Have lunch early elsewhere, and arrive there when others are lunching—that is the only palliative, and even then you will be glad to leave and drive on to the fortifications of St. Malo, linger perhaps at the gay bathing *plage* of Dinard, run down the soft valley of the Rance, stroll round the quaint Breton town of Dinan, till you halt at the Ostellerie du Cheval Blanc at Angers, a type of the pleasant old-fashioned French provincial hotel. You are in Anjou.

France, as I have said, is made up of a number of great geographical and historical units, and the most interesting of these is formed by the two old provinces or counties of Touraine and Anjou, now practically the departments of Maine et Loire and Indre et Loire. "Perhaps no stream," says T. A. Cook* of the Loire, "in so short a portion of its course has so much history to tell." Every historian and poet, ancient and modern, from Ronsard to Hugo, has rhapsodized over Touraine, this "pays enchanteur" where from Roman and Saracen and Charles Martel to Plantagenet and Revolutionist, history has been made of each turn of the stream, and has left such monuments in its castles as no district of its size in the world can equal. Loudest of all, the "gros rire tourangeau" of Rabelais has echoed for four hundred years along this happy valley. And the centuries of fighting between Tourangeau and Angevin link Touraine and Anjou inseparably together, and bring us of English descent into the story of their charm and bloodshed. For Anjou has been well called "England over the water." Vital issues of English history were decided here. Great feudal lords fought here for the English crown, and hence came our Plantagenet line. Here was the homeland of the Frenchmen who were kings of England, "my illustrious predecessors of the house of Anjou," as Queen Victoria once called them. The links with England are two: first, William the Conqueror's son, Henry I, had a daughter, Matilda, who married Geoffrey Plantagenet, the son of Fulk V, of Anjou; and Henry II, King of England and Count of Anjou and Touraine, was their son, on whose accession Anjou became English; and Richard Cœur de Lion their grandson: and, second, after the chain was broken during three centuries and the reigns of five kings of England, it was linked again by the marriage of Margaret, daughter of René of Anjou, to Henry VI, but severed finally through their lack of issue, although Anjou did not become definitely French until Louis XI annexed it in 1480.

The route we are taking, diagonally across France from northwest to southeast, cuts across Anjou and Touraine, and here the traveller must linger. If he loves to dwell on "old, forgotten, far-off things, and battles long ago," he may spend a happy fortnight here. If his time is limited, and he must let the panorama of France unroll fast, he may see enough in three—or even two—days to provide him with lifelong memories. For the glorious castles of the Loire valley all lie between Saumur and Blois, a distance of only seventy miles, and this route brings him to them by Angers, the capital of Anjou, thirty miles from Saumur, where he will find, as he enters, one of the most imposing feudal strongholds of the world, a vast pentagon of massive towers and walls dominating the Maine from a rocky plateau.

This he need only see from the outside, but in the town of Angers he will find good reason to rejoice at one curious result of the recent secularization of church property in France. In 1375 Louis I, Duke of Anjou, desiring to decorate his apartments in the castle of Angers, borrowed from his brother, Charles V, an illuminated manuscript of the Apocalypse, and commissioned Nicolas Bataille, a celebrated tapestry-maker of Paris, to copy it. The resulting work had strange fortunes. Louis bequeathed it to King René, who transferred it from castle to castle and finally presented it, in 1474, to the cathedral at

* His scholarly and brilliant book, "Old Touraine," should be read beforehand by every one who visits this part of France. Like all travellers in Touraine I am much indebted to it.

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Angers, where it was hung from that time until 1782, when it fell upon evil days. All notion of its beauty and value was apparently lost; it was used to protect orangeries from cold, to wrap up wounded soldiers, as packing-sheets, bedquilts, to cover floors while ceilings were being redecorated, hung in stables to prevent horses rubbing themselves, and finally, in 1843, stowed away as useless. An enlightened person bought the lot for three hundred francs, the scattered and torn pieces were gathered together bit by bit, and in course of time cleaned and most carefully repaired. Then it remained hidden in closets in the bishop's palace, until the other day the state took the palace, tapestry and all, and now it hangs there and in the cathedral. It is, though sadly incomplete, probably the finest tapestry in the world, unless that at Reims equals it, and certainly one of the most precious artistic possessions of mankind. It consisted originally of seven pieces, each about six metres high and twenty-four metres long, the whole containing ninety pictures, of which seventy and eight scraps are left. It is wonderfully beautiful, and must on no account be missed, or the other tapestries of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, also disinterred by the state from the bishops' cupboards.

The route I have planned leads past one world-famous place little visited by the tourist, and, before entering the Loire valley, you must drive to a village ten miles southwest from Saumur and linger awhile in—what? La Maison Central de Détention, the great French convict prison. For more than a hundred years it has been a prison, but it is, in origin and history, nothing less than the great Abbey of Fontevrault, truly described by Cook as "perhaps the most remarkable institution of its kind in Christendom." In the eleventh century an eloquent monk named Robert d'Arbrissel was asked by Pope Urban II to preach the Crusades. So persuasive was he that in a short time he was followed by a motley crowd of four thousand men and women, of all ranks and all virtues or none. The too successful apostle could not take his mob of disciples to Palestine, so he planted them here by a spring near the former stronghold of a robber chief named Evrault. He divided his pilgrims into four houses, for learned ladies, penitent women, lepers, and monks, and by a stroke of genius put the place under the authority of a lady abbess, and drew up such rules, including abstinence from wine, as had never been known before, summarized in the motto: "Mother, behold your son; son, behold your mother." And under abbesses it remained, thriving or decaying as their character and authority waxed or waned—a fact not without significance in connection with a certain problem of our own day. For three centuries it prospered amazingly, then its wealth and fame fell away; it was restored to its former glory, but became at last so gay and luxurious a resort that the destructive hands of the Revolution fell heavy upon it, wiped the community out, and left the last abbess to die miserably in Paris. But in its brave days it was closely bound up with English history. Our queens, our princesses whom nobody wanted, our women failures of high degree, no less than many of the great and glorious of their time, visited it, or took the veil in it, or died there, and, indeed, as some historian has remarked, our royal history which ended at Windsor began at Fontevrault.

As the abbey now contains six hundred long-sentence convicts, not all of it can be seen, and the visitor is escorted by a warder, clanking with keys, through many iron prison-gates. It is still a vast place, with quiet cloisters round a grassy square, with exquisite carved doorways, a Romanesque chapel, and a quaint circular building of the twelfth century, regarding which archæologists still debate whether it was a mortuary chapel or a kitchen. But for us English all other interest at Fontevrault pales before the heroic recumbent statues of the Plantagenets. The tombs were rifled at the Revolution and afterward built up in the chapel wall, and have only just been found again during the admirable work of restoration now proceeding. Two statues were destroyed, but four remain, in almost perfect preservation, in a window-bay of the small bare chapel where the prisoners hear daily mass. As a special favor I was permitted to photograph them—a rather difficult task, as there is little light and one can

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place a camera only a few feet from them. My pictures are better, therefore, than I had ventured to hope. Three statues are of tufa stone and one of wood, all painted in pastel-like shades of pale cobalt, lavender, and pink. There they lie, Henry II and his son Richard the Lion-hearted, whose conduct to his father was such that the latter's wounds are fabled to have bled afresh when his son approached the corpse; Eleanor of Aquitaine, wife of Henry II, who died here in 1204; and smaller, in wood, the beautiful and passionate Isabel of Angoulême, carried away on her betrothal day by King John of England, to bear him Henry III, whose heart was also buried here, and at his death to come back faithfully and marry her old lover. I hardly know the reason why these monuments pleased and impressed me more than any I know elsewhere. Perhaps their unspoiled perfection has something to do with it—every finger-tip is perfect. Perhaps their almost Etruscan simplicity. Perhaps a certain propriety —*quædam proprietas*—in their demeanor for eternity. Probably the aroma of the story of the broom-bearers contributed much. But, whatever it was, I would go far at any time to stand again by these Plantagenets on their biers, with the lovely drapery of their couch around them, in the gloom of evening and of history.

On leaving Angers, spectacle after spectacle, in rapid succession, on alternate sides of the Loire, comes a great chain of fortresses, fortress-residences, and sheer pleasure-houses. Chinon, begun by Romans and Visigoths, the home of king after king, where Henry II and perhaps Richard Cœur de Lion died, the "Windsor of France," in whose great hall Joan of Arc came pleading to Charles VII, and to whose gay company Rabelais poured out his immortal jests, was last inhabited by Cardinal Richelieu and his descendants, and was left by the Revolution the magnificent mass of ruins it is to-day. Langeais, with its two great towers and portcullis, in the very midst of the little town, shows, notwithstanding the guards' "chemin de ronde" from which melted lead could be poured upon invaders, how Italian art and luxury were already modifying the mere stronghold. Here, the year before Columbus discovered America, Anne of Britanny was married to Charles VIII—and do not fail to see the exquisite and pathetic tomb of their two babies in Tours Cathedral. It is of peculiar interest to-day because it was bought by M. Siegfried, the wealthy ship-owner, and by him restored and filled with furniture and objects of art of the period collected from far and wide. His will bequeathed it to his wife, and at her death to the Institute of France, with a yearly revenue of thirty thousand francs for its up-keep. Then, a little farther on to your left, look out for Luynes on its hill—no reason to climb up to it—precisely the delightful pepper-pot castle of the fairy-book. Tours, half an hour on, very interesting historically, has little to show except the cathedral, but Amboise, twenty miles farther, detains you. Looking from its decorated heights, by its exquisite chapel, from its two huge towers, up one of which a carriage and pair may be driven, upon the roofs of the little town huddled below, you realize how the feudal lord looked down upon the serf-like population. And while its Italianized architecture gives you one idea of the taste of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, quite another is conveyed by the recollection that upon these battlements, in 1560, stood a gay company of ladies and gentlemen, among whom was François II and his bride, Mary Queen of Scots, to watch the butchering of twelve hundred Huguenots, on the failure of their plot to remove François from the influence of the Guises, the family of the great duke who had inspired the massacre of St. Bartholomew. It was a long job, of course, to kill so many, and the company could hardly be expected to watch it all, but the noble victims were reserved for their especial entertainment after dinner. And with this edifying spectacle in your memory you may drive thirty miles to the south to visit Loches, whose keep has probably the most impressive collection of dungeons in the world. Here Philippe de Comines, the historian, was shut up for years in a barred window recess; here Sforza, Duke of Milan, spent nine years in semidarkness; here the stone walls are worn into steps by the prisoners who struggled up them to get a glimpse through

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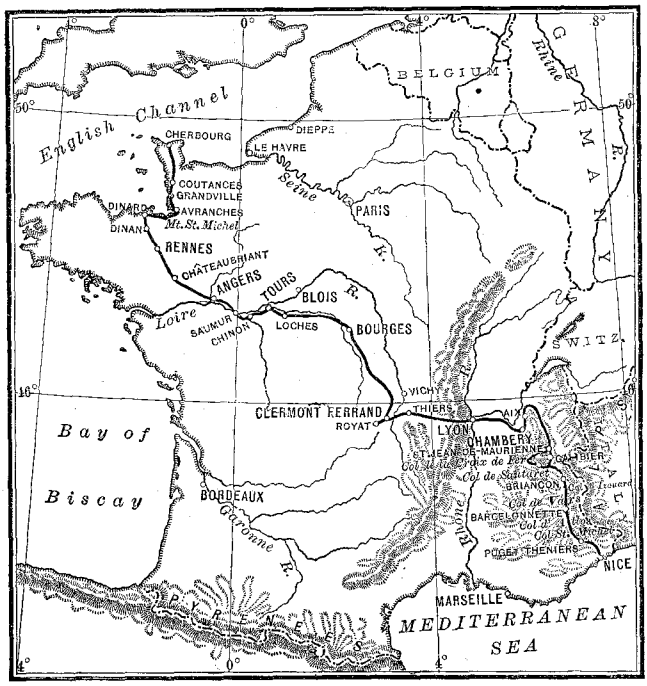
the narrow slit in the wall; down this narrow stair came Louis XI to look at Cardinal de la Balue hanging in his iron cage. But here, too, dwelt and died Agnès Sorel, "most beautiful of the beautiful," the saintly mistress of Charles VII, and of pearls. At Chaumont you come upon Catherine de Medici and her astrologer; the great Château of Blois will occupy a couple of hours with its wonderful Renaissance façades and salons and staircase, its sculptures and paintings and tapestries,



Map of France showing route taken by the author.

here is her tomb, but not her body, with the unforgetable inscription, "plus blanche que les cygnes, plus vermeille que la flamme," and her effigy watched, appropriately enough, by two lambs.

The road back to the Loire takes you past Chenonceau, a castle-gem astride the Cher, with each of its feet in a vineyard. A copy of its eastern façade forms the beautiful decoration of the second act of "Les Huguenots" at the Paris Opera. Blois is stained with the blood of Guise, says a local historian; Chaumont was a nest of vultures; Amboise was the scene of massacre; Loches stands upon unnumbered dungeons; Chenonceau alone has no blood-stain on its stones and no groan has ever risen from its vaults. Eight generations of kings took their pleasure there, and a long line of brilliant and beautiful women makes its history like a rope but your chief memory will be of the Duke of Guise backing, sword in hand, from stair to stair and from room to room before his assassins. Finally, at Chambord you will see a stupendous château of the Renaissance, a very ebullition of architecture. No more machicoulis for molten lead, no more slits for archers, no more keep and dungeon and portcullis, but thirteen great and fifty smaller staircases, balustraded galleries, great windows, fauns, salamanders, cupids, innumerable friezes and bas-reliefs and turrets and pinnacles and mouldings, and a wonderful concentric double-spiral staircase up and down which two parties can go at the same time without even seeing each other. It has four hundred and forty apartments, its stables held twelve hundred horses, its walls are twenty miles round, it has twenty square miles of hunting-land within

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them. The place is a prodigiously extravagant royal pleasure-house, and at the Revolution it was treated as such. When we were there a Bourbon hunting-party—it belongs to the Bourbons—in coats of green, with horn and hound, were setting out as in the old days, and we lunched at the little inn of the Grand St. Michel off the superfluities of their *déjeuner de chasse*.

After Touraine our car points due east for a hundred miles, through pleasant, uneventful country, and draws up outside the strangely irregular cathedral of Bourges. Here is the finest stained glass in France—after that of Chartres perhaps in the world—one hundred and sixty-five windows and forty-five roses, all of the thirteenth century. The "art du vitrail" was a French art, and Berry, the old name of Bourges, was famous for its "verriers." But at the end of the sixteenth century there came wandering craftsmen called "coureurs de losanges," Swiss glass-makers, who camped out in towns and made on the spot white glass, lozenge-shaped, to replace stained glass broken, or out of fashion, or thought to obscure the light. Then the Jacobins broke most of the panes containing armorial bearings, and tried to melt the richest colors, for the gold they believed to be in them. But enough remains to fill the eye with glory and the mind with wonder. The elaborately decorated Gothic house of Jacques Cœur, a wealthy tradesman who lent much money to the King of France, and barely escaped with his life from an accusation, doubtless in the interest of his creditor, of trying to poison Agnès Sorel, is also one of the sights of Bourges.

I must pass quickly over our run southward by St. Amand and Montluçon, through a manufacturing "black country," over a wooded pass and down through the picturesque gorges of the river Sioule. But do not fail to notice, as you follow my route, the ruins of the Château Rocher, on the right, splendid in its decay on a lonely hill among many hills. Then past the twin towns of Clermont-Ferrand, with the sugar-loaf Puy de Dôme towering above an air which reeks of vulcanized india-rubber, from the great motor-tire factories, to Royat, famous for its mineral waters, and here we spent a dull evening, dining alone in a vast room, for it was the end of the season and the hotel about to close. A week or two earlier, and the tired motorist could halt here or at Vichy or at Aix and find baths and music and casinos and all the luxuries and diversions of a cosmopolitan world of fashion. In the morning, due east again, and of this day I have space to speak of one place only—Thiers. The town resembles an Indian hill-station, for it stands high above a ravine formed by the river Durolle, and there is a difference of six hundred feet between the top and the bottom of the broad street which serpents through it, flanked with rows of houses, the doors of each row nearly on a level with the neighbor's chimneys. It is a place of character, too, with its large old-fashioned inn, its tavern called "La Maison des Sept Péchés Capitaux," quaintly illustrated by seven carved figures forming corbels of the upper story, and its many shops bright with every kind of cutlery. It is this cutlery which makes us halt here.

Every visitor to one of the great Paris stores will have noticed counters covered with table cutlery of the characteristic French pattern—broad, curved blades and horn or black-bone handles, excellent steel and very cheap. Almost all this is made at Thiers, and by hand. But there is no external sign of manufacture, and a traveller might pass through the town without suspecting a great industry. The swift-flowing Durolle supplies power, at the bottom of a deep and narrow gorge, on the steep side of which, as I have said, the town is built. At one story below street level we came to the forges of the chief firm. Here, with extraordinary quickness and skill, the knives are hand-forged, blade, hilt, and tang from steel bar, then tempered one by one, and two stories lower down, at river level, in a long, dark, damp cellar, they are ground, and it is the method of this process, unique so far as I know, that makes the industry of Thiers worth a moment's description. The river turns a score of emery-wheels, about a yard in diameter, and above each of these is a narrow, sloping platform, six feet long and two wide. Along each of these, flat and face downward, lay a grinder, man or

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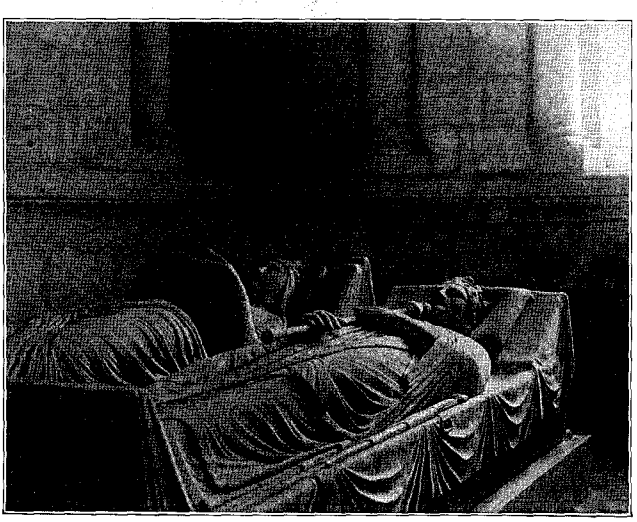
woman, grasping a blade by the two ends and pressing it by the whole weight of the body against the revolving wheel just below. The long row of stretched-out bodies gave a grim impression of something between a field hospital and a mortuary. The foreman assured us that it was much easier work thus to press against the wheel by one's weight than to sit and press by the force of one's arms. But to lie thus almost motionless all day long in a dank cellar, far below ground level, is about as dreary and unhealthy a way for a human being to pass his life as can be imagined. The place itself cannot be warmed, but, to keep at least a little heat in their bodies and stave off rheumatism as long as possible, the grinders have adopted the extraordinary expedient of training dogs to lie all day upon them—dogs of all sorts and sizes. There they lay, curled up on the backs of their owners' thighs, living hot-bottles. One dog had lingered behind when the grinders returned from dinner. He came running along, sniffed hastily at each pair of extended legs till he recognized his master, then leapt lightly up and curled round in the place where he, too, passed a dreary, chilly, monotonous existence. I shall never handle knife and fork at a French dinner-table, with its delicate fare and sparkling talk, without thinking of the needy knife-grinders of Thiers.

The road along the Isère.

From Thiers we drive straight to Lyons, one of the finest and most magnificently situated of great modern cities. The guide-books tell you everything about it, including its twelve miles of quays and its export of one hundred million dollars' worth of manufactured silk, except that it was the scene of perhaps the greatest cruelty of the Revolution, when women who had begged for mercy to their dear ones were tied to the foot of the guillotine and compelled to witness hours of butchery. And thence on to Chambéry,



Richard Cœur de Lion and Eleanor of Aquitaine.

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the old capital of Savoy, verdant, flower-bedecked, ever-varying and ever-beautiful Savoy, where at last we are at the foot of the Alps, over which our adventure lies.

If you ask any one where the Alps are, it is a hundred to one that he will reply, "In Switzerland." This is a popular error which my reader must eschew. Some of the Alps are in Switzerland, some in Italy, some in Austria, and some, and by no means the least high or the least beautiful, in France. As a matter of fact, the great chain of the Alps runs from Nice to Vienna, 630 miles, and is as much as 185 miles wide, whereas the whole of Switzerland measures only 217 miles by 138.* There are some fifty French Alpine passes, ranging in height from 8,700 to 1,300 feet, of which ten are 5,000 feet high. The highest carriage road in Europe, as readers of my "Flowing Road" may remember, is the Stelvio Pass, 9,041 feet, but the next two highest are in France, the Col du Parpaillon, 8,671 feet, which is hardly a road at all, and the Col du Galibier, 8,530 feet, whither we are now bound. And the motorist who traverses the so-called "Route des Alpes" will have more adventure than on any of the great Swiss passes, and will find views as varied and as superb as any Switzerland can show.

The houses of Amboise, from the castle ramparts.

The Route des Alpes, like so many good things for the motorist in France, including a revolution in the sanitary arrangements of provincial hotels, is due to the imagination and initiation of that great organization, the Touring Club de France. Its idea is a mountain highway from Thonon or Evian, on Lake Geneva, to Nice, on the Mediterranean, without touching either Switzerland or Italy. The different departments concerned contribute equally to the total cost of four million francs, but as the Hautes Alpes could not afford its share, the Touring Club de France undertook to find half of this, namely one hundred and eighty-eight thousand francs.

*I take these figures, and others later, from Freeston's "Highroads of the Alps," an invaluable handbook for all automobilists in the Alps.

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Winding up the Galibier.

In the Col du Glandon.

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At the present moment, however, the authorities of this department have repudiated their obligation, and work on their portion is therefore at a standstill. The scheme has consisted in improving old roads, and connecting existing good roads by new ones. It will not be completed for some time, but even to-day it affords a through route which is certainly the most magnificent mountain journey possible to the motorist anywhere. Indeed, it is largely available to everybody, for the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway has established a "Grand Service d'Auto-cars" which takes passengers by five motor-stages from Lake Geneva to Nice, at a total cost, including a break by railway, of less than two hundred francs. This service is conducted for only eleven weeks of the year, from July 1 to September 15, before and after which dates the higher passes are likely to be blocked by snow.

Our plan was to strike into the Route des Alpes, which runs due north and south, about a quarter of the way down. The three more northerly passes, the Gets, Chatillon, and Megève, though charming runs, and the last affording splendid views of the Mont Blanc range (a short excursion from here leads to Chamonix, also of course in France, at the foot of Mont Blanc), are not nearly so high or so interesting as those farther south, and there is, after all, a limit to the number of passes one can enjoy on a single journey.

So we left the old-world town of Chambéry, with its curious monument on four bronze elephants to the Comte de Boigne, who settled here after his romantic life of soldiering in India and bestowed much of the fruit of the pagoda-tree upon the town, on a radiant, cloudless September morning. We drove up to Aix les Bains by the beautiful Lake Bourget, bought a white coat of Angora rabbit-fur from the old lady at the street-corner, the only person who knits these downy and feather-light garments, and then turned off toward Le Chatelard, by a suspension bridge called the Bridge of the Abyss, three hundred feet above the Chéran, and ran for an hour past meadows rich with gentians and campanulas and woods charming with wild cyclamen, the great *massif* of the Grande Chartreuse on our horizon.

Suddenly, after so steady an ascent that we do not at all realize we have mounted over three thousand feet, a sharp turn and we are at the summit of the Col du Frène. Below us is spread a vast panorama of the valley of the Isère, which runs straight away like a canal. Directly below us are the roofs of St. Pierre d'Albigny. Across the valley is the chain of the Belledonne hills, and over and behind them the long white, serrated edge of the border mountains between France and Italy. It is a wonderful chess-board of vineyard and pasture and river, road and roof and hill, and we feel like airmen looking down upon the world. This pass does not come into the Route des Alpes, but it is well worth the *détour*. While we are admiring and photographing it, one of the huge "auto-cars" of the P. L. M. comes sweeping round the corner and bangs the side of our car, which causes me to forget for a moment the beauties of nature and draw lavishly for the driver's benefit upon the vocabulary collected in French student days. It has not been much used for twenty years or more, but it proves equal to the occasion, and the British and German tourists listen to the colloquial duel in silent horror. The truth is that, though these vehicles give great pleasure to large numbers of people, they are rather trying to the private motorist from their great breadth; and, indeed, on many of the roads it is impossible to pass them, and you must not enter upon these roads till you are sure the daily P. L. M. *char à banc* has passed.

We run down the zigzag descent to the Isère and on by the straight road fringed with Lombardy poplars—the characteristic French road shown in my photograph [p. 145]. Then in the late afternoon we roll silently along the Arc valley, past golden poplars and between purple white-crested hills. The woods and river-bed are covered with buckthorn laden with yellow berries, and the wild berberis with its masses of crimson fruit. This is the first touch of autumn in our green run across France. Enormous iron pipes, trailing snakelike down the hills, show how the water-power is commercially used. We had intended to spend the

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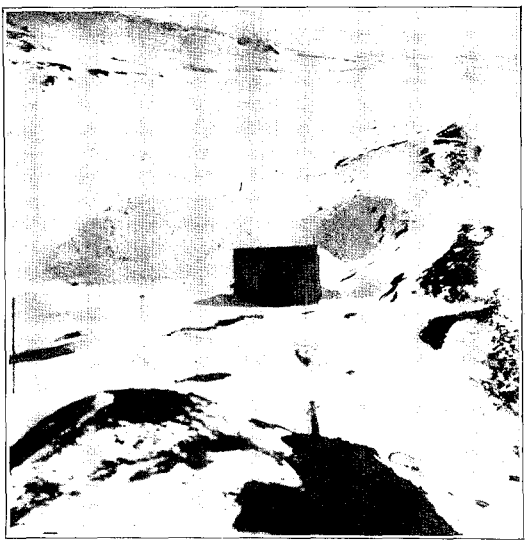
night at Valloire, half-way up the Galibier Pass, the highest and most difficult part of our route, but evening had come on and we could get no further than St. Michel de Maurienne, two thousand three hundred and thirty feet up. It was just as well, for here a great disappointment awaited us. Before we had been two minutes in the little hotel we learned that the Galibier was blocked with snow—a fortnight earlier than usual. The people in the little blockhouse at the top were caught, and the road would have to be cleared to let them descend. But this might take several days, and meanwhile here were we, shut off by an impassable mountain range from all the rest of our route!



The northern side of the Galibier Pass, showing entrance of tunnel.

It was a hard blow, but after dinner and a council of war it looked less serious, as blows have a habit of doing. The Galibier was blocked on the north side, where we were. Obviously, therefore, since we were bound to get to the top somehow, the only way was to drive round the mountains and ascend it from the south side. No sooner decided than done—with the

The road down from the Col du Glandon.
(Mont Blanc just visible sixty miles away.)

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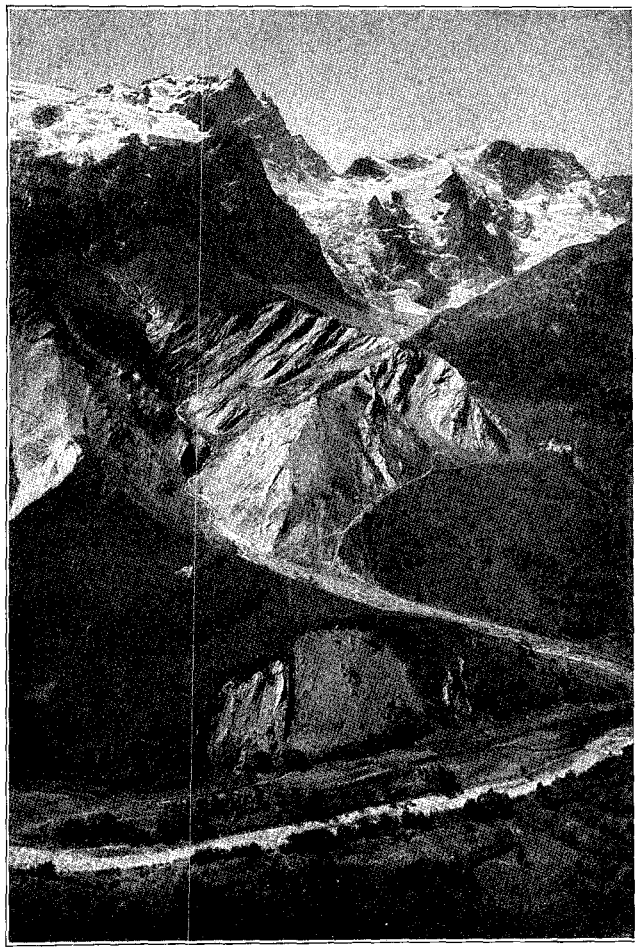
result that our cloud proved to have a silver lining in the shape of a little-known but most beautiful pass, the Col de la Croix de Fer, only open in 1908, unmentioned even by the cyclopædic Freeston. So, early next morning, we run quickly back up the Arc valley to St. Jean de Maurienne, due northwest, and a very steep ascent from the middle of the town turns us due southwest, to reach, across the two passes, which we have assured ourselves are still open, the main road from Grenoble to Italy, by the Lautaret Pass, the summit of which is the foot of the southern ascent to the Galibier.

It is at first a steep climb, though by vineyards and grazing land, with silver firs covering the mountainsides, and then through three tunnels where the rocks could not be circumnavigated. But, above all, the memorable beauty of this pass was the persistent spectacle of the three dazzlingly white peaks of the Aiguilles d'Arves piercing the cloudless sky. The road used to end at the village of St. Sorlin, but the mule-path has been engineered into a good though narrow road. It is a quaint old village, with storm-beaten wooden houses, and a queer little church of the seventeenth century. The women hereabouts wear a red headband from which bulges a curious pouch-like muslin cap. Their black skirts, supported by square braces over the shoulders, are very full and gored out pagoda-shape, finished by a score of narrow tucks at the hem, and we met one woman leading a child by one hand and a pig on a string by the other. Flocks of sheep, too, met us as we walked, so tame that they ran to us like friends, and we were hard put to it to extricate ourselves from the solid woolly mass. The summit, six thousand seven hundred and sixty feet high, bears an iron cross on a stone column and from this the pass takes its name. Of its interest I can only say that we stopped constantly all the way up to take photographs, in a vain attempt to carry some of its beauty away with us, and to dig up plants for our own garden far away. A descent of a few hundred feet brings us at right angles to the top of the Col du Glandon, six thousand four hundred feet, where a little châlet-hotel was built in 1904, and there we lunch. It is a lovely spot in the midst of mountains, at the junction of three roads. We have come up one, we are going down another, and we climb to a hilltop near by to take photographs of the other—a superb view straight down a long mountain valley, with Mont Blanc, white and rounded,



The village of La Grave and

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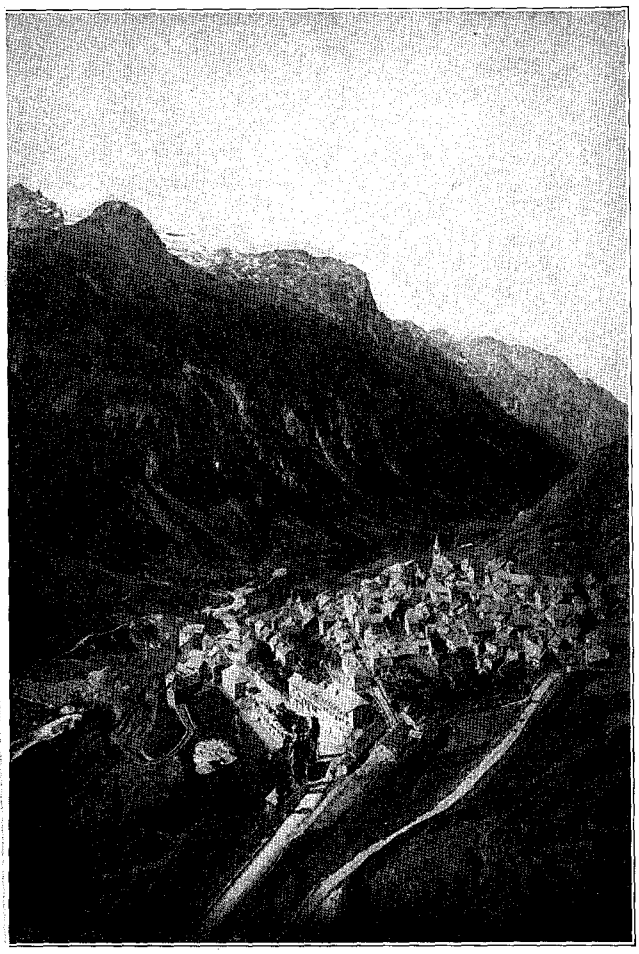
above all, sixty miles away. The road we thus took by accident I strongly recommend others to include in their journey.

The descent is an attractive, narrow, smooth, winding road, following the course of the Odole, between bare mountains, crossing the river at Oz, till after a sixteen miles' run, at a place called Grandes Sables, we are at the bottom of the long descent, and we strike the highroad at last and turn sharp to the left—due south, to bring us finally eastward to the Lautaret and the other side of the Galibier. It is a perfect road both in gradient and surface, through several tunnels and amid magnificent scenery, following the valley of the Romanche, and we reach the wonderfully situated village of La Grave at sundown, and are five thousand feet high again. We have almost circumnavigated the Galibier.



the Meije range and glaciers.

La Grave is most romantically situated. On one side of the street are the hotel and a few houses and shops, and on the other is the Chaîne de la Meije—a perfect row of magnificent snow pinnacles and ice-masses. The Glacier du Tabuchet looks almost impertinently into one's bedroom window. My illustration shows this better than pages of description. The little place is greatly visited by Alpine climbers, and it has a heavy record of mortality. The Meije, indeed, is said to have been the last Alpine height to be climbed. "Meije," by the way, is a modernization of a local word, difficult to say or to spell, meaning "midday," and the two next highest peaks, now the Pic Central and the Pic Occidental de la Meije, were formerly known as "nine o'clock" and "eleven o'clock," these names being connected in some way with their illumination by the sun.

The run up the Lautaret from La Grave is chiefly beautiful for the view back to it. After stopping and looking back a dozen times, and passing through one long tunnel, we find ourselves at the summit, six thousand seven hundred and ninety feet, the ascent being so gradual that one hardly notices it. At the top there is the usual hospice, and a little hotel, and an Alpine garden established by the Faculté des Sciences of the University of Grenoble, with an interesting collection of Alpine flora carefully labelled. A few hundred yards farther a road turns back at an acute angle, and winds and zigzags up until it is lost to sight on the mountain. It is the way up the Galibier from the south, and it begins where the Lautaret climb ends.

This is the point we aimed at when we

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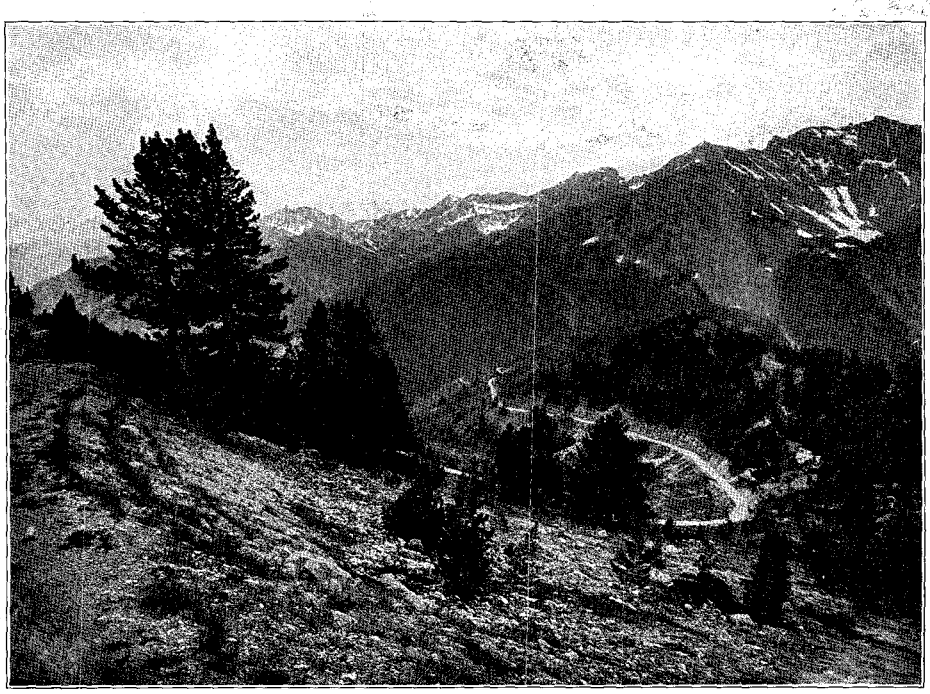
found the northern ascent blocked, so we swing round and go roaring up, the gradients being steep enough to bring us down to second and even first speed, for this is real mountain-climbing, far steeper than on the great Swiss highway passes, with their perfectly graduated gradients. We go up and up, round sharp bends with precipitous edges, till the hospice at the Lautaret summit looks a mere hut below, then the snow begins, and as we come round one hairpin bend we find a hundred yards of frozen snow a couple of feet deep. No car could pass this, but, as we are bound to reach the top, we do the rest of the way on foot, a rather tiring climb for people out of condition after a London season, and at this high altitude. At the top there is a so-called "blockhouse," tenanted by a couple of road-men, who are going to clear a way through this snow and then close the doors of the tunnel and abandon the pass for the year, and descend into the valley. The highest point of the road itself is in a tunnel one hundred and ninety feet below the summit of the Col, and here we are on the highest carriage-road in Europe, save only the Stelvio. It is icy-cold and wet, but at the other end a superb view breaks into sight, down the Vallon de Valloire. To appreciate the double view north and south, however, one must climb by a short but stiff path, to the actual summit above the tunnel, a couple of hundred feet higher. Here, at last, one feels really very high up. We look down on glaciers all around, and of all the eighty-three peaks round about only a few are higher than ourselves. We are alone in the perfect quiet of great height, and in all our view right over to Mont Blanc on the horizon not a thing moves. There can be but few views from an Alpine road equally impressive. I always wonder why it is that such a sight imposes silence. We hardly speak to each other till we have joined our car again. After some difficulty in reversing on such a narrow road, we swing down again, with great care at the corners, until we meet once more the Lautaret road we left, and then, with fourth speed in, seem to fly through the valley to Briançon, the prosperous countryside looking almost unpleasantly civilized after the desolate grandeur we have left behind. But we



The northern approach to the Izoard Pass.

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have been on the top of the Galibier in spite of the snow.

After the highest road in France the highest town—Briançon, four thousand

Our car on the rocky ledge of the Allos Pass.

three hundred and thirty-three feet, seeming to cling to a chalky eminence, the Durance running fast by its foot. There is a great fort above it, and as you observe the heights closely you discover fort after fort among them, looking inaccessible, and everywhere bastions, embrasures, and the entire apparatus of military architecture. The forts are, in fact, so difficult to reach that provisions are sent up to them on cables. The place is the chief fortress of the Alpine frontier, and has a large garrison and a school of ski-ing to train the *Chasseurs Alpins* for winter campaigning. On the Italian frontier, seven miles away, there is, of course, a similar outfit of fortifications, and one naturally reflects that if the two countries had spared themselves this vast cost, they would be in a precisely similar relative position. The town is twofold, new and old, the latter still entered by a drawbridge. The streets are narrow and tortuous, the houses ancient and quaint, built in amphitheatres, and down the middle of the chief street, indeed practically the only one, is a gutter cut in the red porphyry, down which a little torrent splashes noisily, carrying away all the household refuse and the snow in winter. This curious feature is called the Gargouille. Above all towers the cathedral, with twin Byzantine belfries, "seeming," as a local author says, "to be placed in the centre of the chief bastion as if to beseech upon a city of arms the protection of the god of war."

But we have no time to linger in Briançon, so after a hasty and late lunch of cold meat and Alpine honey, at three o'clock, we start again for the Col d'Izoard, the pass we must cross before dark. A pretty road begins to rise steeply at once, and curves upward round a rocky ledge, in front of us a steep hillside dotted with larches, and lovely snow peaks beyond. We pass Cervières, a village with ramshackle old houses, almost Tibetan in their quaint-

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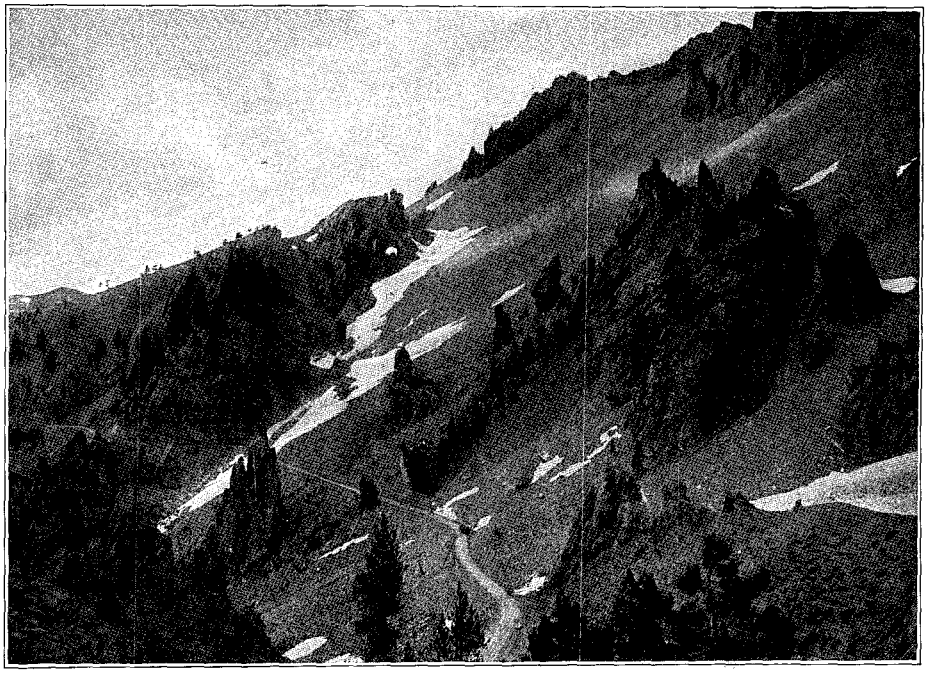

The "Casse Déserte" in the Izoard Pass.

ness and decay, covered with wooden tiles channelled to let the water run off. Then up a most interesting black-and-white valley—the white being the peaks and the black the *pinus uncinata*, an uncommon fir, fine and rugged and bushy. The road has no fence or parapet, and there is a sheer drop from its edge. Coming at a fair speed round one corner near the top, I suddenly find the road for a hundred yards ahead covered with smooth frozen snow. I dare only apply the brake very slightly indeed, and at once the car begins that horrid slithering movement which betokens imminent side-slip—and, from the lack of resistance in the steering-wheel, a front side-slip, the worst of all. I cannot stop without grave risk, and it is almost equally risky to go on. At best we are only three or four feet from the edge, and as we slither nearer to it, and then away again, I see my lady's arms waving in the air, like a tight-rope walker with his balancing-pole, and I hear the chauffeur behind quietly opening the door to get out. This was the one trying experience of our Alpine climbing; and it was really nervous, for a moderate side-slip would have taken us clean over the edge. It lasted only a couple of minutes, but that was more than enough. *Moral:* When you are up to the snow-line, always go round the corners very slowly till you can see the road ahead.

The summit was reached soon afterward, seven thousand nine hundred and three feet, and its one building, erected with a grant of money from Napoleon III, with this inscription: "Refuge Napoléon. Vote du Conseil Général des Hautes Alpes, 28 Août, 1856." I turn to my faithful diarist and find: "It is my favorite pass, wilder, newer, more strange than others I have seen, and quite distinct. The view forward is marvellous—all bare rock and snow points. No cloud visible, no sound save distant jackdaws—still as death. I sit on a stone, and think, and love the pass, and collect a cotton-forming euphorbia."

The Izoard, in fact, is of a different style of landscape art from other passes. The surrounding hills slope only just enough to prevent a general rock-slide. Upright rock-spikes project in hundreds from the surface—we called this part "needles and pins." It is a kind of Sindbad the Sailor's

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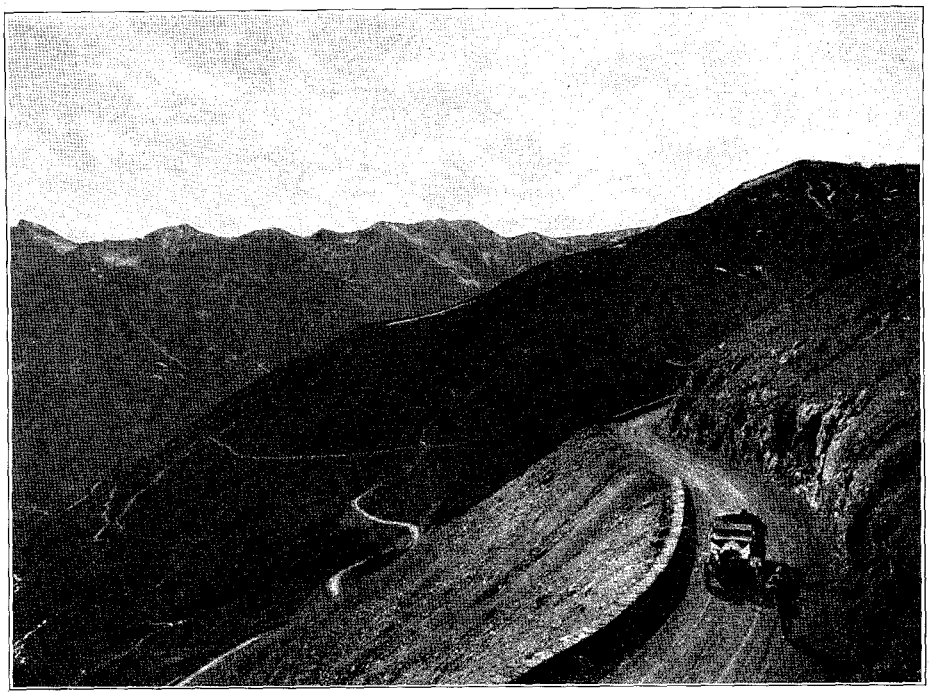

The sun-baked side of the Allos Pass.

land—with something bewitched or enchanted about it. It seems almost uncanny, and one listens for the winding of some weird horn of Elfland. I know no other mountain way like it.

A short distance down the southern side, by a new road built for the automobilist, with no sharp corners, but still with unprotected edges, is an extraordinary and I should think unique spectacle, though it recalls the surroundings of Aigues Mortes in the Gard. The road passes through a perfect waste of rock and scree, with not a blade of green in sight. Great jagged pinnacles of yellow pumice-stone stick up from the bare stony hillside. It is called the "Casse Déserte," and is, in fact, a great stone bowl, surrounded by precipices, with a serrated row of peaks across the outlet. Its name means, I suppose, the desert crucible — appropriate from its obviously igneous origin. Our illustration hardly does justice to this curiously impressive mountain wilderness.

After photographing this in the fading light we roll down till dark and our lamps are lit. The scene here must be very picturesque, but we hear only the rushing water and the echoing of our engine against rocks and in tunnels, and see very little except that wherever the lamps shine the road is not. At eight o'clock we pull up at the Hotel Imbert, at Guillestre, the most primitive inn we have met with on this journey, full of character, also of people and flies, but with good, savory cooking and clean beds.

Next morning we made an early start, not from virtue, but from a combination of necessity and self-interest. In the first place, there was such an appalling noise that nobody could possibly sleep—cocks, road-menders, hawkers, carting, shouting, and domestic differences; in the second, by a long day's run we could sleep in our own beds by our own corner of the Mediterranean. So we took a hasty look round Guillestre. It is an ancient little walled town, showing Italy at every step. The sixteenth-century church has a Florentine porch, guarded by the two red Verona-marble lions seen in so many towns in northern Italy. The fountain in the square is Italian, as are the crooked and dirty streets and the narrow gateway to the town.

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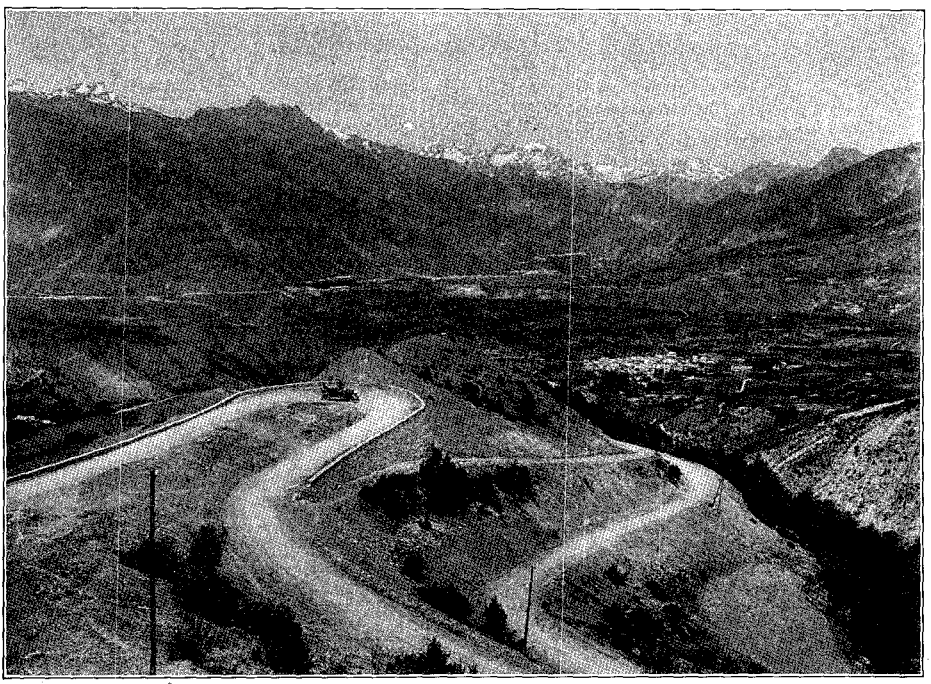
There is a choice of routes onward. Either you may go by the Col de la Viste, five thousand two hundred and sixty-six feet, and the Col de Vars, six thousand nine hundred and thirty-nine feet, passes harder to drive but not so beautiful as those we have seen; or you may run along the valley of the Ubbaye,



The new motor-road on the Col de Vars.

a rather bad and dusty road until it is buttressed up above the river, where the views are fine. In either case you reach Barcelonnette in a couple of hours, and notice with amusement at the entrance to this sleepy little town a notice-board warning you to drive slowly, because of the "circulation intense." There remains one more pass between you and the southern sea, but by next summer you will be able to take a shorter and even finer mountain route to Nice by the Col de la Cayolle, seven thousand seven hundred and sixteen feet. It will be, in intention, a military highway, but also a stage in the Route des Alpes. This time we must cross the Col d'Allos and the almost unnoticeable Col de St. Michel.

A fact of interest about Barcelonnette is that the rigor of the climate, where the snow lies for six months of the year, has led the inhabitants to emigrate to milder climes, and they have chosen almost exclusively Mexico and Central America, where they have established important firms and industries and are locally known as "the Barcelonnettes." The Department of the Basses Alpes, which between 1800 and 1866 gained nine thousand inhabitants, lost no fewer than twenty-eight thousand between 1866 and 1901.

A sharp turn and short, stiff climb out of the town bring us quickly to a considerable height and we run round a rocky ledge on very steep mountainsides. This pass will always be remembered by us as the red pass, just as the Galibier is in memory the white pass, the Croix de Fer the green-and-purple pass, and the Izoard the black pass. For here we are for the first time in the midst of exquisite rich autumn colors. The hills are covered with golden maple and the scarlet small-leaved poplar, and the berberis berries and sumach are very beautiful. As we look down into the precipice the scarlet bushes blaze amid the dark firs, and above us are the yellow mirabelle and wild rasp-

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berries and strawberries, but both above and below all are out of reach on the steep slopes. At the top, seven thousand three hundred and eighty-two feet, we see the Col de Fours, an impracticable road, winding to and fro in the distance. The government is reforesting here, and the grass slopes below are dotted with minute black fir-trees in regular rows. The view south is desolate—vegetation is always on the north sides of these passes, as the sun makes the south side arid—and to our surprise cloudy, for we have not seen a cloud in the sky since leaving Chambéry. The road serpentines down, and the view is not so Olympian in its solitary grandeur as from the other passes, for here the hand of man is visible in the fields of oats and barley, and the cows and sheep and goats. There is little snow, even on the highest mountains, and we realize that we are getting south now. The mountains, too, are not distant and high, but curiously close, jagged in shape, not serrated or peaked. The indescribable squalor and dilapidation of the houses we pass as we run down the valley also detract from our pleasure. One wonders how human beings can inhabit them at all. There is a remarkable rock formation as we approach Allos, the hills being split in regular narrow layers and these broken again regularly into oblong blocks, exactly as though the hillsides had been built up by the Romans with their familiar flat bricks.

The Col St. Michel—the new road.

Five miles beyond Allos the little and little-known town of Colmars calls for a few minutes' halt. It is an ancient fortified town, which has kept its mediæval outline unimpaired. A wall surrounds it and entry is by a gateway with portcullis. "I suppose this is the citadel?" I asked an inhabitant. "It is the town," he replied. Almost all old towns have outgrown their walls. This one has never extended beyond the limits of its original defence. On each side of it, on rising ground, is a protecting fort, with tiny lantern turrets at its angles—the Fort de Savoie and Fort de France, their names being geographically significant of the time when France and Savoy were different kingdoms. The little place is a picturesque, and I should think an almost unique, survival.

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As we drove on, now through birch and fir woods, and now on a hillside road above the river, an incident showed us the primitive character of the people hereabouts. A man driving a closed cart got out, and held up his hand to stop us.

An unfinished road in the Route des Alpes.

"Would you most kindly render me a service?" "With pleasure." "Well, I am the carrier, and I ought to have left this sack of bread three miles back. You will see a crooked path descending to a wooden bridge across the river. Would you be so good as to leave this sack on the parapet by the crooked path? That's all. I forgot it, and I should be left in the hills at night if I drove back, and if they don't get it they will have no bread for three days." So the sack was hoisted on board and we duly deposited it on the parapet by the crooked path.

Then the road became broad and smooth. It is brand-new; in fact, it was not made by the Romans, nor by Napoleon, nor for mules nor carriages nor armies, but actually for automobiles! We passed the summit of the Col St. Michel, four thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight feet, almost without noticing it, and ran fast down the long descent by a splendidly engineered road, with countless turns, but never-varying gradients, through the broom and scented brush of the South. It is just growing dark as we reach the magnificent rocky gorges of the Var. The rock masses overhang the road so steeply here that a friend of ours when motoring over this road always makes his family get out several times, and pass one by one—so that if a fall occurs he may at least not lose all his domestic circle at one fell swoop. And the fact is that the stone parapet has been broken in many places by falls of stones, and actually as we were driving along—this is a fact, and not at all a traveller's yarn—we saw ten feet of the parapet, in the full light of our lamps, slide down into the valley, and all three of us exclaimed simultaneously at the sight. It is a magnificent drive, within easy reach of any point on the Riviera. Finally (beware of the level railway crossings), at St. Laurent du Var, having descended eight thousand feet in this day's run, we strike the main road skirting the Mediterranean from Cannes to Genoa. Here you turn to the left for Nice, the end of the Route des Alpes, but we to the right, to our home at Antibes, the earthly paradise of many happy days. Your long journey has brought you to the Riviera, the most beautiful shore in the world, by the bluest sea, where nature is at her loveliest and man at his most luxurious, and there, in the dearest restaurants, the most elaborate hotels, and the most sumptuous casinos, or in the shade of palm-trees and olive groves, amid a multitude of flowers and bushes scented as nowhere else, you may reflect upon the rigors you have passed.

In reviewing in my mind this Route des Alpes, it seems to me that, just as Anjou and Touraine owed their inspiration and

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development to the personal character of their inhabitants, so this whole district owes its development and temperament to the character of its habitations. In Roman times these Alps were occupied by forty-four peoples, whose names were inscribed on an ancient trophy at La Turbie. This has long since vanished, but Pliny kindly copied it, and many of its names persist to-day in districts or towns or rivers. Only the valleys were habitable, and yet, as they were near the sea, their inhabitants became the easy prey of pirates and coast marauders. They were also the highway from Italy, and many armies, from Hannibal to Napoleon, marched through them. War, earthquakes, famine, and pestilence alike harassed this unfortunate corner of Europe. The Romans found the inhabitants hard to conquer, hidden away among the mountains; the Revolution left them untouched. The cutting down of trees spoiled the country and ruined industry, and reafforestation would do much to save the district from dwindling further. Just as nature in her fantastic shapes saved the people from annihilation by war, so now the tourists' desire to gaze upon these same fantastic shapes may save them from annihilation by poverty. Old roads are being improved, new ones built, hotels are springing up or being modernized, whole districts are being opened up. And all this new life is coming to the French Alps by the motor-car! These vast snow fastnesses, in old times frontiers and saviors of races, are now about to be revealed in all their wondrous and once solitary beauty to thousands of visitors from every land, and the great, silent glaciers, which for untold ages have looked down unmoved upon the petty march of men, are now in their turn to be looked down upon by invaders, not in serried ranks, but from the softly cushioned seats of motor-cars, rolling along the lofty highways so skilfully built for their convenience and delight. In time these mountains may become as commonplace as the Jungfrau. The more reason, therefore, to travel them soon, and we cannot recommend a better journey in Europe than the way we have led you across France, from the ruddy fields of Normandy to the snowy summits of the Route des Alpes.

The famous Riviera Corniche road—La Roquette.

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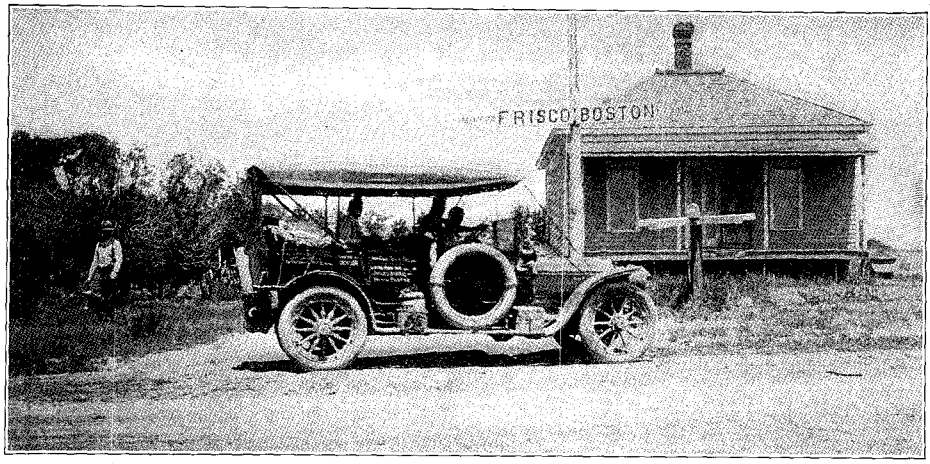

Guide-post near Kearney, Nebraska.

TRANSCONTINENTAL TRAILS

THEIR DEVELOPMENT AND WHAT THEY MEAN TO THIS COUNTRY

BY HENRY B. JOY

President of the Lincoln Highway Association

GOOD roads are our greatest civilizing force, and transcontinental highways are merely the development of a movement that in late years, and particularly within the last twelve months, has grown with increasing rapidity all over the country.

Good roads, however, should not be considered as a new subject, though apparently many are treating it as such. The good-roads movement goes back to the earliest times. If you thumb an old history and study the life of the Romans, or go back to the Carthaginians, or conduct an inquiry into the government of the Incas of Peru, or any other ancient nation, you will find one dominant impulse, one topic that they considered paramount, and that is a demand for improved highways. The Romans desired smooth roads, for military purposes principally. The Chinese have roads that have been in existence for thousands of years, and over which hundreds of armies have tramped. In Europe, where the roads have been excellent for many years, and where they are carefully maintained by the government, it has been found that their use for war was not their only purpose. They have been of far more value because of their marked effect on the cost of living, making access easy to the populous centres for the farmer.

Roads in the United States are said to be the worst of any civilized country in the world, and I think they deserve the reputation. The man who tours by automobile will tell you so. What he calls a "good" road here would, as a rule, be a disgrace in a foreign country. If the car can negotiate it the road is "good"; if it is impassable it is "bad."

There is a well-known New York banker who goes to Europe nearly every year for the sole joy of touring by motor-car. He likes to get out in the open. He has found it impossible to do it in this country, though, patriotically, he tried. On his return to New York last fall he told me that in two years he had made about

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fourteen thousand miles by automobile there. There was no great up-keep expense; even his tires came back in good condition. In the United States, on the worst country roads running through our rural districts, he couldn't go two thousand miles without purchasing new tires, and if he took the roads from ocean to ocean his tire expense might reach an unduly large amount.

The good-roads movement in the United States is believed by many to be solely for automobile owners. Nothing could be more untrue. Not that the automobile has not had its influence. The motor-car has probably accelerated the demand. It has crystallized sentiment. We are to-day probably twenty years ahead of where we would have been had it not been for the motor-car and the motor-truck, the development of farm and traction machinery, and the necessity of the farmer to reach his nearest marketing-point more easily and quickly. Progress in civilization is just as certain to bring better roads as the railroads did in first opening up our country. When in the early days of the nation we were dependent on the individual initiative of our pioneer and settlers, we went forward slowly. Congress and the State legislatures of the day realized that, to advance, communication was necessary. It is just beginning to penetrate the consciousness of our lawmakers that through good roads we can advance even more quickly, more thoroughly, more truly. Better communication between the rural districts and the cities means more civilization. The railroads carried us quite a way but they didn't take us far enough.

Agitation for good roads in the United States has, as I have said, probably been advanced twenty years by the automobile. Years ago the farmer felt that a dirt road was sufficient. He and his neighbors went once or twice a year to work the roads in their district. Sometimes the township bought special machinery. It was called "working out the road tax." It was a fine thing to do, but the improvement was only temporary.

When the automobile first appeared, the owners of these machines were blamed for the miserable conditions of the roads. The farmers said "the city man" should pay for all the good-roads improvements, because "he" was the fellow who injured the roads. When the farmers began to own cars of their own, they blamed the weather or the political powers or something else—always the other fellow.

The automobile brought new traffic conditions. The farmers found that their dirt roads would not do. They placed sand and later gravel over the surface. They tried crushed stone. Gradually the macadam highway developed. But the automobile and the traction machinery and other heavy vehicles and implements used on the farm journeyed over these roads and soon destroyed them. They would not last. Slow or fast, these moving vehicles tore up the surface. The result is that good roads to-day occupy the attention of nearly all. Public sentiment is aroused, together with a national interest in highway development. The problem is being studied by engineers and by every one, because all people, city or country dwellers, have a financial interest in good roads.

As is always the case, Congress and the State legislatures have been far behind the people in appreciating the need for highway development. In the States no good-roads project could go forward in one section, because the other section, naturally jealous, would not permit it. A little individual work—and I use the word "little" as compared to the country at large—has been done by some communities. In this instance the roads have started from some centre, but have led nowhere. Michigan has just passed a new State law which will develop the highways leading from one section to another section. I might illustrate this best by stating that Wayne county, Michigan, has a number of principal arteries that lead to the county line. Mount Clemens is a city about twenty-five miles distant in Macomb county. The road in Wayne county goes to the Macomb county line. The Macomb county interests will not permit their supervisors to build a connecting road to link up with the one in Wayne county, for fear that some business they are now receiving will go to Detroit. As a result of this short-sighted policy, thousands of automobile owners and tourists who ride out of De-

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troit on Saturdays and Sundays are compelled to keep out of Mount Clemens or else suffer great personal inconvenience if they wish to visit there. If a six-mile stretch of road were built and built properly, Macomb county merchants and hotels would benefit materially.

Until the route of the Lincoln Highway was established, there had been no transcontinental projects outlined except on paper. Different routes have been surveyed. The American Automobile Association and some kindred organizations have spent considerable money in going over these different routes, but they have encountered the petty prejudices of the various communities through which they passed, which have prevented concentrated action on the part of State legislators or Congress. There have been hundreds of bills introduced in Congress in the last few years for good roads, and few, if any, of them have emerged from a committee-room.

There is a Santa Fé Trail; the Oregon Trail, from Granger, Wyoming, to Idaho, Walla Walla, Washington, through Seattle, and north to Vancouver; there is the Seminole Trail, from Washington to Atlanta and then west to Birmingham; the National Road, starting at Washington and Baltimore, through Hagerstown, Cumberland, Wheeling, Zanesville, Dayton, Indianapolis, and Springfield, connecting the Boone Lick Trail in Missouri with the Santa Fé Trail; the old Overland Trail, which was used by the United States Government west of Chicago in carrying mail and passengers to the coast. And there are a dozen other trails running north and south, such as the Chisholm, from Newton, Kansas, to Fort Worth, Texas; the Winnipeg-Gulf Highway; the Capitol Highway, from Washington south to Jacksonville; the Dixie Trail, from Gettysburg to Roanoke, Virginia; and the Pacific Highway, north and south in California, Oregon, and Washington. South Dakota has its Emigrant Trail, Nebraska its Platte River Road, Iowa its Blue Grass Road and Bedford Trail and the Transcontinental Trail, Kansas its Baltimore Trail. There is a Tri-State Road from Chicago to Davenport, which is from this point called the River to River Road, through Des Moines to Omaha. Nevada and California are linked by the El Camino-Sierra Route from Ely, Nevada, through Tonopah and Goldfield and Bishop, California, south to Los Angeles; and these are only a few of the many. Some of these trails are quite direct. Others wind in and out, guided wholly by local sentiment in each community, retarded by the lack of progressiveness of others; and there is one in which I am greatly interested, the Lincoln Highway, which goes as direct as possible, reaches or is contiguous to sixty per cent of our population in the United States, and which by natural tributary roads is in easy access of all sections of our country.

The reason that these various highways have not been a success from a national view-point is because they have not been properly linked together. Nearly all of them have asked for aid from the government. Congressional influence and fights between State delegations as to which section should first feel the beneficial influence of good roads have always heretofore prevented any section from obtaining these benefits. Selfishness has been the one predominant trait of practically every district, with the result that the influence of all other sections banded against the one to be immediately helped has effectually prevented any great amount of road-improvement. Political pull and influence have been of more power and strength than right. Road-building work has always been delayed because the politicians couldn't agree.

There has been a great growth of automobile travel in the past six years. It is the return to individual transportation. Our early settlers, those who made these first trails, moved with their families and all their belongings in a canvas-covered wagon from point to point. To-day a man takes his family by automobile, and goes where he wishes and when he wishes, without regard to railroad time-tables or railroad regulations.

Some years ago a bright and enterprising advertising man for one of the Western railroads printed and talked "See America First" in all his advertising. It is a slogan that has grown tremendously. In the New England States last summer it is claimed that thirty million dollars was spent by automobile tourists. How many

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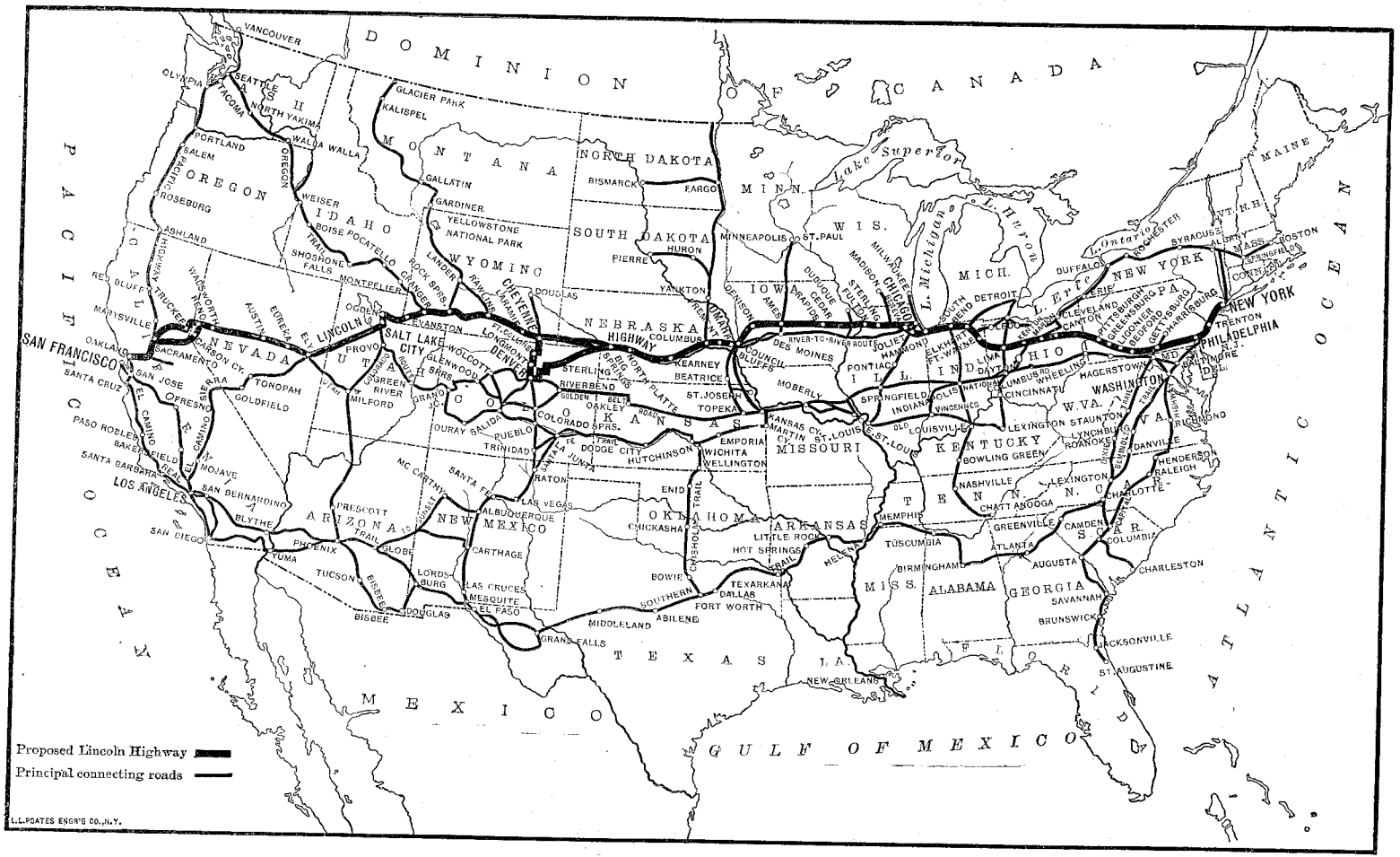

Map showing route of the Lincoln Highway, and other transcontinental trails and tributary routes.

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millions were spent in Western railroad travel I do not know. The scenic wonders of the West attract thousands. But hordes of rich Americans, increasing yearly in numbers, still go to Europe. Yet I believe "See America First" has been a tremendous influence in keeping American dollars at home, because our scenic wonders are quite as massive, as great, as entrancing, and as interesting as those sights of the Old World that have been advertised so successfully for many hundred years.

I have made a dozen transcontinental trips myself. I know of nothing more delightful; nothing that affords a better outing. I believe in that slogan "See America First" and I have tried to live up to it. But America to-day offers almost insurmountable obstacles to following this precept.

It was to remedy this condition, so far as coast-to-coast transportation goes, that the Lincoln Highway Association was formed. All have realized that Abraham Lincoln has no memorial to-day worthy of him. In Washington there is to be a Greek temple, a magnificent building, I am sure, where the Lincoln furniture, pictures, statuary, and records can be placed on exhibition. It is a fine project and it deserves consideration. But not a tenth of our population will ever see it. Lincoln was of the people; he came from and was a man among the people. Why not this memorial to his name, a memorial that can be used by a majority of our citizens and through which all the people will benefit?

I am interested in the Lincoln Highway because we have investigated and planned and mapped out what we believe to be the best road possible from New York to San Francisco. There must be a first road and we think the Lincoln Highway is to be the first transcontinental thoroughfare, one connected highway, that is to be operated without toll charges and is to be improved in the best manner. To say that the Lincoln Highway is for the rich motorist is to miss the keynote. The Lincoln Way is not a proposed plan. It is on the map. It is to-day the most used series of highways carefully selected, end to end, reaching across the country by the most practical route, serving the greatest population. It is not run through the large cities to serve the large city class of motorists. It is, in the main, a country highway. It might be called at a glance the Vertebra Route of America, the backbone of travel connecting countless thriving cities and villages and agricultural communities tributary thereto. The inside traffic is monstrous. The horse-vehicle traffic on it is now estimated at fifty per cent of its use. The other fifty per cent is motor traffic. Of this fifty per cent it is estimated that approximately ninety per cent is business use of motor-vehicles. The doctor, the salesman, the business man establishing personal contact with his trade—all will find better highways beneficial; and, most important of all, an improved opportunity will be afforded for intercommunication in social life for the heretofore marooned farmer or country resident and his family. Every element in our social fabric will gain and rural travel will be tremendously accelerated by good roads such as the Lincoln Highway. The farmer's wife to-day, let us say, wishes to take her car and go over to visit a friend fifty or one hundred miles away. The thrifty farmer may say that the road is so rough and poor that it damages the car and its tires too much. Or perhaps the farmer urges his wife to have her boy drive her on the trip, and the wife replies, "No; it is too uncomfortable on such a rough road." Thus you see that countless numbers of farmers and rural residents have the cars but not the roads. More than a million motor-vehicles are in use in this country to-day, and the number is rapidly increasing. In this number the high-priced car is scarcely a factor. The greatest benefactor of country life in these days is the cheaper cars, those that cost one thousand dollars or less, and the motor-cycle or cycle-cars. Crops rot in the fields because of the roads. The farmers are marooned. The means of travel they have, but not the roads. They cannot get to their markets, and this has a great effect on the cost of living to the men in the cities.

The Lincoln Highway will be an evolution—a slow or fast evolution. It will never be finished. It will still be straightened, broadened, beautified fifty or one hundred years from now—yes, even dur-

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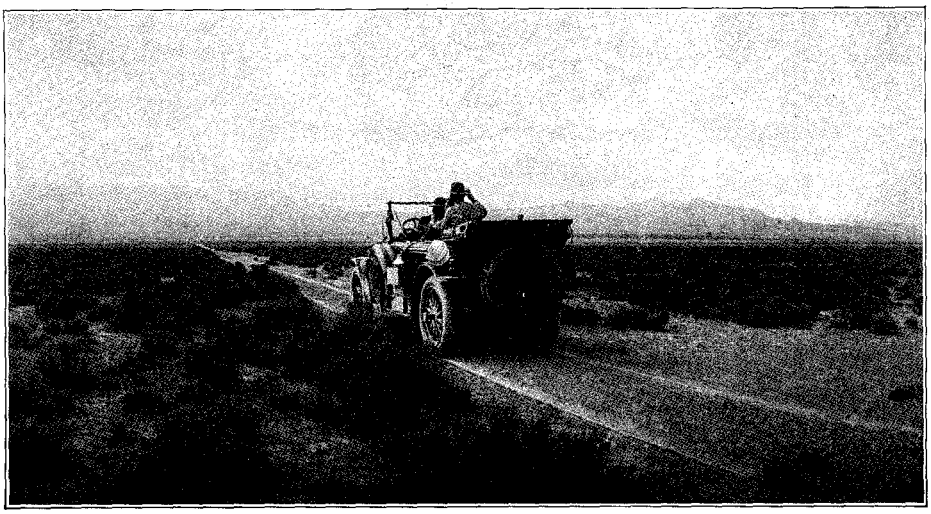
ing all the time that America endures. Yet upon the Lincoln Highway to-day more is being done—more good-roads work—than upon any other route across the country which could be selected. For example, in distant sections of Nevada it is being straightened and graded. In Utah, under the wise guidance of Governor Spry, portions are being permanently improved by a concrete road like the Wayne county roads in Michigan. Wyoming, under Governor Carey's careful judgment, is fixing up and grading long, troublesome stretches. In these three States this work was planned and in progress before the Lincoln Highway Association was organized.



Prometheus Peak, east of Austin, Nevada.

The Lincoln Highway Directors simply studied these lines by personal inspection, arranged that the ends of these valued public works should connect with each other, from California east to the natural overland trail, through Nebraska, Illinois, and on to the Eastern seaboard of New York, passing near Washington, the nation's capital—the best road serving the greatest population. It is not merely the best route that can at the present time be selected. It is the right route. No better road can be selected in the next generation or the next or the next. The conditions fit the route, and *vice versa*. As careful study revealed these facts from the mass of information, and by personal inspection, it became obvious that the route was the natural one as to topography, population, and climatic conditions.

It became clearly apparent that "Lincoln Way" were the magic words, appropriate to the great project, and those which will be the most enduring memorial to the greatest name in history. The Lincoln Way will always live usefully, freshly, and vividly.

On this highway, to be built in your and, I hope, my time, the route follows the path of directness with least grades. The New England motorist, let us say, goes to New York, crosses the ferry and enters New Jersey at Jersey City, riding south through Trenton into Pennsylvania, and beyond Philadelphia picks the southern way, being routed by Lancaster, York, Gettysburg, Chambersburg, Bedford, Ligonier, and Greensburg to Pittsburgh. Across Ohio the road is almost a straight line, as we enter the State near Canton and leave at Van Wert. In Indiana, Fort Wayne, Elkhart, and South Bend are the principal points; in Illinois, Chicago Heights, Joliet, and De Kalb. Here we have reached the Overland Trail, through Clinton, Cedar Rapids, Marshalltown, and Boone, Iowa, into Omaha, then along the Platte River valley westward to Julesburg, where the tourist may

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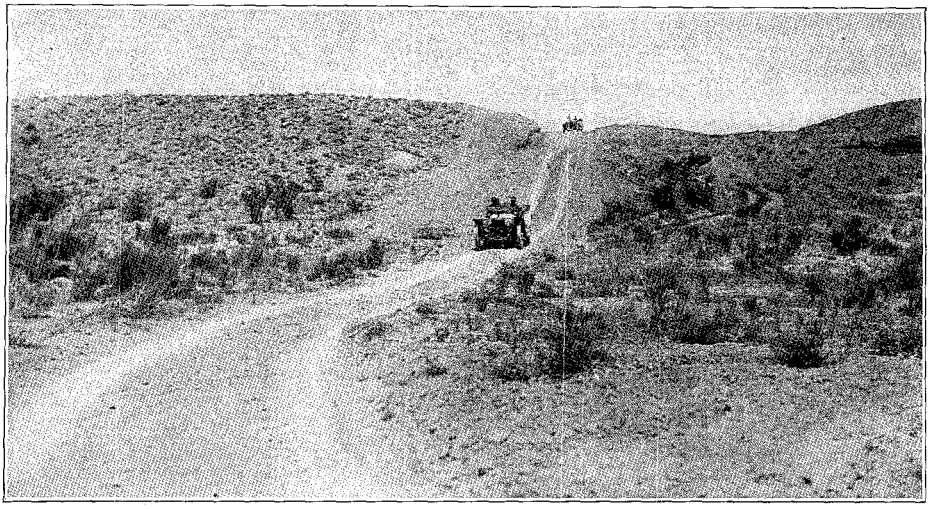

There are many miles like this in Utah.

dip down to Denver or go straight to Cheyenne. Salt Lake City is beyond Rawlins and Laramie, as are Reno and San Francisco.

There is a compelling logic in this route. It is close to many centres of population, erts of Utah and Nevada with their wonderfully beautiful irrigated sections; Lake Tahoe; Yosemite National Park; and other forest reserves and the boulevards of California are all a part of the highway's attractions because they can be seen and enjoyed by those who pass over it.

Putting a contraction-joint in place and striking off the concrete to give crown to the road.

Support given the undertaking has been noteworthy. Our leading citizen, the President, has sent us a check. So have many senators, congressmen, governors, and leaders in the world's banking, railroad, manufacturing, and other industrial affairs. From Alaska the other day there arrived fourteen pennies sent by the children of Anvik, through Mrs. Evans, their missionary teacher, and forwarded by the *Christian Herald* to us.

avoiding the cities, yet being available thereto. Gettysburg; Canton, where McKinley lies buried; the Lincoln birthplace in Kentucky, and Mammoth Cave; the Lincoln home in Springfield, Ill.; the city of Lincoln in Nebraska; Colorado and its scenic grandeur; Wyoming's unequalled curiosities of nature, and Yellowstone Park; Glacier Park in Montana; Grand Canyon of the Colorado; the des-

At this writing the contributions and pledges are a trifle more than five million dollars. It is hoped to complete the fund before January 1, 1915. A great number of our leading industries in the automobile and its allied fields have pledged sums ranging from $10,000 to $300,000.

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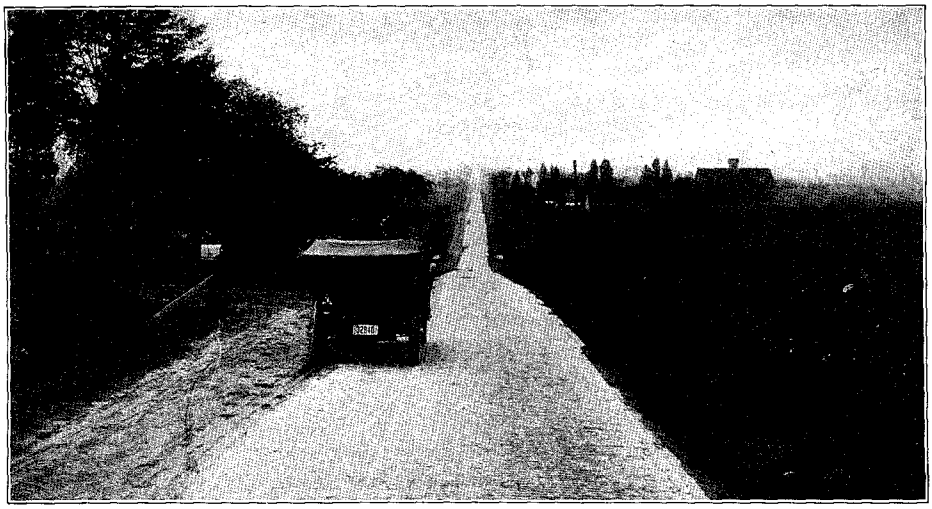
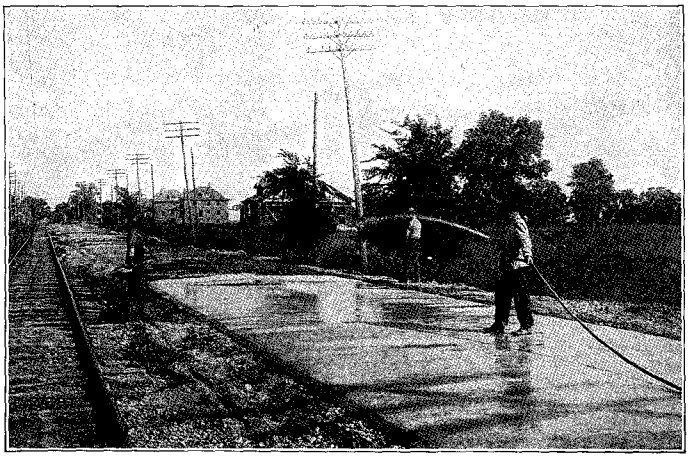


Centre road, Cuyahoga County, Ohio.

Which is one of the cross-country roads which intersects a large number of main highways and is subject to heavy traffic. It was laid in 1909, and there have been no repairs on this road due to wear and tear.

Many more are expected to do likewise. True, there is selfishness in this. Better roads mean more touring and the more general use of the automobile. But the farmer and merchant of the smaller cities will gain eighty per cent or more of the benefit.

Should the expenditure of money in America by Americans be encouraged? Or should they continue to travel attractively and comfortably as to roads and hotels, and spend their money abroad? They will continue to go abroad, and small blame to them, as long as existent conditions prevail. Why? Places of interest. Good roads. Excellent taverns and restaurants. And, after all, the inner man demands attentive consideration.



Finishing a new concrete road near Detroit.

The surface is wet down and covered with dirt for about ten days to give the concrete time to set thoroughly before traffic is permitted.

In the smaller cities in America the good tavern is the exception. Does it exist at all on the European standard of good food and cleanliness? The general experience is that rooms are dirty and unattractive. The beds, linen, pillows, and mattresses one would gladly exchange for a grassy plot in the park. The less said of carpets the better. Rooms with baths are the exception, and many of those are dark and dirty! But what shall we say for the sanitary provisions in the average small-town hotel? Leave your squeamishness behind when you tour in America, or stick to the big-city hotel (which is not spotless); go to Europe or stay at home.

Now, this is a grossly unfair picture of some well-kept inns. They are as nice and neat and clean as a pin. You are at

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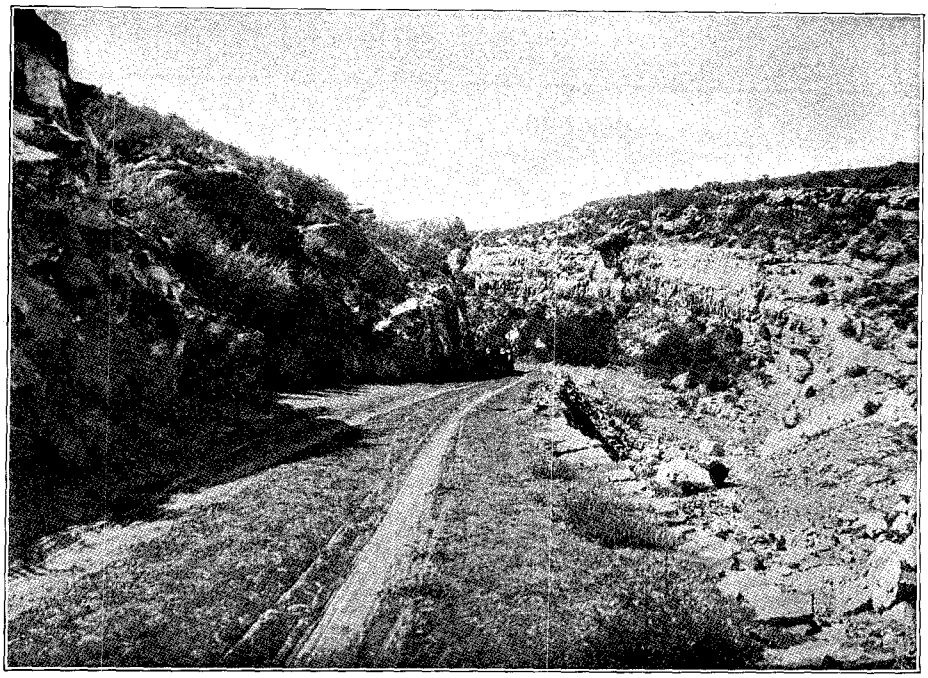

The gradual grade of the Sierras.

home at once. It is better than Europe because it is American. There is American home cooking neatly and promptly served. You are inclined to stay a day or two or a week or two to get away from the clamor of modern city life.

But, practically, such places are not general. In fact, they are discreditably scarce. Unfortunately, reports of unattractiveness are being circulated everywhere by travellers and tourists. What a magic change would be worked if the reverse were true! Suppose travellers reported that such and such inns were good. Conceive for a moment that at frequent intervals along the Lincoln Way or adjacent thereto were taverns of note, to visit which would mean pleasure, and to leave which would mean regret! It is all coming with the Lincoln Way and its steady stream of transcontinental travel.

The Lincoln Highway Association does not intend to and cannot be expected to build all of this roadway. It is intent only on raising ten million dollars. Probably the entire pathway will cost twenty-five million. There is good reason to think that a number of the States will take care of their own sections. For instance, the New Jersey and Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, highway commissions will probably improve the highway through their States. Governor Dunne last summer assured Carl G. Fisher, originator of the Lincoln Highway, that Illinois would do likewise. In the sparsely settled western States other conditions prevail. There is great mileage without the necessary population to insure a good road. The Lincoln Highway Association must help. But in Iowa and in Nebraska the State or local authorities may prepare the road-bed and the Highway Association will place the hard surface thereon. This fund goes to fill in the chinks, as it were, of the route, to connect States that have not been properly connected heretofore, to place a hard surface on stretches hundreds of miles long, to make the highway shorter at many points, eliminating curves and dangerous grades, and to, in effect, insure one continuous, connecting highway operated without toll charges—a smooth, dustless road that will require the smallest percentage of yearly charges to maintain.

The benefit to the nation from the Lincoln Highway, to my mind, is greater than that to come from the Panama Canal. The canal is a wonderful work and from a world view is necessary to our commerce. But we will move over the Lincoln Highway, once it is completed, many, many

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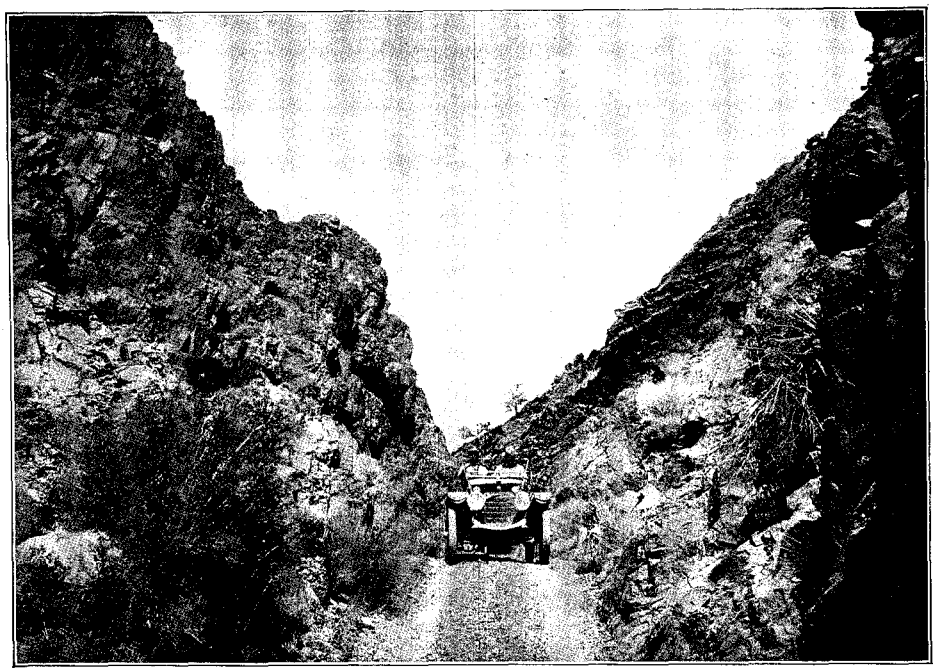

A bit of rough riding in Wyoming.

times the tonnage that will pass through the canal. The canal will lower freight rates from local points along the Atlantic coast to cities on the Pacific slope. The Lincoln Highway will lower the cost of haulage for the farmer in Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Pennsylvania. Their benefits from good roads will be a thousand to one as compared to the big ditch. These roads would pay yearly dividends to our people far greater than any we may ever expect from Panama.

In this exposition of good roads, some comment should be made on the rise in farm values, due to good roads. The benefit to the farmer is incalculable. It places him in closer touch with the city and with all urban life and communication. In Wayne county, Michigan, where the hard-surface concrete roads are in existence, over a hundred miles being already built in this county alone, extending from the limits of the city of Detroit to the county line in each direction, radiating like the spokes of a wheel, farm values have doubled. In some cases the rise has been greater. There are farmers in Wayne county who could not have commanded two hundred dollars per acre for their farms, including their buildings. To get to the city market with their produce, particularly vegetables, they were compelled to start the afternoon previous, to ride all night, to reach a market stand at four A. M., and be assigned space. Then at seven or eight o'clock they would complete their business and start back. They thus lost their sleep, their teams were worn out, and it practically required two days to do the work. Now these farmers, for many are progressive, have motor-trucks. They sleep until two o'clock or even three, take their load to market, sell it, and are back on the farm by ten o'clock ready for the day's labors. This is not a dream or a vision. It is one of the absolute certainties that good highways insure the farmer.

I could go on with similar illustrations almost indefinitely. One that must be told is about the farmer in Wayne county who lives just two miles from a concrete road. He has a large number of cattle and he sells milk to a Detroit creamery, delivering it himself. To get this milk to the main highway is his principal task. In the rainy weather, when the road is nothing but a bog of mud, water, and sand, and it is almost impossible to get through, this farmer, with but a half-load of milk, needs four horses to pull his wagon and himself to the main highway. He starts. Once at the highway the load

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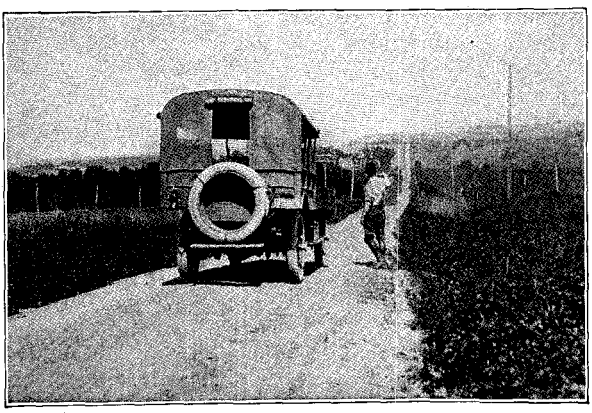
is deposited beside the road and he returns to the farm. It doesn't take long to load up the wagon again, and with the hired man the two travel to the improved concrete highway. Here the entire load is placed on the one wagon, one team is unhitched, and the farmer starts for town cheerfully. The hired man takes the team back to the farm to use them during the day. So the good road brings to that farmer a real advantage—a financial help. It gives him the work of two horses for a full day. He has more time for his family. His up-keep expense is less with a motor-truck and good roads. He can make more than he ever did before.

How the Iowans care for their roads.



President Joy, of the Lincoln Highway Association, on the road through Iowa.

One doubts if the average person knows much about the costs of transporting farm products over our country roads. The goods sent out by the mills and factories from the great centres of industry and the farmer's foods which go in return represent eighty-five per cent of the tonnage of the United States. The railways handle but fifteen per cent and their carrying charges average from seven tenths of a cent to two and one-half cents per mile. Vast as is their tonnage of more than nine billion long tons each year, it is but a fractional part of that moved over our highways.

This economic waste represents in great measure a share of the increase in the cost of living. Competent engineers declare the total runs into hundreds of millions each year. Compare this with Europe. Our cost per ton-mile over average highways here is from twenty-five to forty cents. In France the cost of highway commerce is two and one-half to five cents per ton-mile, this being the lowest figure in the whole world. In Germany it is from five to ten cents; in England from three to ten cents; in Italy from six to twelve cents.

This is what improved roads will do for us. Let us assume that we can reduce our costs from thirty-five cents to seventeen cents. The saving in one year would be sufficient to build three or four great national highways. Mr. Herbert N. Casson, a well-known industrial economist, estimates the loss to the farmers of the United States, due to their inability to get farm products to market, at between nine hundred thousand and a billion dollars each year. What a change and transformation there would be if we had a system of State and intra-State permanent highways, and farmers using motor-trucks to convey their produce direct to market and to sell direct to the consumer!

These motor-trucks could transport farm products one hundred to two hun-

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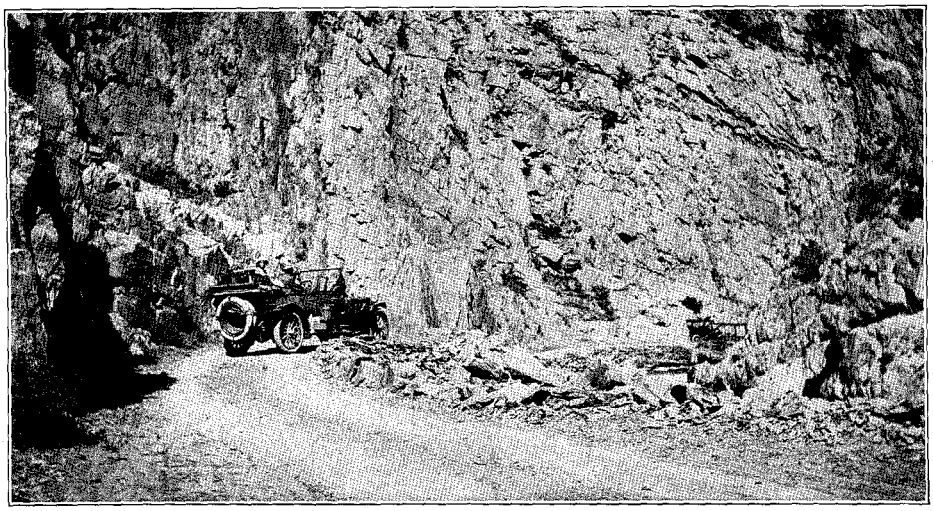
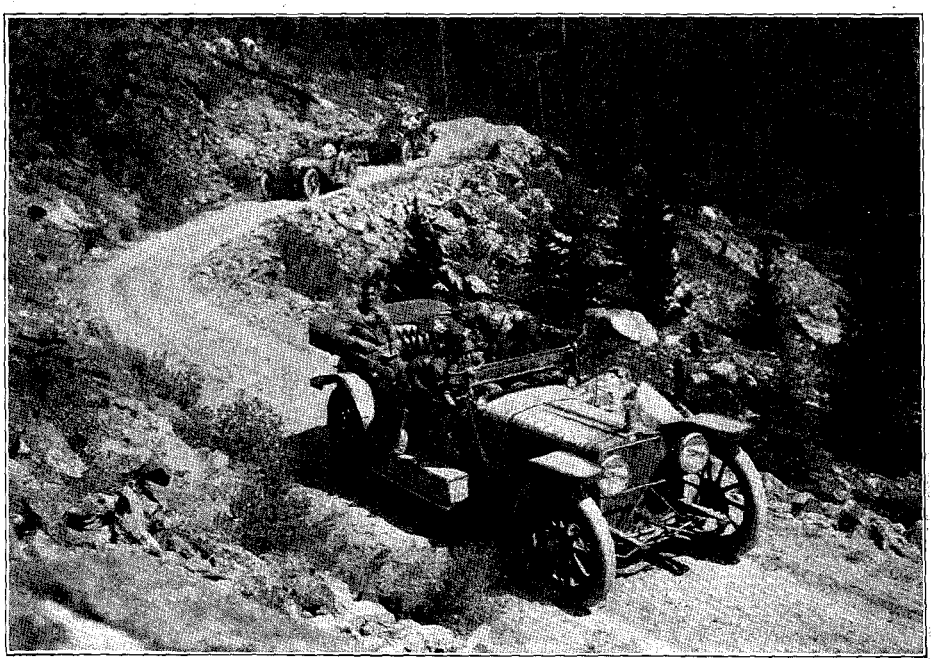


A mountain road in the Sierra Nevadas.

dred miles to the most profitable marketing-point at a cost of from five to fifteen cents per ton-mile as against an average of the present of thirty-five cents per ton-mile. If twenty-five or fifty billions of tons of farm products are handled by horse-vehicles over poor roads in the Middle West, as the government figures indicate, the saving would be from five to ten million dollars. This amount would build great sections of the Lincoln Highway.

The annual horse-maintenance bill of the United States in 1913 was two billions of dollars. This amount equalled the maintenance cost of the entire railway mileage of the United States. Civiliza-



A Colorado mountain road.

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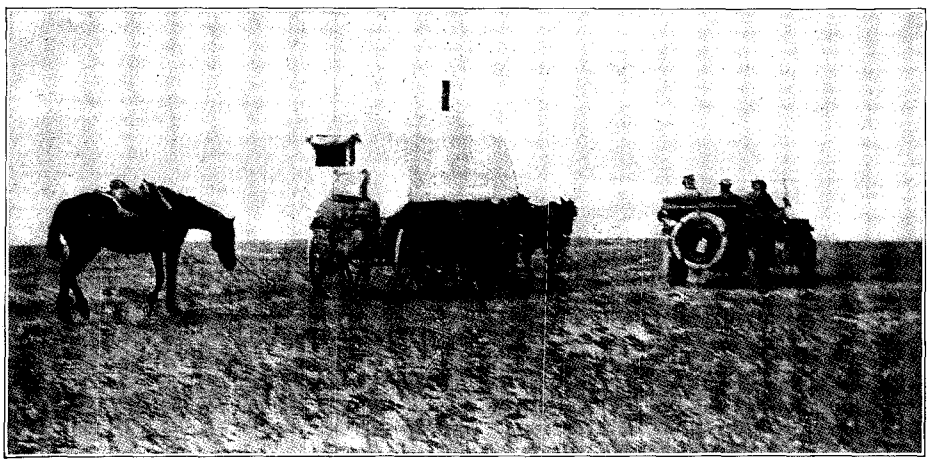
tion has advanced beyond the "horse age," but we must still continue to use horses in our highway commerce because we have no roads good enough to take advantage of the billion-dollar saving which transportation experts tell us could be effected if we had mechanically driven wagons. A saving of only a billion dollars per year which this motorized commerce would effect would enable us in ten or fifteen years to have arteries of permanent roads in all the principal States of the Union.

One of the chief hindrances in good-roads work has been inefficiency—misapplication of appropriated moneys—in relation to the building of these highways. The public is ready for good roads and it is beginning to take a determined stand to see that funds appropriated are invested in building permanent roads. I, of course, can only tell of experiences near home. That they are multiplied many-fold in many sections is certain. But Royal Oak township, in Oakland county, just outside of Detroit, built a macadam road a year or two ago to connect with a concrete road in Wayne county. The macadam road was almost impassable within six months. The first mile was built by a contractor, and there is a lawsuit now on over the payment. The township built the second mile itself. It is better but not good enough. A Detroiter built a mile of concrete through the township with the aid of other property-owners. It is a model thoroughfare. Not a penny has since been needed for its up-keep. But the township authorities, still afraid of the initial cost of more durable roads, are wedded to the obsolete macadam construction, with a maintenance expense that grows larger yearly.

There is proof of this, plenty of it. In New York State the macadam road has been found to be a heavy annual tax and it does not meet the traffic conditions of to-day. They have paid as high as $1,000 a mile per year for maintenance; this expense has been tremendous. Starting with an initial cost of $8,000 or $9,000 per mile, the up-keep expense the following year would be around $400 or $500 per mile. The next year it would run to $600, the following twelve months to $800, and after paying $1,000 per mile for a few years more the road would then need to be completely rebuilt.

In constructing highways one of the cardinal points is that they should be built and paid for by the present generation and not by future generations. I have in mind a road in Grosse Pointe and one I travel over every day when at home. This road was of macadam and the township was bonded for it, bonds for ten years being issued. In four years this road was completely lost. It and its improvements had disappeared. There is a concrete road there now, but we taxpayers have four more years to pay those bond instalments.



A meeting on the plains.

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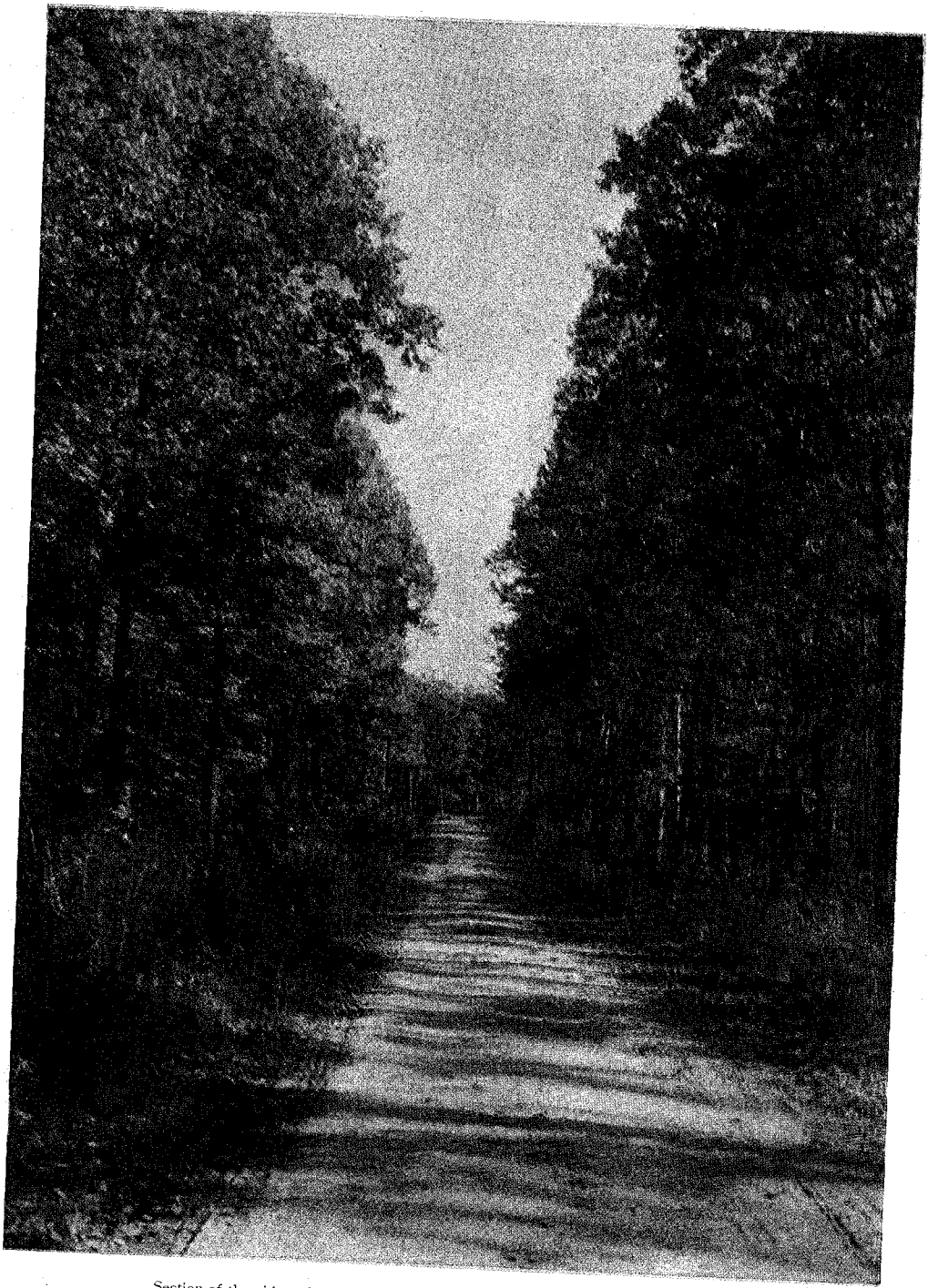
SCENES ON OLD TRAILS

THE TRANSCONTINENTAL MOTOR-ROADS OF TO-MORROW

AUTOCHROME PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARLE HARRISON



Section of the old road running from Knoxville, Tenn., to the North Carolina line.

It was over this road that John Sevier, the first governor of Tennessee, rode when he left his home to take up his residence in Knoxville.

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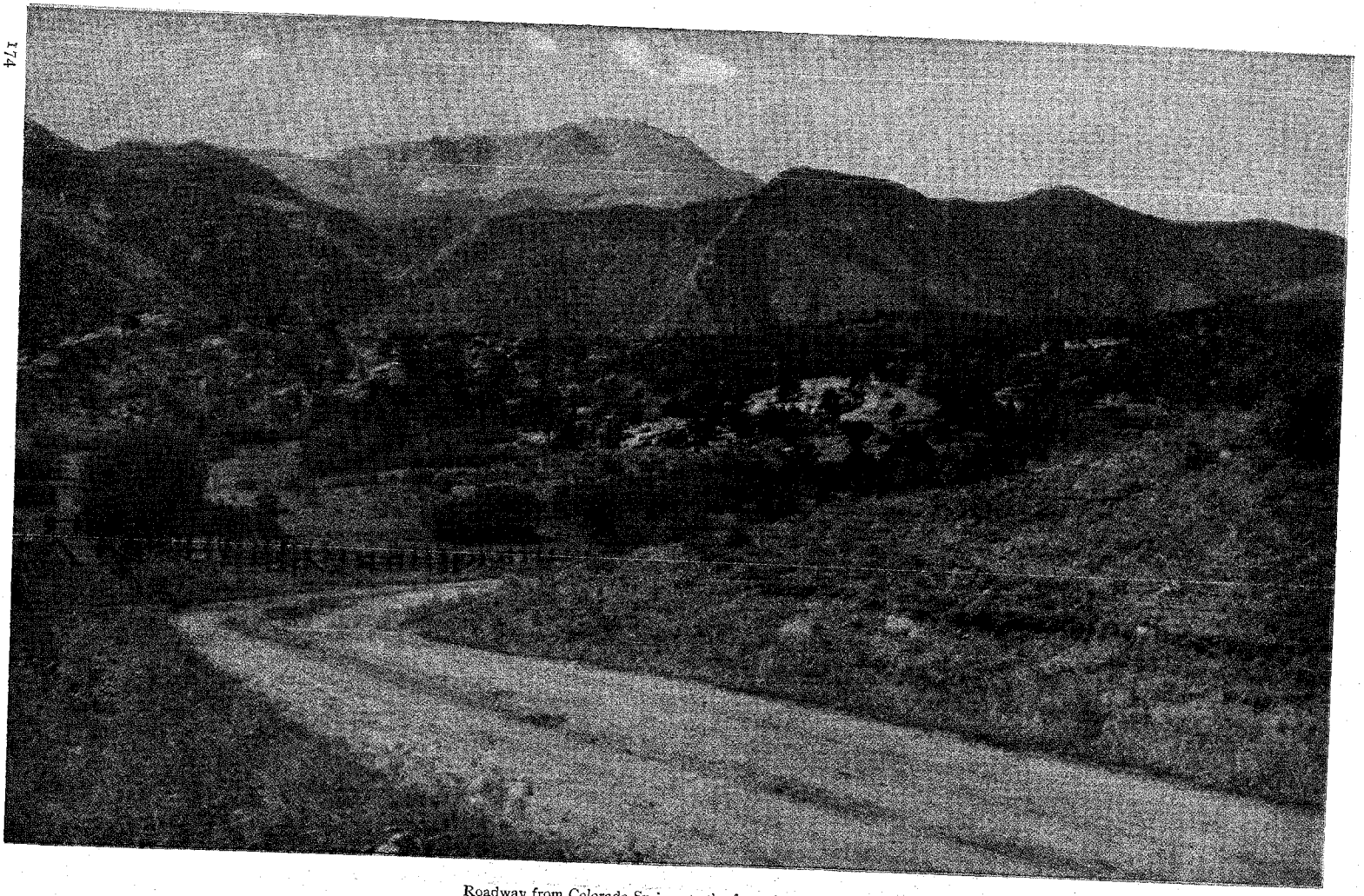

Roadway from Colorado Springs to the foot of Pike's Peak.

It is a branch of the old Santa Fé trail, over which the cattle were driven each year to winter in a protected valley now known as the Garden of the Gods.

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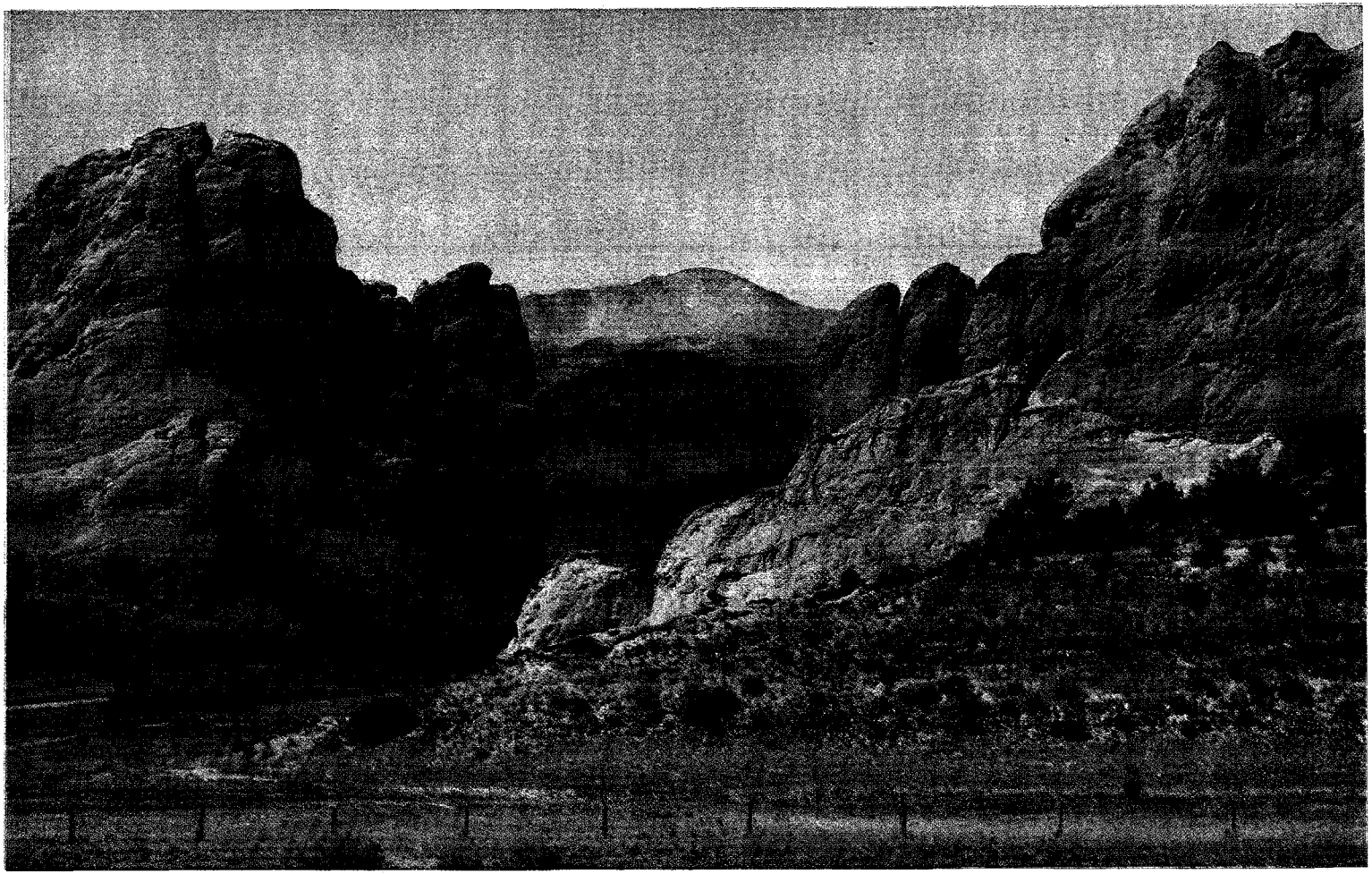

Looking through the red rocks which form the natural gateway to the Garden of the Gods, toward Pike's Peak in the distance.

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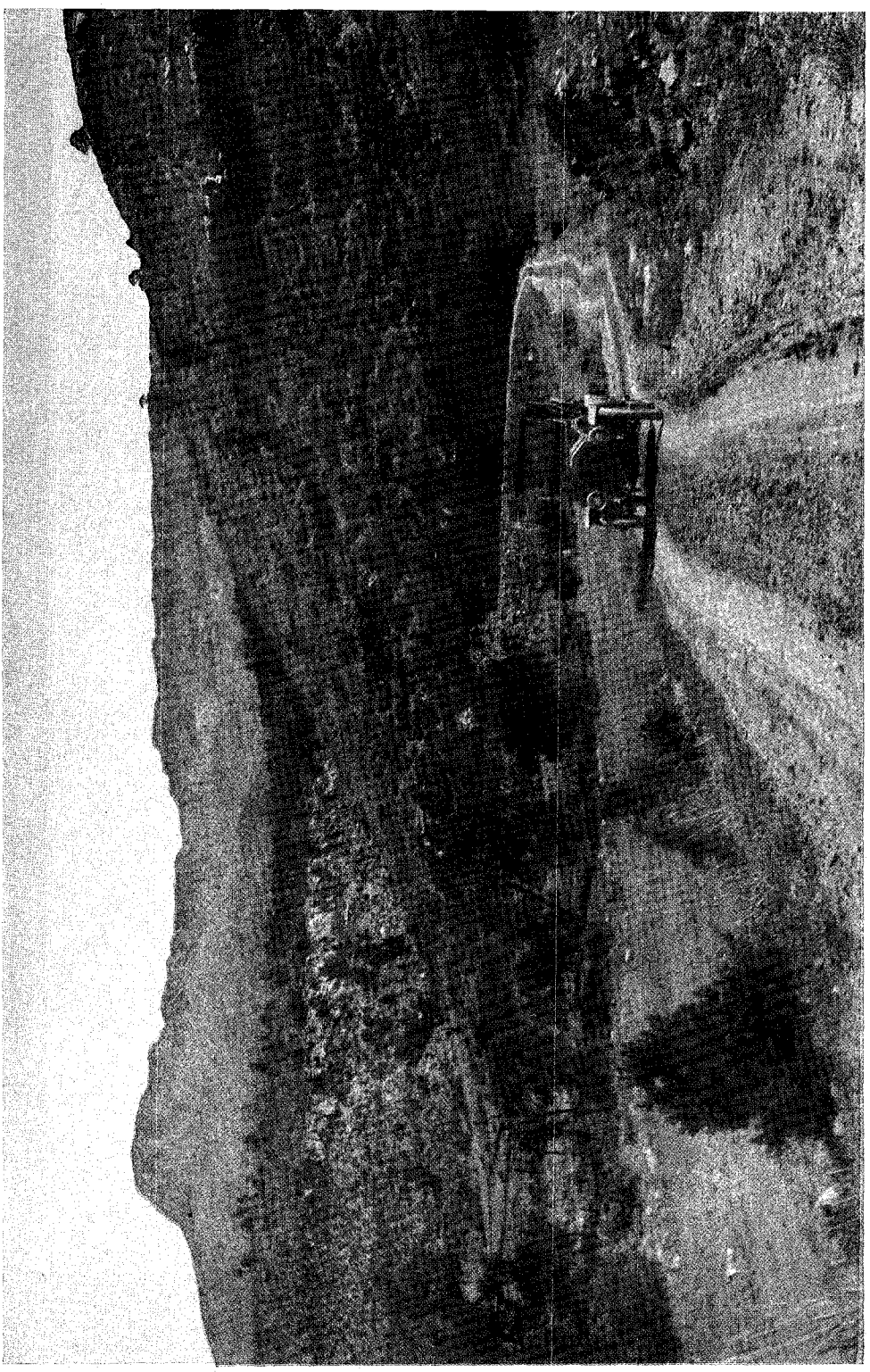

The old Santa Fé trail where it crosses the Continental Divide.
The view shows the trail between Trinidad, Colo and Raton, N. M.

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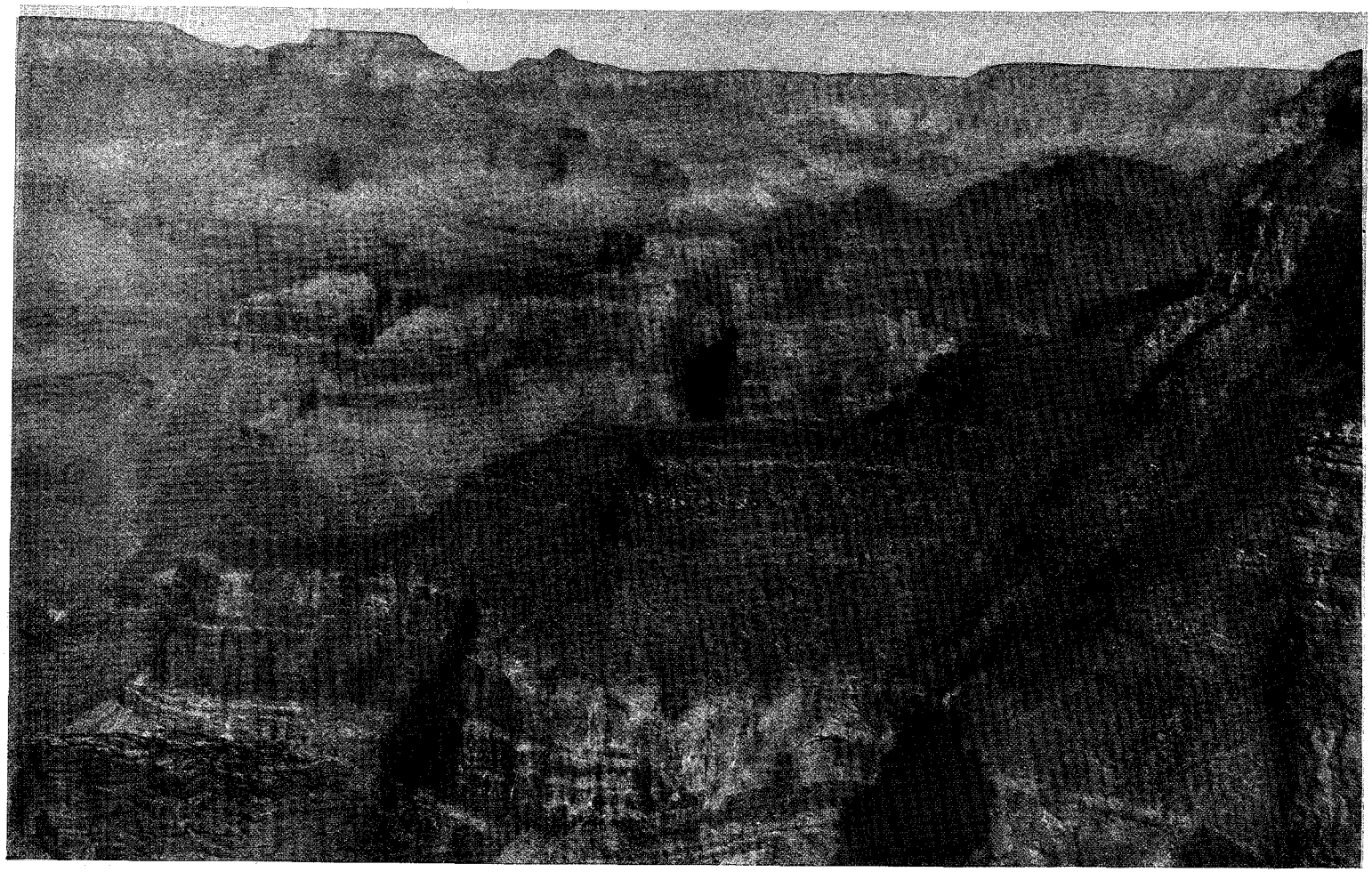

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado, Arizona

Looking across the canyon from a point nine miles east of El Tovar known as Grand View. The canyon is eighteen miles wide here, and more than a mile deep. Beyond the canyon in the distance is the Painted Desert. (On the National Old Trails Road—Grand Canyon Route.)

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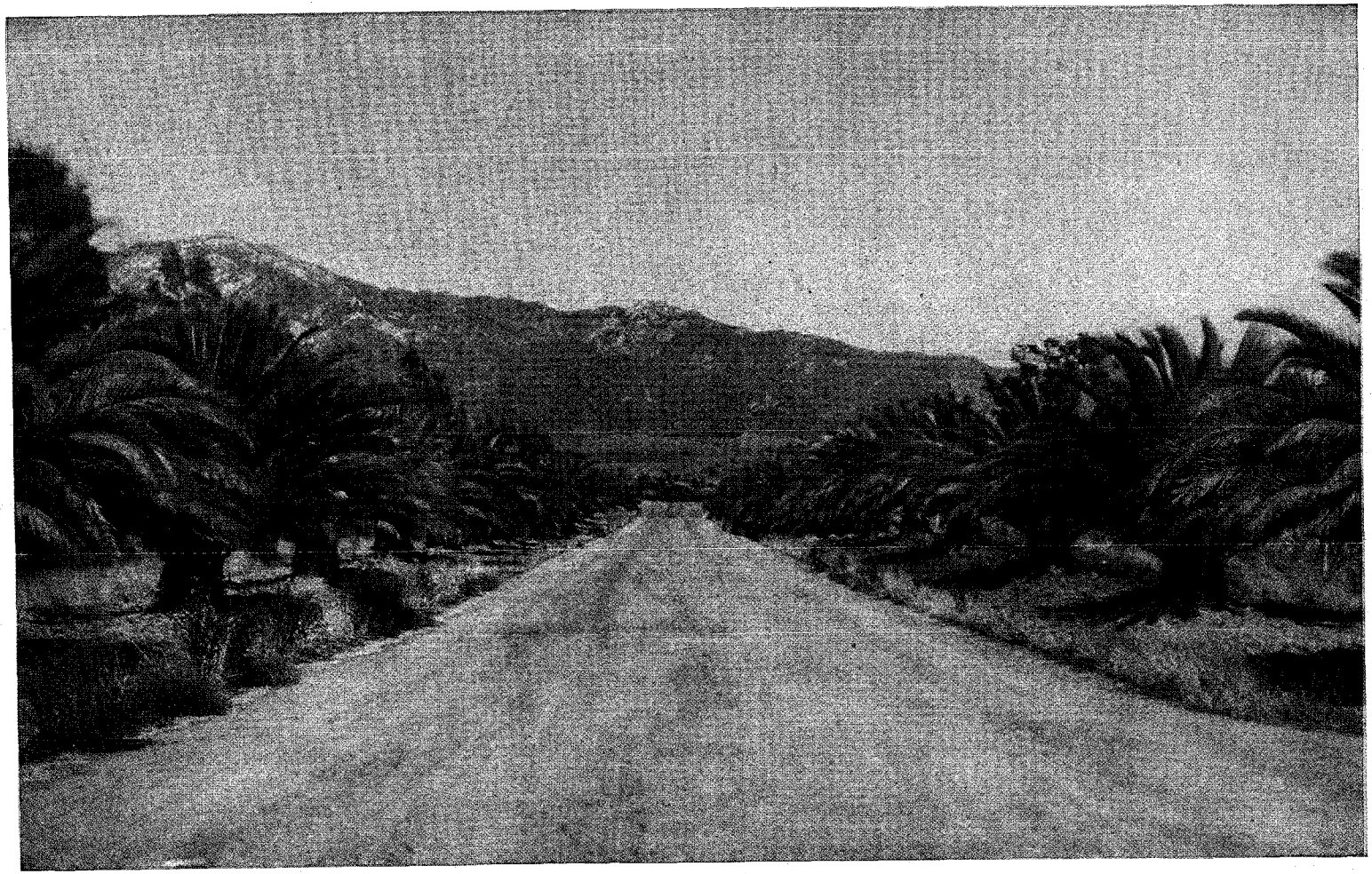

Type of road found in California.

One of the many beautiful roads leading to Santa Barbara. The cities and towns of central and southern California are connected by highways kept up as perfectly as the streets of the cities.

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Type of highway connecting the great ranches of southern California with the cities of Los Angeles and San Diego.

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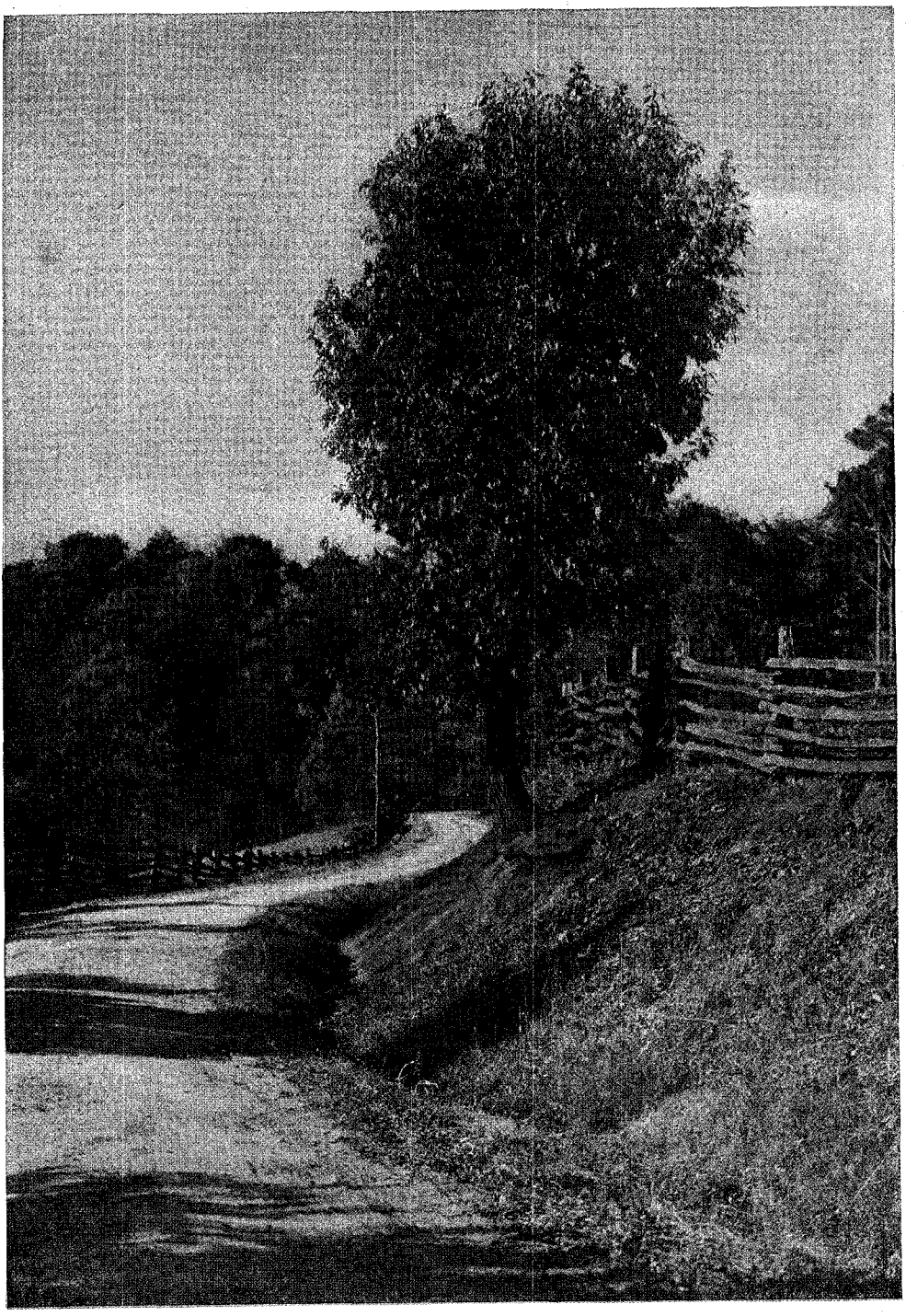

Characteristic East Tennessee road.

This style of macadamized turnpike is found through western North Carolina, Tennessee, north Georgia, and Kentucky.

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The load-carrying capacity of the modern motor-truck is enormous.
This shows a three-ton motor-truck loaded to capacity.

MOTORIZED HIGHWAY COMMERCE

BY ROLLIN W. HUTCHINSON, JR.

THE mechanical wagon, automobile truck or motor-truck, as it is commonly called, had its inception in 1810 in the steam-propelled omnibus of Trevithick, a brilliant mechanical genius who applied James Watt's discoveries of steam to the driving of a stage-coach which operated between London and its environs at a speed of ten miles per hour. The actual commercial history of the business motor, however, dates from 1894, in which year De Dion in France and Saurer in Switzerland developed the progenitors of the gasolene-driven motor-truck as it now exists. In the United States no attempts to build automobile trucks were made until 1896, when several electric-driven motor-wagons were exhibited in Madison Square Garden. In the next year or two several gasolene-driven motor-truck manufacturers came into the field with "one-lunged" and "two-lunged" motored machines which were chiefly celebrated not for their *running* but for their *standing* ability. Such motor-trucks of 1899 and 1900, and as late as 1904, rarely went more than three blocks without expiring suddenly. In those days the electric-driven motor-truck was greatly in the majority and its greater reliability at that time caused it to dominate the field.

By the beginning of the year 1911 approximately 13,000 motor-trucks had been manufactured in the United States. In 1911 13,319 trucks were built—a slightly greater number than the total production of those made from the beginning of the industry to the opening of that history-making year. In 1913 about 36,000 motor-trucks were made in this country, or 6,000 more than the entire history of the industry had up to then recorded. This

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From a photograph by H. F. Dutcher, Nyack, N. Y.

An automatic-power dump-truck.

In municipal service such trucks play an important part in spreading asphalt and other street work.

history indicates that the number of trucks going into service may be doubled each year until highway commerce becomes completely motorized. We must by 1925 have discovered an economically sound answer to the question, "What shall we do with our horses?" for by that time, assuming conservatively that the increase of motor-trucks each year is but 50 per cent of the total number in service, we shall have about a million and a quarter mechanical wagons operating, which will have displaced about five million of the present twenty-five million odd draught animals in this country.

The motor-truck of 1914 bears little resemblance to its early ancestors except in general form. As late as 1908 the average gasolene-truck abstracted barely 50 per cent of the heat units of its fuel, and of the mechanical power developed by its motor nearly 40 per cent was lost in friction of its shafts, gears, etc., before it could be applied to the driving-wheels. To-day the gasolene motor-truck absorbs 60 per cent of the heat units of its fuel and delivers nearly 80 per cent of its generated power at the rear wheels. Wonderful has been its mechanical evolution in a space of ten years. The improvements that have contributed to its greater efficiency and economy pertain more to individual refinements of separate members of its mechanism, the use of the wonderful new ferro-steels to give it greater strength with less weight, and more accuracy in workmanship, rather than to radical changes in design and appearance. The greatest mechanical progress that has come about in the development of the internal-combustion type of motor-truck has been its adaptation to the heavier hydrocarbons, kerosene and so-called "distillate." Through the invention of kerosene-burning carburetors the "gas-burning" power-wagon has been brought to the same status of economy that existed ten years ago, when gasolene was seven cents per gallon instead of twenty cents as now, but with this difference: the economy of the machine with the perfection of its motor is 15 to 20 per cent greater using kerosene as a fuel than it was in the early days when burning gasolene of equivalent price.

The fuel problem of the power-wagon until 1913 was really serious, for in large units three miles per gallon of gasolene is the average fuel consumption of power-trucks. With gasolene increasing in price at the rate of one cent per gallon per month its use is becoming prohibitive. The kerosene carburetor buries this menace to motor-trucks for years to come.

In 1914 false pride is the only excuse for not using kerosene at eight cents instead of gasolene at twenty cents per gallon. The motor-truck whose "dead

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An interesting example of tractor utilization by a contracting company.

weight" as a machine is from one to two tons in large units less than its "live load" is also becoming current, meaning that less fuel is needed to propel it.

The electric-driven truck is distinguished from its progenitors of 1896 but little in appearance, but markedly in efficiency. When it first became a commercial vehicle it could barely do twenty miles on a charge of battery. To-day fifty to sixty miles without recharging is common, and the one-hundred-mile electric is a thing of the near future. Were battery-charging facilities commonly available it is probable that the electric truck would numerically be stronger than the internal-combustion type. As a purely urban vehicle it is more adaptable. It can be driven by unskilled labor and gives greater efficiency on a given expenditure for power; and for frequent stop service it is more flexible and economical than the "gas-burning truck." Reserve batteries, now easily procurable, obviate its apparent disadvantage—the necessity of "laying it up" for eight hours out of the twenty-four to recharge its batteries, making it uncertain that it will be ready for service when needed. In large business organizations such as breweries, textile mills, department stores, and manufactories where the power-plant is operated all night the electric truck has become standardized for city and relatively short-haul service. As the power-plant must be operated all night at any rate, that percentage of its electric power directed to the charging of the motor-vehicle is figured as negligible in cost.

The motor-truck is not a mere substitute for one, two, three, or more teams of horses. It is a *revolutionizer* of internal methods of handling and moving merchandise, whether it be pins or pianos, brushes or bricks, lumber or lace, and the sudden motorizing of highway commerce would upset the time-honored "take-as-long-as-you-please" customs and methods of the horse-vehicle delivery system. The business public at large does not yet know how to use the new transportation tool. The power-wagon has literally had to fight for its present ground inch by inch because it has had to teach its users through costly experience that to get from it its vast inherent working capacity horse methods must become bygones with the horse. It is therefore fortunate for both business and the motor-truck industry that the world is motorizing its highway commerce comparatively slowly. This educational period is quite young, but already its influence is marked in bringing about *internal efficiency* in merchandise-moving practices of business establishments, so that they may approximate the efficiency of the new outside moving agency.

The auto-truck is teaching the lesson that real efficiency in merchandise trans-

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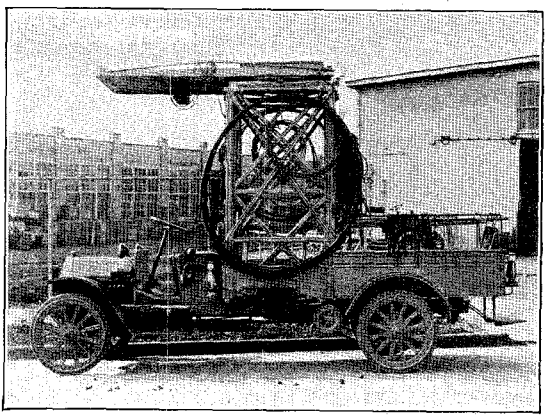
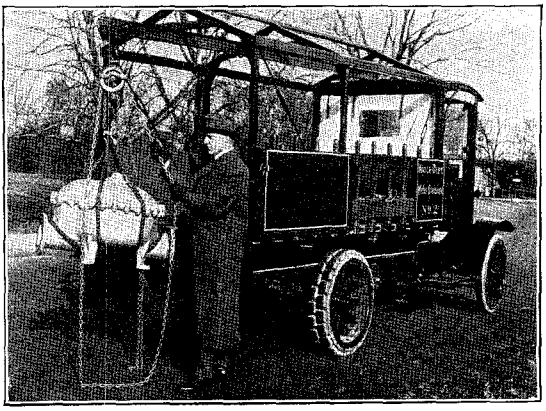
portation begins not at the door of the business establishment but at the door of the chief executive's office, and ends neither at the door of the shipping-room nor at the door of the truck but at the door of the customer. Did you ever purchase a paper of pins, a collar, and a handkerchief, aggregating, say, fifty cents in amount, from a department store and observe three separate and stately wagons stop at your home in the suburbs, twenty miles away, to deliver these articles the following day? Such expensive methods of merchandise delivery are still common enough in New York, Chicago, Boston, and the large cities, but the motor-truck is pointing the way for business doctors to discard the anachronistic inside methods of merchandise-handling. The motor-truck is but a detail—a mere auxiliary of the really modern motorized transportation system in which *methods* rather than *motors* achieve the success or failure of mechanical outside deliveries. Truck-manufacturers are coming to learn that schools of transportation are greater promoters of their business than mechanical features in truck-construction. As Mr. David Beecroft, one of the foremost motor-truck experts in the United States, aptly says: "No matter how perfect mechanically the truck is, it will prove a signal failure if it is not manned by a qualified driver, if not inspected daily by a qualified repair man, and if not operated by a qualified transportation expert who keeps its idle time down, who arranges operating schedules to the best advantage, and who has gray matter enough to look upon the truck not as an experimental burden but as a legitimate investment that calls for direction the same as any other department of his business. The merchant, the manufacturer, or transportation company must



An emergency truck.



Another example of a motor-truck in municipal service.

A five-ton electric truck.
Speed seven miles per hour, mileage 35-40.

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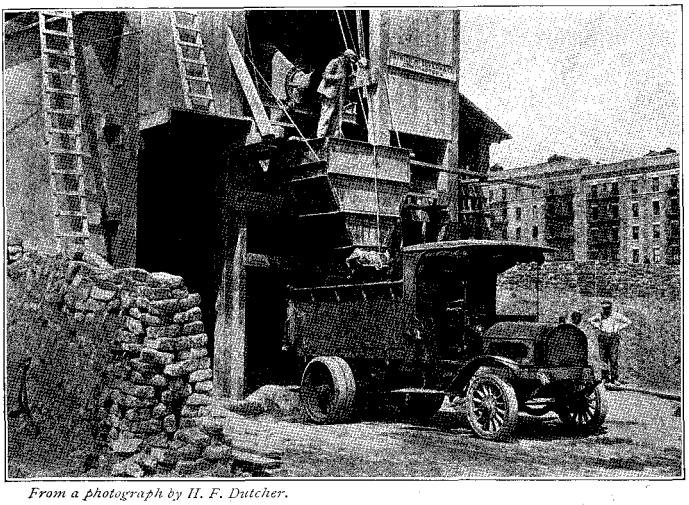
keep this in mind: making motor-trucks pay is a man's job and not the occupation of a boy or driver. Outside transportation demands greater intelligence and executive ability than ever before."



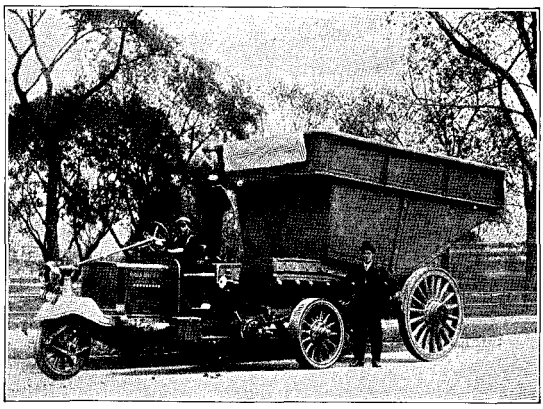
From a photograph by H. F. Dutcher.

An example of high efficiency in loading a dump-truck

Including time for backing in and starting, the truck is on its way three and one-half minutes after its arrival at the hopper.

Business principles must be applied to business vehicles as they have been applied to every other phase of commercial investment. In one department—the wrapping of goods—all is despatch; in the shipping department speed and real system are unknown quantities. The horse system of delivery had a small limit of activity. The horse himself fixed it. Man has worked to that limit from the time business was born. The motor-truck has taught to big business the lesson that there is no essential difference (in achieving profits) between the operation of a rail transportation system and a road transportation system. For example, if a railroad handled a package twenty-three times in delivering it from Chicago to Forest Park, Illinois, fifteen miles distant (an average practice with horse systems of delivery), it would soon go into bankruptcy. By reducing the number of lost motions to a minimum the motor-truck, indirectly, is showing that between 40 and 60 per cent of the retail price of many articles and commodities can be saved.

In the new system of internal efficiency lost motion and waste of time commence at the loading-platform of the common carrier. The railroads are beginning to equip their terminals and warehouses with mechanically or electrically operated loading-appliances, which put goods on or off, from steamer or car to vehicle, with a celerity and economy unknown even five years ago. Motor-truck users are unloading the incoming freight directly onto an elevator at body level instead of at a platform five feet higher. Delivery platforms that open into steel-floored slides save strength, time, and money, as all the driver and helper need to do is to shove the packages to the edge and start them down to the bottom where men receive and check them off. Even the simple expedient of bridging the gap between the truck's tail-gate and the freight platform with a



An example of great carrying capacity.

A motor-tractor which hauls eighteen tons of ashes in a special steel body.

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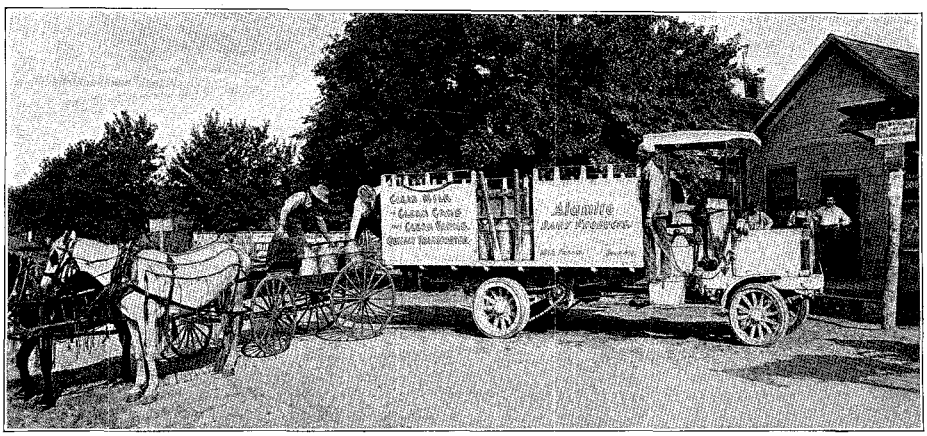
cheap steel plate was estimated by a Chicago motor-truck user to add forty minutes per day to each of his machines.

Inside the mercantile institution a still greater casting aside of time-honored goods-moving methods is occurring. The hand-truck wheeled between aisles to collect packages on each floor is passing in all business establishments where motor transportation is used. The spiral gravity chute and the travelling belt have taken its place. Distribution is made into bins in the basement corresponding in number to each motor-truck and subdivided into goods-bins for freight, express, parcel-post, and city and suburban deliveries.

Drivers (instead of, as in horse-delivery practice, making up their own loads from the chaos of packages) are not permitted to enter the shipping department of establishments where efficiency principles are being applied to transportation. They enter bins which open on the shipping-platforms, take out their loads either by hand or on a wheeled truck, receive a routing-schedule for that particular load, and depart. In some establishments the travelling belt performs the same internal package-moving work as the spiral slide. In some cases removable cage or "nest" bodies fitting into permanent bodies on the truck, or complete demountable bodies, are employed, the loads being prepared while the machine is away delivering. Such methods conduce to give the motor-truck the maximum of active work.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago, when teaming and carting in cities and free deliveries to customers began to bring the horse in large numbers to centres of population, a two-horse wagon cost perhaps three or four dollars per day, all told, to operate. To-day the same vehicle costs from six to nine dollars per day to operate (varying somewhat in different cities), but considerably less service and efficiency are derived from it now than was the case three decades back, due either to shorter hours or the number of restrictions which teamsters' unions have introduced —as well as increasing congestion of traffic on streets. The motor-truck is teaching merchants that scientific methods of cost-accounting on transportation have as vital bearing on their success as has a knowledge of the selling-expense and the percentages of profit or loss which each individual department bears to the aggregate profits of the business. It has demonstrated to them that instead of a cost of three or four dollars per day per team, as they had been figuring their transportation expense for years, seven or eight dollars was their actual cost. The economic waste of the anachronistic animal transportation method has been the big "leak" through which profits have escaped. The motor-truck is introducing this regime of internal efficiency because



Getting milk from a dairyman at stations and delivering it to a creamery thirty-five miles distant.

As a transportation agency for bringing agricultural products to market from one hundred to two hundred miles distant, the motor-truck has a great future.

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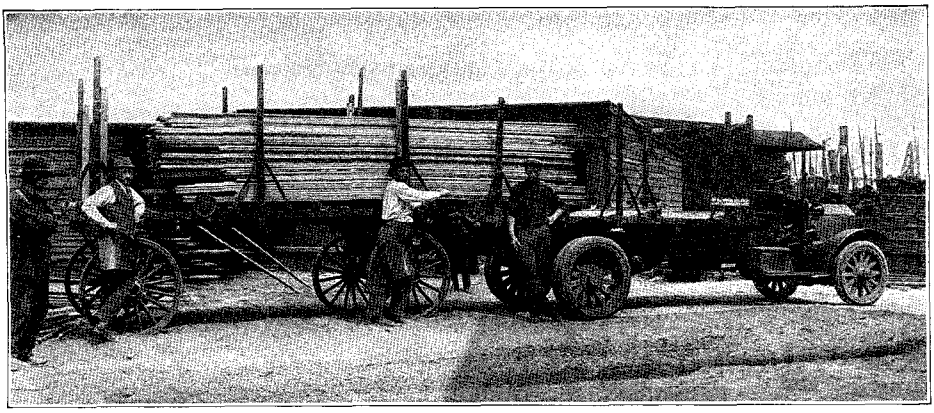
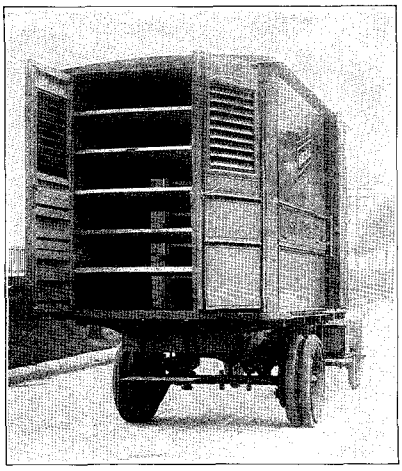


From a photograph by H. F. Dutcher.

A five-ton truck in the service of a building contractor.

The truck is loaded by means of an auxiliary wagon fitted with rollers. This trailer is loaded while the truck is making a delivery. The truck shown in the picture has covered in one year 10,175 miles over dirt roads, averaging sixteen tons of lumber per day.

its users have discovered that it costs them sixty to ninety cents per hour to operate a horse-team and $1.50 per hour to operate a motor-truck which does the work of five horse-wagons; and that, if they move their goods inside and load and unload at the "horse-pace" standard, the motor will accomplish no more than one two-horse wagon, cost five times more, and be an expense instead of a big profit-making agency. Keeping a $5,000 motor-truck standing beside a $500 horse-team, waiting its turn to receive or discharge its load, is unjust to the owner and doubly unjust to the motor *because it isn't allowed to earn profits.*



The huge body of a motor-truck arranged in six compartments for varied merchandise.

In transportation by horse-vehicles a load is sometimes piled on as long as the animals can move it. It is natural for the motor-user to load the "new freighter" in the same manner. The motor can be overloaded in a far greater proportion to its capacity than can the horse-vehicle. Motor-manufacturers are trying to teach the difficult lesson that any load in excess of the normal or rated capacity of the machine reacts against the owner in increased repair expenses incident to abused mechanisms and enlarged tire-bills. Likewise, that over-speeding the new tool "kills it" before its logical period of usefulness is over, just as it does the horse. Further, that, because it is a business investment that may be six or eight times greater than a horse-wagon, care and attention to it must be in like ratio to its cost and not six to eight times less.

Second and third respectively to internal efficiency in their value are the proper adaptability of the body of the vehicle to its purpose and the use of auxiliary apparatus worked by truck-power to supplement its efficiency. The flexibility of wheel base-length coupled with built-to-fit-the-business bodies which the motor-truck has introduced, have made the motor fit transportation conditions where even animal power could not be used at all. "Stock" types of bodies are rare in motor service. Near-science, instead of the mere guesswork current in wagon-body design, has been compelled by the motor to take into ac-

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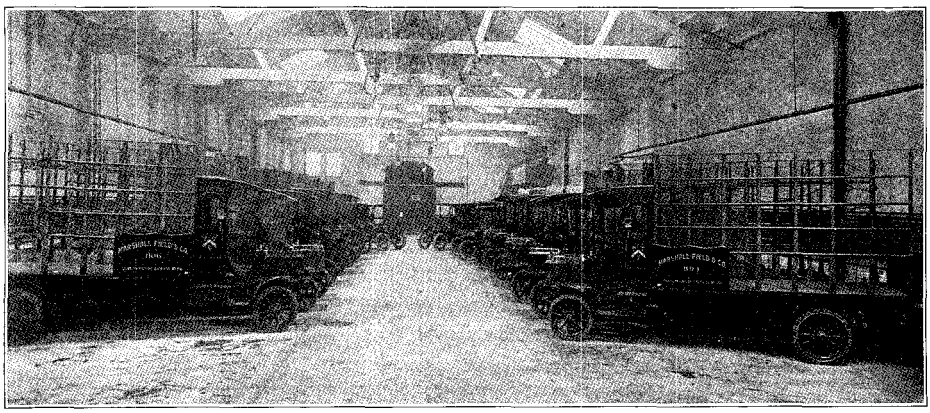
count such features as the volume per unit, weight per cubic foot of material, accessibility to the body, and supplementary use of the truck-power to load and unload the goods. One may pass in a large city, for example, a score or more of five-ton clothing can be hung and from which any article can be easily removed, through swinging doors at the rear, without disturbing the others; bodies with doors on both sides, enabling the driver to save much time in delivering packages in nar-



The fleet of trucks of a Chicago department store in a spacious garage.
The motor-truck is housed with the same care as is given the locomotive in a roundhouse.

motors of the same make, each carrying a different commodity, and the bodies carrying them will be found to vary in shape, arrangement, or dimensions. Built-for-the-business bodies are fairly expressive of the motor regime.

Distinctively new types of bodies have been introduced by the motor-truck. There are dual-service bodies with floors or decks like steamers, one deck for carrying a lighter, bulkier material like lumber, paper boxes, etc., the other for a denser, heavier material like coal, stone, etc.; four or five section open bodies, transversely divided, each with a capacity of one ton or less, and handling four or five different materials, as, for example, coal, cement, coke, cast iron and copper ingots, to be separately carried and separately unloaded on the same motor-truck; four, six, or eight enclosed-compartment-type bodies handling different sizes, weights, brands, prices, etc., of merchandise to be transported in the same body without confusion and damage to the fragile articles by the tougher materials; bodies with adjustable shelves which can be manipulated by the driver from his seat to reach quickly a desired package; bodies with sliding racks on which goods like row alleys direct to curb or elevator; wonderful demountable bodies which when loaded by the gravity chutes and belt conveyors increase the operating-time of the truck from 40 to 60 per cent. Such bodies slide on rails or grooves on the bed of the truck and are loaded and unloaded by the engine-power of the truck, controlled by the driver at his seat. In three minutes an empty body can be exchanged for a loaded body and the idle time of the machine very much reduced. With a battery of different shapes and sizes of bodies one can use the same truck chassis to handle an indefinite number of materials—anything from pins to pianos.

Engineering and contracting industries have needed the most efficient and novel of the special truck bodies. Contractors' trucks are fitted with automatic dump bodies, some operated mechanically by chains and sprockets from the truck's gear-box; others by hydraulic means, such as a piston working in a vertical cylinder; others in which the body is run on tracks to the rear of the frame and there dumped by the increasing overhang of the body: in each type the driver controls the mechanism without leaving his seat. Power-elevated bodies, by the mere

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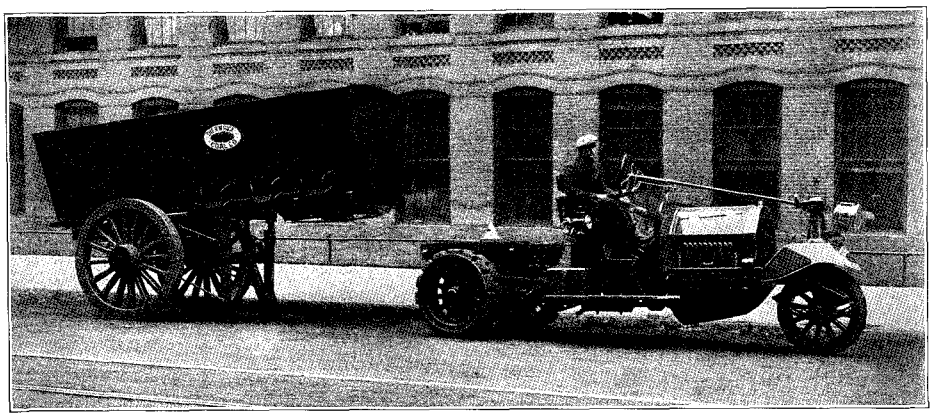
turn of a lever, rise to a height sufficient to dislodge the contents by gravity from a chute at the side. Side-dump bodies tilt from one side and disgorge a 10,000-pound load of gravel, dirt, or crushed stone in less than a minute. Sliding-dump bodies, thereof were spent in each loading and unloading; at what hour and minute the truck was stopped and how long; how much time the driver took for meals; how many minutes' delay was caused by waiting at docks and freight terminals to re-



Motor-tractor with steel coal-body arranged with three separate compartments.

The rear compartment holds three tons and dumps from a rear chute, while the two forward compartments each hold one ton and dump from side chutes. Bags can be carried on top, making a total capacity of about six tons. The towing unit backs up to the carrying unit, which is then coupled on.

mounted on turntable, swing through an arc large enough to dislodge their loads at the rear.

Special conditions have to be met in each business. One firm has not the floor space to use the extra bodies that a rival firm finds to be of special merit. One concern has heavy merchandise in small quantities; a firm in the same building has light goods put up in small packages. The needs of each must be studied and bodies built and systems installed to meet the individual requirements of each.

In the horse highway commerce, time is usually the least considered. According to a recent government report a city horse averages barely four hours of work a day. To accentuate the value of time in motor efficiency, instruments have recently been produced which are operated by the auto-truck to prevent the lazy or incompetent driver from falsifying records of his daily work. Like the weather-bureau instruments which record each slight variation of temperature, humidity, and barometric pressure, every minute of the day these auto-truck recorders register every detail of the mechanism's daily history: how many minutes and fractions ceive or discharge the load; how much time each specific trip required, etc. These "graphical guardians" of the truck-owners' interests are sealed in cases proof against meddling, and the daily "log," indelibly registered in simple curves, enables him to determine where he can speed up the inefficient elements of his delivery, thus compelling the lazy or incompetent driver to change his habits and serving the efficient driver as a speechless record of his honesty and ability. By adding extra trips per day to motor-trucks they have increased the profits of owners thousands of dollars per year. By forcing drivers to be honest they have made honesty a habit, and thus have protected human beings against themselves. Thus they must be regarded as moral benefactors.

There are nearly one hundred and fifty active producers of power-wagons in the United States. A production of 56,000 motor-trucks in 1913 gives an average output of 373 machines each. Quantity production by any single producer is as yet impossible in the motor-truck industry. On a parity in efficiency with the locomotive, as the motor-truck now is, it is me-

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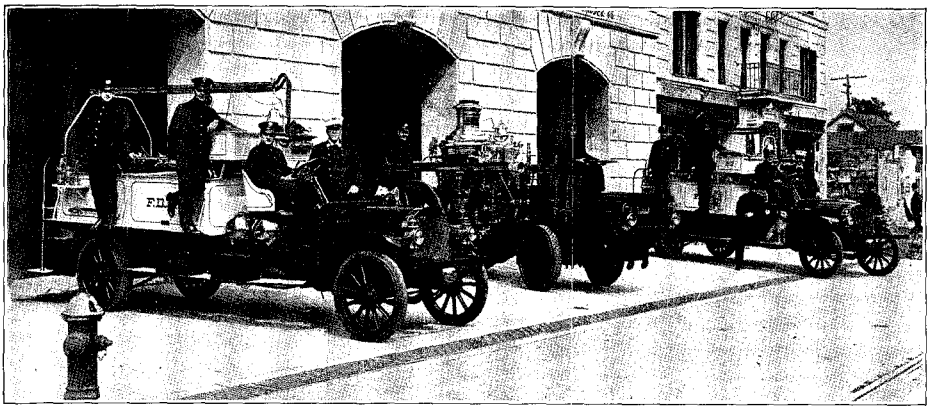


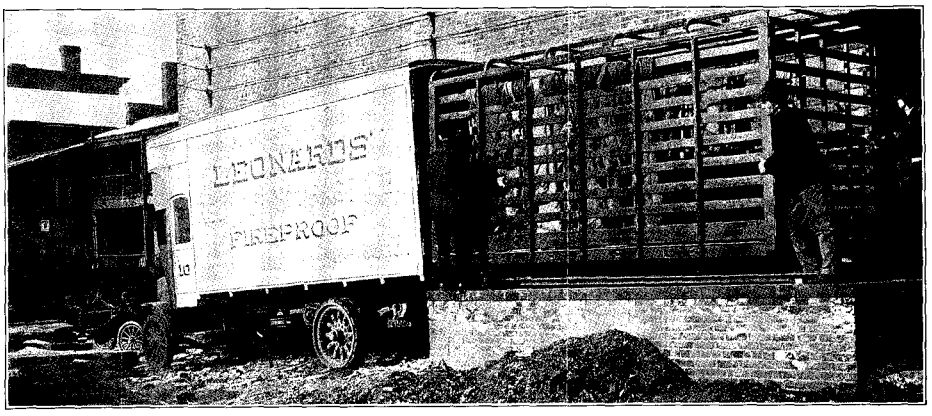
From a photograph by H. F. Dutcher.

A completely motorized engine-house of the New York City Fire Department.

chanically in a state of transition. Standardization of design which has reduced the price of the horse-wagon 50 per cent in twenty-five years cannot come in a mechanical industry so young as the power-wagon art in a few years. It takes time and experience to adjust a radically new vehicle to a definite, fixed design. Standardization of the motor-truck is coming fast, however, and when the public accepts it at its true worth there will be ushered in an era of quantity production and prices that will be analogous to the constant decrease in the prices of passenger automobiles.

In the light-delivery motor-wagon industry an era of lower prices commenced in 1913, due to increasing utilization of the smaller units. In one case the builder of a good light-service motor was enabled to reduce its price 30 to 50 per cent over equivalent-capacity motors through a production of 12,000 machines per year. Even to-day, considering its great carrying and earning capacity, the motor-truck is a *cheap* transportation tool.

Animadversion against the motor-truck has taken the form of repressive laws in several States, aiming either to prohibit the new vehicle of a definite capacity (from five tons upward) on public highways, the imposition of excessive "wheel or tonnage taxes," or both. The various State legislatures have awakened to the possibilities of the power-wagon as a revenue-producer, and the fight to keep adverse laws off the statute-books is and will be desperate. The saddling of the commercial car with an incubus will set back for years the coming of motorized high-



Sliding a nest body on rollers into the fixed body of a motor-truck.

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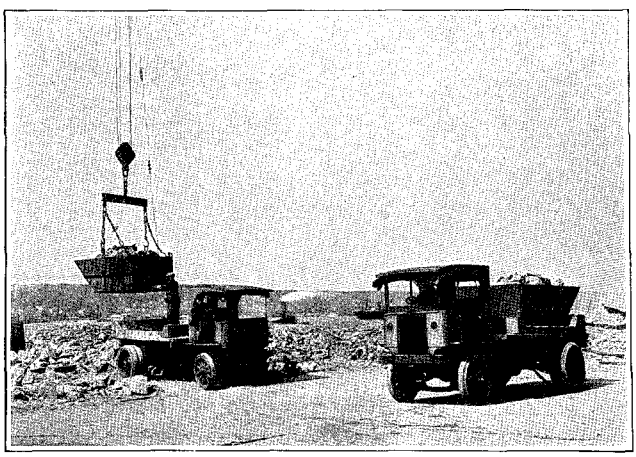
way commerce into its own, and will cause serious economic results. Upon efficient and economic highway commerce depends quite largely the ultimate solution of the growing cost of food products. The short-sightedness, the absurdity, the positive menace to industrial and collective wealth of legislators who say, "The motor is destroying our roads," has but one answer: We have outgrown our present commerce on highways born centuries before the Cæsars, and but little more efficient now than 3,000 years ago. We have outgrown our present roads even as "horse highways" for several decades. Science and invention have placed at our disposal a new transportation tool that demands a new highway to move our commerce, with economies that will add millions of dollars per year in time to our wealth, and add thousands of human beings to our wealth—preserving lives every year that are now being maimed and destroyed by those diseases which the horse and his companion the horsefly create and carry. Shall we be content with mediæval highways and the anachronistic horse, or shall we welcome motorized highway commerce as a great economic force and compel our legislators to see that the hundreds of millions of dollars that are being appropriated to build good roads are actually directed to constructing good roads and not diverted as good graft?



Detachable skip-buckets carried on motor-trucks.

No motor-truck—even if it were practicable to build it to carry a weight of twenty tons on each axle—could do the slightest damage to a highway of cement, for example, and such highways can be constructed at but little greater initial cost than the now common, superficial, highly expensive-to-maintain macadam roads. And cement roads would last as long as the famous Appian Way of Italy. The contention that motor-trucks damage our present crude roads cannot be asserted by the most expert highway engineers. The question of the destructive action of any motor-vehicle on a road surface with a sufficiently hard foundation is one of speed. The motor-truck, although from two to six times faster than the horse-vehicle, is a relatively low-speed vehicle. Five-ton trucks, which are the largest units operated outside of a few large cities, are generally governed (mechanically) to a maximum speed of ten miles per hour, but good drivers will not attempt to average over eight miles per hour on average roads. Common sense and observation will demonstrate the fact that a five-ton horse-wagon equipped with two-and-one-half-inch steel tires and moving but three miles per hour will do much more damage to a country road, after a rain, for instance, than will a five-ton power-wagon, moving ten miles per hour, but equipped with double six-inch-wide rubber tires on its back wheel. The horse-wagon acts as a plough, cutting a narrow, deep furrow, which after the passage of a dozen or so such vehicles makes the surface of the highway resemble a freshly furrowed field. The motor-truck acts as a road-roller at all times, its wide tires making the distribution per unit of load-bearing surface much smaller and its greater speed causing a much shorter bearing period against the surface than a horse-wagon of similar capacity.

In Europe every great power has given the greatest possible incentive to the utilization of freight-carrying motors by the

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construction of magnificent permanent highways which have reduced the cost of European highway haulage to a fractional part of what it costs to move freight over our undeveloped roads (in France but three cents per ton-mile as against twenty-five to forty-five cents per ton-mile in the United States). Large subsidies ranging from $80 to $600 at time of purchase to $50 to $250 additional annual bonuses per vehicle, for two or three years thereafter, encourage merchants to motorize their transportation. In this way Germany, France, England, and Austria have built up land transportation squadrons of many thousands of privately owned subsidized motor-trucks whose manufacturers have qualified them through annual tests of the war departments to be entitled to subsidy. These vehicles are subject to governmental requisition in times of war at a stipulated rental per day to their owners.

In 1912 the 250,000 miles of railway in the United States, from the best obtainable figures, carried 2,000,000,000 tons; in the same year there were transported over the 2,222,248 miles of highway in the United States 6,500,000,000 tons. The railways represent an approximate investment of $30,000,000,000; the estimated horse-power of their motive service aggregates 69,000,000 as against the twenty-five-odd-million animal power. In other words, the enormous tonnage distributed over railroads is but 30 per cent of the total transported tonnage of the products of commerce of this country; the other 70 per cent is moved over public highways. Transportation experts tell us that of the $2,000,000,000 annual "horse cost-of-living bill" we can easily save 50 per cent, or one billion per year, with motorized highway commerce.

At the present rate of growth we can expect *completely motorized highway* commerce in all cities from 25,000 and upward by the year 1930, as we actually need to displace about ten millions (which is the number devoted to city service) of the twenty-five million horses in the United States before we can come to the fullest enjoyment of motorized urban commerce. Figuring conservatively that one motor-truck displaces four horses, this means that about 2,500,000 power-wagons are needed to make mechanical transportation general in urban communities of 10,000 population and upward. In addition, at least a million more power-wagons are demanded for efficient transportation of farm products. This does not mean that the complete elimination of the horse on the farm is either desirable or economical. Future invention in "mechanical ploughs" of capacity equal to the horse unit may bring about this condition, but to-day the horse is too flexible a work unit to make his complete displacement on the farm anything more than an idle speculation. And for several years yet we cannot expect to have enough different types of motors more economically to perform all of the many familiar services of the horse in the city.

But the future of the freight-carrying automobile is rich in economic, social, sanitary, and humanitarian promise. Distribution, which means transportation largely, is now the greatest single item entering into the selling-price of food and of many other commodities. The efficiency regime which the motor-truck is introducing will cut down the twenty-three handlings of goods, from freight-station to consumer, to four or five; the farm products that now go through an endless round of rehandlings will be transported a hundred or more miles by motor-truck direct to the dealer or the consumer. The motor-truck will conduce to attract more people to agricultural pursuits by reducing the difficulty of getting farm products to market at better prices. As a sanitary agency to decrease the terrible ravages of germ diseases transmitted by the horse-fly, motorized highway commerce in cities will save many millions in money now inefficiently spent each year to maintain superficial sanitation on our streets, and many thousands of lives. All wars together have not caused half the deaths that may be traced to the horse. Humanity for the beast in urban service on paved surfaces, in storm, snow, and sleet is impossible. Business, humanity, and public health demand that the horse be eliminated from urban civilization. The time of his exit is not far hence.

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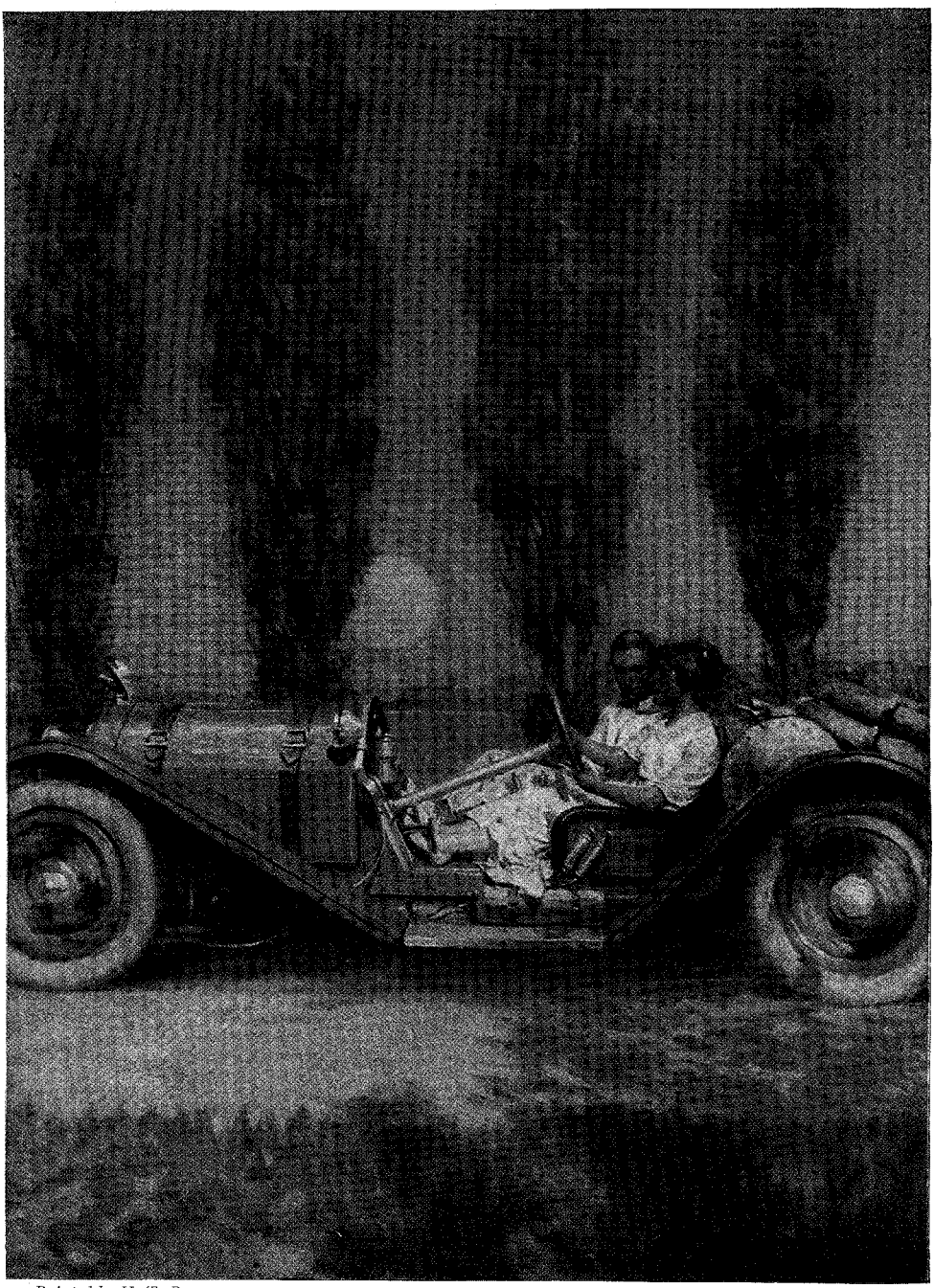

Painted by H. T. Dunn.

The New Romance.

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THE FLEET GOES BY

By Mary Synon

MALTA, pale-yellow walls piling on ramparts that stand sheer from jade waters of the sea of St. Paul's sailing, gave to Alida Cushing a thrilling moment of glory on the November morning when she came back to Valetta.

From dawn the steamer out of Tunis had ploughed the straits between Africa and Sicily under a luminous mist that shut out the world of sea and sky. From dawn the golden languor of the Mediterranean had drifted with the fog over white decks, until only Alida Cushing, standing at the bow of the liner, had remained victorious against its Lethean lure.

Poised like some watcher on a tower, she had challenged the laziness of her fellow passengers, those builders of Babel who drift eastward from Marseilles. Some of them knew her by sight as Alida Alvidua, of the Milan opera, the Alvidua who had sung *Aïda* at the Verdi festival and whom Jan Blockx had declared the only great artist of the voice in modern opera. One of the passengers, distinctively American from his rimless eye-glasses to his russet shoes, had been watching the singer without recognition, but with an interest more penetrative than listless curiosity. But Alida Cushing gave no more heed to him than she gave to the Arabian traders, to the Egyptian pasha, to the Levantine merchants, to the Greek banker, or to the Italian officers on the decks around him. She stood, a Ulysses at the prow, coming close to Calypso's isle with restless eagerness for the promised adventure. Now, as the mists began to float into fleecy white clouds that lifted with the rising breeze, revealing the shore-line of a group of rocks just ahead, her mood seemed to focus into a bright joyousness of anticipation. Then, with the sun came Malta, and with the sudden picture of the orange-hued rocks there flashed on the watching woman the triumphant thought of all that Malta meant to her.

For the little island of England's rule, guarding England's ships as they steamed from Gibraltar to Port Said, loomed no more sharply out of the still sea than its significance rose above the level of Alida Cushing's life. Malta had been the scene of her first triumph. Nine years before she had won it she had left San Francisco, an adventuring girl of nineteen, saying good-by to her home and her father with the carelessness of hoping youth. Between the evening when she had looked back across the bay from the Oakland pier to the San Francisco hills and the night when she had been given an eleventh-hour chance at Madame Garthi's rôle of *Tosca* in the Royal Opera House of Valetta, Alida Cushing had lived years of endeavor, of ambition, and of companionship with that handmaiden of ambition, the Señora Alvidua.

The Señora Alvidua, the little, dark old Spanish woman who sat blinking in the sunlight among the furs and laces that Alida had piled about her, had been for nearly fifteen years the dominant force of her granddaughter's life. Against Robert Cushing's opposition she had diverted his only child from a New England college course to Paris and the greatest singing-master of the world. With all the diplomacy of her temperament the old Californian had aided in the building of the fame of Alida Alvidua, using the bricks of the girl's great gift. So closely had she interwoven the threads of her personality with the girl's career that she could never understand and never cease regretting that the great event of Alida Cushing's life, her triumph in Valetta, had happened without her own presence. Alida had gone to Malta alone, an unknown singer then, one of the hundreds of girls who hold infinitesimal places in famous companies, in the hope that the roving calcium of chance may sometime light them into glory. In Malta the rays had fallen upon her. She had scaled the heights in the presence of the prince who was soon to be King of

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England. Now, after five years of Continental successes had established her position, Alida Cushing was going back to Malta to receive the decoration that the governor of the island was to give her in token of his Majesty's remembrance of the night when Fame had found a wooer in the willow cabin at her gate and had opened the way to the palace of achievement.

With the exultation of her memories the singer watched the long harbor under the menacing guns of the batteries, and beyond the dragon's mouth of the St. Elmo lighthouse, turning from the rail at last to share her emotion with the old woman, whose gaze of shrewd affection had been marking her exuberant delight. "Isn't it wonderful, grandmother?" she demanded.

The old woman's smile mingled admiration of her granddaughter's mood with tolerance of its inspiration. The Señora Alvidua's enthusiasms had been so often overlaid with the cement of repression that the survivors had concreted into convictions. "The mountains we have climbed are always the highest," she smiled.

Alida Cushing laughed. "That night in Valetta was my high mountain," she said; "but to you it's only the lowest foothill of the range you want me to scale, isn't it?" She seated herself on the stool of the señora's chair, toying with the old woman's laces. "What very high peaks you have chosen for me!" she mused, with the satiric tinge of voice that the señora was wont to ascribe to an alien strain of blood. "Covent Garden—and then? The Metropolitan in New York?"

"Not I but fate has decided," said the señora with pious asperity. "But why do you consider New York, my child? It can give you nothing more than London. And London stands ready to give you very much."

"I was thinking," Alida said, "that I should like an American tour before I went to London." The señora's eyes narrowed into sharp scrutiny of her granddaughter. "One may not eat his cake, and also have it," she said. "If you choose to accept the Covent Garden contracts, London is waiting. If you go to New York—" She spread out her ring-laden fingers in a gesture of helpless despair. Alida laughed. "You prompt fate from the wings," she teased the old woman. "Do you remember the day you met me, the day when you came to the convent to see one of the Mexican girls?"

"I never called upon a Mexican"—the señora evaded the main issue—"and I have met very, very few Americans."

"Including the Cushings."

"I should never call you American."

"No." The girl lingered over the word till it almost became an interrogation. "I fancy that no one would call me American now. And yet, before you brought me abroad, I was the wildest Yankee jingo in all California. Father used to say that I outshouted all Telegraph Hill on the day the news of Manila Bay came."

"Those were the only demonstrations your father approved," the señora remarked dryly. The girl's eyes danced as if at some mischievous recollection. "Do you remember the day that you asked father if you might bring me to Paris? It was the seventeenth of June. We were having a party, father and I, in the big dining-room at luncheon, because he had to go up to the ranch that afternoon. And when you came in and saw the candles, and the flowers, and my white gown, you asked what feast we were observing. And father raised his glass and said: 'The great feast of my commonwealth, the birthday of my country, the day of the battle of Bunker Hill!' And you said: 'Indeed! Who fought it? And where?' Grandmother, didn't you really know?"

"Why should I?"

"And yet you lived in the United States for forty years."

"Unwillingly," said the señora. "Do you not remember, Alida, that I consider all reference to your mother's unfortunate marriage unnecessary?" She drew her laces and furs about her with a magnificent manner of reserve, but her granddaughter laughed so merrily that the man with the eye-glasses leaned forward, the puzzled look on his face flashing to a certainty of recognition. "Oh, grandmother, grandmother," she gasped, "can't you see how funny it is to say that to me? But, oh, how I wish that the Cushings might hear you say it!"

"Is it possible," the señora asked

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shrewdly, "that when you visited them in Massachusetts—" she stumbled over the word—"they did not know that our family was infinitely older and nobler than theirs?"

"I fear they didn't. You see, father's people all have the idea that God made the world in 1620, and they know that some one of them has been around to help Him ever since then."

"Your grandfather's people," said the señora, "had driven the Moor from Aragon before Columbus was born."

Alida Cushing flung her supple arms high above her head as she rose from the deck-chair. "If I took the responsibilities of both sides of my family," she yawned, "what an Atlas I'd be!"

"It is a burden that every one must bear," declared Doña Alvidua. But Alida tucked her back into the furs and the laces, then strolled away. The gaze of the man of the eye-glasses followed her thoughtfully until she had passed from his sight at the turn of the promenade. Then he rose and went toward the stern, crossing there to the port side where Alida Cushing stood with her elbows on the rail as she looked out upon the stone walls of the harbor into which the liner was sliding. He came beside her, set his elbow close to hers, and rested his chin in his palm before he spoke. "Looks a little like our old San Francisco, doesn't it, greaser?" he asked.

Alida Cushing flashed toward him, her eyes blazing rebuke of the stranger's impertinence even before she realized the import of his words. The twinkling lights in his gray eyes met the rapiers of her anger. His white hat came off with a flourish as he faced her in amused appraisal. "I am," he said, "at the service of Mademoiselle Alvidua, if Alida Cushing doesn't remember her old friends."

From the girl's eyes the hostility died out as the fire of kindling recognition blazed forth. "Billy Corse!" she cried. "Where did you come from? What are you doing here? How did you know me? Oh, but I am most happy to see you!"

"Not half as glad as I am to see you," he declared fervently. "I've come from New York by way of Havre," he numbered off her queries. "I came across France to Marseilles. I barely caught the steamer. You came aboard at Tunis?"

"I sing at Malta to-night," she explained. "A command performance. Can you stay over? Or are you on cruise?"

"I shall stay in Malta," said Billy Corse, "if all the fleets in the world change course to-day. To hear you sing again I should mutiny from heaven."

"What do you here?" she demanded, only nodding appreciation of the speech. Billy Corse laughed at the little foreign idiom. "I do here begin to labor," he told her. "I am of the wicked who never cease from troubling. I am a day laborer for the United Press, and I've come to meet the fleet, or that part of it that passes here to-day. You see, we've a war on tap with Mexico, and I've orders to swing in on the chance that our ships will go right into the Gulf."

"With Mexico? Is it so?"

Billy Corse stared at her frowningly. "You're the first American I've met since I left New York who wasn't half-mad with excitement over the mere idea."

"They haven't lived over here long," she said. "Will you meet grandmother? She will be interested in a Mexican war."

"I suppose she has property in Huerta's country," the correspondent muttered as he went after Alida to the old woman. The señora, greeting him with courtesy that only illuminated hostility, justified his surmise. "What will be done to guard property if war comes?" she inquired.

"The American Government will see that there's a square deal," he assured her.

"If you knew as much of the history of California as I do," said the señora crisply, "you would not speak with such certainty, Meester Corse."

"Don't you know that you'll be looked after?" he asked Alida.

"I know very little of America any more," she said. "I haven't been there in years."

"Aren't you ever going home again?"

"Our home is in Paris."

"Honestly?" Billy Corse shoved his hands into his pockets and stood looking down at her. "I suppose," he said, "that it's all right, but, you see, I remember the Alida Cushing who used to carry

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the flag up Nob Hill in front of a crowd of us young ruffians. She was a girl who wanted to lead a raid on Chinatown because it was a foreign menace."

"How very funny she must have been!"

"Is she really an expatriate, Doña Alvidua?"

"My granddaughter has come back to the older traditions of an older family," said the señora. She watched Billy Corse with more than personal disapproval till he grew restive. "Don't you want to see the landing?" he asked Alida. As the younger woman turned to go with him the señora admonished her: "Do not forget, my dear, that Sir William meets us at the dock."

"Who is Sir William?" Corse asked directly.

"Sir William Price-Cherrill," Alida told him. "He's a special commissioner of the British Government to Malta, and he has brought the decoration that the girl who used to carry the flag up Nob Hill will be given to-night."

"I've heard of him," said Billy Corse. "He's a wonderful chap, they say, one of the fellows who look like Christmas trees when they wear their service medals. Know him well?"

"Very well," Alida said. She was looking toward the landing-stage with the gaze of one who sees beyond the scene into great vistas, the look that Billy Corse had glimpsed while she stood at the prow.

He sighed suddenly. "I suppose," he said, "that life over here has fascinations, especially for a woman with a gift like yours. And yet it hurts me a little that a real American girl turns her back on the stars and stripes. Out there on the coast we had to fight harder to *be* Americans than the folks back east did. Sometimes the mountains made it seem another country. But we proved up, didn't we? And now one of the girls we want to keep ours chooses to be an expatriate."

"You don't understand," she told him. "I'm not unpatriotic, Billy, but I have no interests in America any more. All the beauty, all the opportunity, all the inspiration of my life have come to me over here. And since father died I've no tie to take me back."

"It's your country," said Billy Corse.

"You do not grow up, do you?" She smiled in deprecation of her words as she felt his rising irritation. Billy Corse had been one of her most joyous playmates in the days before Doña Alvidua had found her granddaughter's gift. She had been a girl with few friendships, and all of them strong. She had fewer ties in her womanhood, and the old ones held her tighter than she had known. She was very glad to find Billy Corse so little changed. "You will come to the opera to-night?" she asked him.

"If I have to kill a king to get there," he promised.

Their handclasp made the promise binding, and Billy Corse, old enough to know better, thrilled under it boyishly after he had given over Alida to the glowering old woman. But when he saw them meeting the big Englishman, whose visible importance had brought him first over the gang-plank, Billy Corse clenched his fist. "If I'd had money enough to come to Europe ten years ago, there wouldn't be any Sir William on the landscape," he told the bare-legged Arab boy who happened to be nearest to him.

But to Alida Cushing, not less than to Doña Alvidua, the big Englishman was filling a large portion of the background of the landing-stage. Sir William Price-Cherrill was good to look at, a cleanly, wide-visioned Englishman, whose England came more closely to him in Africa and in Asia than it did in Europe. He had welcomed Alida with a genuineness of pleasure that gave her the sense of disembarking upon a foundation of unshakable solidity. He was as firm of purpose and of affection as the great walls behind him were strong. As he went up the stairs of the landing-stage, aiding the señora's faltering ascent, Alida found herself comparing his back with Billy Corse's. When he turned to look at her, he found Alida smiling at him with the joyous friendliness that had brought him across a crowded reception-room to her one night in Paris, and that had brought him back from India that he might bear to her the mark of his King's favor. He smiled back at her fondly, but to the woman there came the sudden thought that he was smiling down at her. Her glance found Billy Corse, luggage-laden, on the same step with her, separated by a half-dozen Arabs and

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Greeks and Italians. And it came to her with a curious thrill that Billy Corse was smiling not downward, but straight across into her eyes. The old memory of marching up Nob Hill close to him, a flag in her hand as she walked, returned with a vividness his words had not evoked. She shrugged her shoulders impatiently. When she came to the highest step of the long stone flight, she found Sir William waiting for her. Billy Corse had gone with the crowd.

As the one-horse vehicle stumbled up the Strada Reale, red-coated soldiers saluted Sir William and his guests. At the big hotel servants seemed to have been established for the express purpose of obeying his commands. The Englishman ignored them all with the simplicity of a man not concerned with the manner of service but with the fruits of its results. But the señora marked the deference paid him with the appreciation of a woman who measures power by its emoluments. To her the luncheon at the hotel, with Sir William briefly outlining the manner of Alida's coming honor, was the forerunner of other and more intimate meetings of the three. She had a wholesome respect for the stability of the British aristocracy. Just now she had a satisfied foresight that her granddaughter was to become part of its system. She flung a line from shore with the remark that Covent Garden already clamored for the Alvidua. The señora, regarding her granddaughter's voice as a gift from God, lacked no modesty about praising the Creator for His works.

"When will you be there?" Sir William asked.

"I am not quite certain that I shall sing in London," said Alida. "I have an offer to sing in New York at the same time. If I take one, I shall not be able to take the other." The señora's eyes sparkled. Alida was playing the game according to the rules.

"Oh, there's no question at all," said Sir William, "for of course you'll come to London."

They did not return to the subject, since Sir William seemed to regard it as unworthy of continuation. The luncheon ended amid interruptions of the coming of many "persons of importance," eager to greet the singer and the soldier. All about the hotel was an atmosphere of excitement that the señora attributed to her granddaughter's arrival, but that Alida was artist enough to appreciate came from some outside expectation. So vividly alert were the officers whose brilliant uniforms blazed through the dining-hall that the singer demanded of Sir William: "What's happening here? Or what is about to happen?"

"Oh, didn't you know?" he asked. "Your fleet comes here to-day."

"The American fleet?" interposed Doña Alvidua.

"And isn't that yours?" he inquired.

"Oh, we are not American," said the señora.

"Miss Cushing is," said Sir William.

"I haven't been in America for nearly fourteen years," she said.

"That's of no consequence," he said lightly. "I was away from home for eleven years once. But England's England, no matter where I am. Your country's born into you, you know, like your eyes, or your hair, or your voice."

Then he fell into talk of other things, but two hours later, after she had been able to retreat in preparation for her appearance at the opera, Alida Cushing remembered Sir William's words.

The beauty of Malta, the softened, dream-making loveliness of the island, drew her from her room to the balcony from which she might see afar across the city of Valetta to the open sea. To her keen perception of vision, her artist's trick of finding the surface an inspiration with which to conjure deeper thought, the place revealed itself to her as the great jewel of the crown of Europe. All the best of Europe, the beauty, the picturesqueness, the romance, the history, the traditions of nobility, the memories of great wars, shone gleamingly in the facets of this diamond. Paul and Ulysses, John de la Valette and Napoleon Bonaparte, had followed its flashing. It had been, it was even now, the pawn of empires; but its owners had always cherished it, polished it, worn it with pride. Looking upon it, Alida Cushing drew a sharp breath of triumphant appreciation that she, too, was a conqueror of Malta. Then, as the tide turns back, her triumph

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went out in the thought that, like every other conqueror, she was alien to the land she had won. To the men and women of the official world of the island, those who would come to the opera to-night to add to her honors, Malta was but a place of service, of exile. "England was England" to them. The señora had carried Spain in her heart through forty years of life in another land. Billy Corse, scouting the world, held his country as sword and shield. Only she, Alida Cushing, born in San Francisco and "one of the Massachusetts Cushings," was an expatriate.

Recollections of her father's scorn of the word came to her with other recollections of his rock-ribbed ideals. Old thoughts of evenings when he had read to her stories of the brave deeds of the men of his race crowded into her brain. All forgotten went the years between as she looked out past the city into the long, locked harbor.

Below her, past the ivory-yellow houses of the Strada Reale, beyond the roofs where flaming poinsettias and fragrant mignonette were blooming, past the grim walls of fortifications, beyond the gay sails of polyglot craft near the shore, four battle-ships lay at anchor. Long, low, gray, they seemed moveless to the watcher on the balcony. Something in their line, their color, brought to Alida Cushing the certainty that these were the ships that Billy Corse had come to meet, that these were the war-ships of the American fleet. She strained her eyes to make out the flags, while the sun dropped down to the rim of the western horizon. Just as its blaze tipped the water the flags on the ships quivered. Dark figures, no larger than pin-pricks on a map, moved beneath the wavering battle-flags. Then, as the flags dipped, there came across the water, and above the roofs, a silver thread of sound so tenuous that only a musician with ear attuned and expectant would have heard it.

"Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light—" rose the salute. Unwaveringly it floated, a banner of sound challenging England's fortresses with American courage and American humor. To its end Alida Cushing followed the thin line of melody, her head thrown back, her shoulders high, her eyes fixed upon the picture of the ships in the harbor.

Into the picture there shifted poignant memories of her old home. The horseshoe of the harbor widened to the sweep of San Francisco Bay. The Mediterranean lashed itself into the green Pacific. The great gray ships at anchor outside the ramparts merged their outlines until only one gray ship stood in the watcher's sight; and that ship was the *Iowa*, old Bob Evans's old *Iowa*, the battle-ship that had lain in San Francisco harbor on the day when the boys of the First California had come home from the Philippines. Beside her rode the transport *Sherman*—with her flag at half-mast.

On the balcony of the Valetta Hotel Alida Cushing watched seaward as she had watched on the afternoon when San Francisco, silenced by dread, had waited for the boats to come from the transport-ship. With the eyes of memory she looked through the years to that most vivid scene of her last days in her father's house. She was standing on its balcony, straining her eyes toward the foot of Van Ness Avenue as she listened to the far-off notes of the approaching band. It was no splendid music of conflict that came ahead of the regiment, only the chorus of the song that the men of the west coast had sung in the islands of the East while they had planted the flag of their country in lands of death and dread:

> "One held a ringlet of thin gray hair,
> One held a lock of brown,
> Bidding each other a last farewell,
> Just as the sun went down."

Up Van Ness Avenue came the regiment, marching slowly behind the long line of ambulances. Over and over the band played the refrain as the men of the First California passed between the lines of wet-eyed watchers. No cheer greeted them. The silence of tens of thousands of men and women and children who stood back from the curbing paid tribute to their "boys" as the gaping ranks went by. For the watchers remembered how the boys of the First had gone out to the East, triumphantly hopeful, splendidly brave, boyishly blithe, one thousand and six of them. And not five hundred had

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come back. The trenches of Luzon, the swamps of Mindanao, had taken toll of the fighting First.

The gloom of that procession, wending its way toward the Presidio, had clutched at the heart of the watching girl till she felt that she must cry out a tocsin of courage, of gratitude, to the men who had come back from the war. They had fought. They had suffered. They had been ready to die as their comrades had died. Would no one tell them that they had not fought in vain? Grief had its place, but youth holds the laurels for triumph. Alida Cushing had reached above her, snatching down the flag that her father had raised that morning, the flag that his mother had given to his father to bear through the streets of Baltimore. Then, waving it on high, the girl had cried out in that glorious voice that was to thrill kings and emperors in after years: "Well, anyhow, boys, you won!" One white-faced boy in the ranks had shouted back to her: "You bet we did win, kid!" And her father had caught her to him with such a look of pride and glory on his face as she never saw before and never saw again. "Thank God," he had said, "you're an American!"

Darkness came over the sea before Alida Cushing moved from the place of her vision. Below her the lights glimmered in houses that had shone golden a little time before. The myriad fragrances of the southern night arose, but the air that the woman on the balcony breathed came over seas from the pine-forested slopes of Tamalpais, with the tang of sage in its wake. Down in the harbor, beyond the bobbing lights on the little boats, glowed the lights of the fleet. A long time Alida Cushing watched them. Then she took her way to the Royal Opera House.

When the curtain had gone down on the last act of "Louise," the governor of Malta, between the cheers of an audience that filled the building, gave to Alida Cushing, of the Milan opera, the decoration sent to her by his Most Gracious Majesty, George the Fifth, King of Great Britain and Ireland, and Emperor of India. Billy Corse, standing in the wings, saw the tears that filled the singer's eyes as the tumultuous shouting climaxed the governor's praise of the woman whose greatest glory of achievement had come to her. He saw, too, that Sir William Price-Cherrill was leaving the box where he had been with the Señora Alvidua, and he stepped back that he might not watch their meeting when Alida Cushing should come from the stage where she now stood, bowing her acknowledgments of the honors that were piling higher than the walls of Malta. The orchestra leader waited her final obeisance before he struck up the notes of "God Save the King." But Alida Cushing did not bow herself toward the wings, but pushed her way through the masses of flowers till she stood at the footlights.

Her gaze, intent and eager, the look of the seeker and not of the satisfied, went past the royal box and over the heads of the splendidly gowned women and the gorgeously red-coated men who had come to give her tribute. It glanced in its way upon the white-uniformed officers of the American ships whom the English of Malta had brought as their guests to this triumph of their countrywoman. It rose higher and higher till it found the blue-clad sailors, the jackies of the fleet, sitting in the high tiers of the gallery. And it was to them she spoke.

"Every one has always been good to me over here," she said, "and I can never say how wonderful to-night has been. I'm grateful, oh, so grateful, and I hope that all those who have been so good to me will understand why I must ask their patience for just one favor more. I'm an American, one of you. And I know that our friends here would wish me to sing you an American song."

The orchestra leader raised his baton, looking upward inquiringly to catch her signal. But without orchestra she began:

"Oh, say, can you see——"

A shuffling surge, as when the sea strikes cliffs, swept through the opera-house. White-uniformed officers, blue-uniformed men rose to their feet, standing at attention, every man's face alight, every man's right hand upraised till his index finger touched his temple. Breathless, red-coated men and the bejewelled women beside them watched the governor of

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Malta. A moment he frowned, as if puzzled by the meaning of the song. Then he arose. And every red-coated man at the opera that night arose with him.

It was the jackies who joined in the last chorus. It was the jackies who led the maddest cheers that had ever shaken Valetta's opera-house. They were still cheering when Alida Cushing came back to the wings where Sir William Price-Cherrill stood beside Billy Corse. The Englishman spoke to her first.

"We all hear the call," he said, "when our fleets go by, do we not?"

"Yes," she said, "we hear it." Then she turned to Billy Corse. "I'm going home, Billy," she said. "If you happen to be in New York, and there shouldn't be a war in Mexico, will you come to hear me again?"

CHILD, CHILD

By Grace Fallow Norton

CHILD, child,
The city-alleys reek;
By nighttime and by daytime
The passing engines shriek,
And murky is the Maytime
Where carriers hoot and cry,
Yet here thou hast thy playtime
And hast thy lullaby.

Child, child,
Men say and poets sing,
"Thy hope of joy, O Woman,
Lies in this single thing.
Of life or love, let no man
Tell thee aught else were best:
Thy joy of joys, O Woman,
Thy child upon thy breast."

Child, child,
Alas, and if it be?
Why sing the joy of mothers
And sing no song of thee?
Who clamors now for others,
Rose-happed though they should lie,
He has not seen thy brothers
Nor heard thy lullaby.

Child, child,
Some say thou'rt doomed to fail.
They cry we do not need thee,
So puny, piteous, pale!
And staying not to feed thee,
They wait their darling's kiss.
O lest they hear or heed thee
Let them not boast their bliss!

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MY FIRST YEARS AS A FRENCHWOMAN

BY MARY KING WADDINGTON

II—AT THE MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS AND THE BERLIN CONGRESS

1877–78

THE elections took place in October–November, 1877, and gave at once a great Republican majority. W.* and his two colleagues, Count de St. Vallier and Henri Martin, had an easy victory, but a great many of their personal friends, moderates, were beaten. The "centres" were decidedly weaker in the new Chambers. There was not much hope left of uniting the two centres, Droite et Gauche, in the famous "fusion" which had been a dream of the moderate men.

The new Chambers assembled at Versailles in November. The Broglie cabinet was out, but a new ministry of the Right faced the new Parliament. Their life was very short and stormy; they were really dead before they began to exist and in December the marshal sent for M. Dufaure and charged him to form a Ministère de Gauche. None of his personal friends, except General Borel at the War Office, were in the new combination. W. was named to the Foreign Office. I was rather disappointed when he came home and told me he had accepted that portfolio. I thought his old ministry, "Public Instruction," suited him so well, the work interested him, was entirely in his taste. He knew all the literary and educational world, not only in France but everywhere else—England of course, where he had kept up with many of his Cambridge comrades, and Germany, where he also had literary connections. However, that wide acquaintance and his perfect knowledge of English and English people helped him very much at once, not only at the Quai d'Orsay, but in all the years he was in England as ambassador.

The new ministry, with Dufaure as President of the Council, Léon Say at the Finances, M. de Freycinet at Public Works, and W. at the Foreign Office was announced the 14th of December, 1877. The preliminaries had been long and difficult—the marshal and his friends on one side—the Republicans and Gambetta on the other,—the moderates trying to keep things together. Personally, I was rather sorry W. had agreed to be a member of the cabinet; I was not very keen about official life and foresaw a great deal that would be disagreeable. Politics played such a part in social life. All the "society," the Faubourg St. Germain (which represents the old names and titles of France) was violently opposed to the Republic. I was astonished the first years of my married life in France, to see people of certain position and standing give the cold shoulder to men they had known all their lives because they were Republicans, knowing them quite well to be honorable, independent gentlemen, wanting nothing from the Republic,—merely trying to do their best for the country. I only realized by degrees that people held off a little from me sometimes, as the wife of a Republican deputy. I didn't care particularly, as I had never lived in France, and knew very few people, but it didn't make social relations very pleasant, and I should have been better pleased if W. had taken no active part. However, that feeling was only temporary. I soon became keenly interested in politics (I suppose it is in the blood—all the men in my family in America were politicians) and in the discussion of the various questions which were rap-

*W., here and throughout these articles, refers to Mme. Waddington's husband, M. William Waddington.

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idly changing France into something quite different. Whether the change has been for the better it would be hard to say even now, after more than thirty-five years of the Republic.

Freycinet was a great strength. He was absolutely Republican, but moderate, —very clever and energetic, a great friend of Gambetta's—and a beautiful speaker. I have heard men say who didn't care about him particularly, and who were not at all of his way of thinking, that they would rather not discuss with him. He was sure to win them over to his cause with his wonderful, clear persuasive arguments.

The first days were very busy ones. W. had to see all his staff (a very large one) of the Foreign Office, and organize his own cabinet. He was out all day, until late in the evening, at the Quai d'Orsay, used to go over there about ten or ten-thirty, breakfast there, and get back for a very late dinner, and always had a director or secretary working with him at our house after dinner. I went over three or four times to inspect the ministry, as I had a presentiment we should end by living there. The house is large and handsome, with a fine staircase and large high rooms. The furniture of course was "ministerial" —stiff and heavy—gold-backed chairs and sofas standing in rows against the walls. There were some good pictures, the "Congrès de Paris," which occupies a prominent place in one of the salons, and splendid tapestries. The most attractive thing was a fine large garden at the back, but, as the living-rooms were up-stairs, we didn't use it very much. The lower rooms, which opened on the gardens, were only used as reception-rooms. The minister's cabinet was also down-stairs, communicating by a small staircase with his bedroom, just overhead. The front of the house looks on the Seine, we had always a charming view from the windows, at night particularly, when all the little steamers ("mouches") were passing with their lights. I had of course to make acquaintance with all the Diplomatic Corps. I knew all the ambassadors and most of the ministers, but there were some representatives of the smaller powers and South American Republics with whom I had never come in contact. Again I paid a formal official visit to the Maréchale de MacMahon as soon as the ministry was announced. She was perfectly polite and correct, but one felt at once she hadn't the slightest sympathy for anything Republican, and we never got to know each other any better all the months we were thrown together. We remained for several weeks at our own house, and then most reluctantly determined to install ourselves at the ministry. W. worked always very late after dinner, and he felt it was not possible to ask his directors, all important men of a certain age, to come up to the "quartier de l'Etoile" at ten o'clock and keep them busy until midnight. W.'s new chef de cabinet, Comte de Pontécoulant, was very anxious that we should move, thought everything would be simplified if W. were living over there. I had never known Pontécoulant until W. chose him as his chef de cabinet. He was a diplomatist with some years of service behind him, and was perfectly "au courant" of all the routine and habits of the Foreign Office. He paid me a short formal visit soon after he had accepted the post, we exchanged a few remarks about the situation, I hoped we would "faire bon ménage," and had no particular impression of him except that he was very French and stiff; I didn't suppose I should see much of him. It seems curious now to look back upon that first interview. We all became so fond of him, he was a loyal, faithful friend, was always ready to help me in any small difficulties, and I went to him for everything,—visits, servants, horses, etc. W. had no time for any details or amenities of life. We moved over just before New Year's day. As the "gros mobilier" was already there, we only took over personal things, grand piano, screens, tables, easy chairs, and small ornaments and bibelots. These were all sent off in a van early one morning, and after luncheon I went over, having given rendezvous to Pontécoulant and M. Kruft, "chef du matériel," an excellent, intelligent man, who was most useful and devoted to me the two years I lived at the ministry. I was very depressed when we drove into the courtyard, I had never lived on that side of the river, and felt cut off from all my belongings,—the bridge a terror, so cold in win-

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ter, so hot in summer,—I never got accustomed to it, never crossed it on foot. The sight of the great empty rooms didn't reassure me. The reception-rooms of course were very handsome. There were a great many servants, "huissiers," and footmen standing about, and people waiting in the big drawing-room to speak to W. The living-rooms up-stairs were ghastly—looked bare and uncomfortable in the highest degree. They were large and high and looked down upon the garden, though that on a bleak December day was not very cheerful,—but there were possibilities. Kruft was very sympathetic, understood quite well how I felt, and was ready to do anything in the way of stoves, baths, wardrobes in the lingerie, new carpets, and curtains, that I wanted. Pontécoulant too was eminently practical, and I was quite amused to find myself discussing lingeries and bathrooms with a total stranger whom I had only seen twice in my life. It took me about a week to get really settled. I went over every day, returning to my own house to eat and sleep. Kruft did wonders; the place was quite transformed when I finally moved over. The rooms looked very bright and comfortable when we arrived in the afternoon of the 31st of December (New Year's eve). The little end salon, which I made my boudoir, was hung with blue satin; my piano, screens, and little things were very well placed—plenty of palms and flowers, bright fires everywhere—the bedrooms, nursery, and lingeries clean and bright. My bedroom opened on a large salon, where I received usually, keeping my boudoir for ourselves and our intimate friends. My special "huissier," Gérard, who sat all day outside of the salon door, was presented to me, and instantly became a most useful and important member of the household,—never forgot a name or a face, remembered what cards and notes I had received, whether the notes were answered, or the bills paid, knew almost all my wardrobe, would bring me down a coat or a wrap if I wanted one suddenly down-stairs. I had frequent consultations with Pontécoulant and Kruft to regulate all the details of the various services before we were quite settled. We took over all our own servants and found many others who were on the permanent staff of the ministry, footmen, huissiers, and odd men who attended to all the fires, opened and shut all the doors, windows, and shutters. It was rather difficult to organize the regular working service, there was such rivalry between our own personal servants and the men who belonged to the house, but after a little while things went pretty smoothly. W. dined out the first night we slept at the Quai d'Orsay, and about an hour after we had arrived, while I was still walking about in my hat and coat, feeling very strange in the big high rooms, I was told that the "lampiste" was waiting my orders (a few lamps had been lit in some of the rooms). I didn't quite know what orders to give, hadn't mastered yet the number that would be required, but I sent for him, said I should be alone for dinner, perhaps one or two lamps in the dining-room and small salon would be enough. He evidently thought that was not at all sufficient, wanted something more precise, so I said to light as he had been accustomed to when the Duc Décazes and his family were dining alone (which I don't suppose they ever did, nor we either when we once took up our life). Such a blaze of light met my eyes when I went to dinner that I was quite bewildered. Boudoir, billiard-room, dining-room (very large, the small round table for one person hardly perceptible) and corridors all lighted "à giorno." However, it looked very cheerful and kept me from feeling too dreadfully homesick for my own house and familiar surroundings. The rooms were so high up that we didn't hear the noise of the street, but the river looked alive and friendly with the lights on the bridges, and a few boats still running.

We had much more receiving and entertaining to do at the Quai d'Orsay than at any other ministry, and were obliged to go out much more ourselves. The season in the official world begins with a reception at the President's on New Year's day. The Diplomatic Corps and Presidents of the Senate and Chamber go in state to the Elysée to pay their respects to the chief of state,—the ambassadors with all their staff in uniform in gala carriages. It is a pretty sight, and there are always a good many people waiting in the Faubourg St. Honoré to see the carriages.

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The English carriage is always the best; they understand all the details of harness and livery so much better than any one else. The marshal and his family were established at the Elysée. It wasn't possible for him to remain at Versailles—he couldn't be so far from Paris, where all sorts of questions were coming up every day, and he was obliged to receive deputations and reports, and see people of all kinds. They were already agitating the question of the Parliament coming back to Paris. The deputies generally were complaining of the loss of time and the discomfort of the daily journey even in the parliamentary train. The Right generally was very much opposed to having the Chambers back in Paris. I never could understand why. I suppose they were afraid that a stormy sitting might lead to disturbances. In the streets of a big city there is always a floating population ready to espouse violently any cause. At Versailles one was away from any such danger, and, except immediately around the palace, there was nobody in the long, deserted avenues. They often cited the United States, how no statesman after the signing of the Declaration of Independence (in Philadelphia) would have ventured to propose that the Parliament should sit in New York or Philadelphia, but the reason there was very different; they were obliged to make a neutral zone, something between the North and the South. The District of Columbia is a thing apart, belonging to neither side. It has certainly worked very well in America. Washington is a fine city, with its splendid old trees and broad avenues. It has a cachet of its own, is unlike any other city I know in the world.

The marshal received at the Elysée every Thursday evening—he and his staff in uniform, also all the officers who came, which made a brilliant gathering. Their big dinners and receptions were always extremely well done. Except a few of their personal friends, not many people of the society were present—the Diplomatic Corps usually very well represented, the Government and their wives, and a certain number of liberal deputies—a great many officers. We received every fifteen days, beginning with a big dinner. It was an open reception, announced in the papers. The diplomats always mustered very strong, also the Parliament—not many women. Many of the deputies remained in the country, taking rooms merely while the Chambers were sitting, and their wives never appeared in Paris. "Society" didn't come to us much either, except on certain occasions when we had a royal prince or some very distinguished foreigners. Besides the big official receptions, we often had small dinners upstairs during the week. Some of these I look back to with much pleasure. I was generally the only lady with eight or ten men, and the talk was often brilliant. Some of our habitués were the late Lord Houghton, a delightful talker; Lord Dufferin, then ambassador in St. Petersburg; Sir Henry Layard, British ambassador in Spain, an interesting man who had been everywhere and seen and known everybody worth knowing in the world; Count Schouvaloff, Russian ambassador in London, a polished courtier, extremely intelligent; he and W. were colleagues afterward at the Congrès de Berlin, and W. has often told me how brilliantly he defended his cause; General Ignatieff, Prince Orloff, the nunzio Monsignor Czaski, quite charming, the type of the "prélat mondain," very large (though very Catholic) in his ideas, but never aggressive or disagreeable about the Republic, as so many of the clergy were. He was very fond of music, and went with me sometimes to the Conservatoire on Sunday; he had a great admiration for the way they played classical music; used to lean back in his chair in a corner (would never sit in front of the box and drink in every sound).

We sometimes had informal music in my little blue salon. Baron de Zuylen, Dutch minister, was an excellent musician, also Comte de Beust, the Austrian ambassador. He was a composer. I remember his playing me one day a wedding march he had composed for the marriage of one of the archdukes. It was very descriptive, with bells, cannon, hurrahs, and a nuptial hymn—rather difficult to render on a piano—but there was a certain amount of imagination in the composition. The two came often with me to the Conservatoire. Comte de Beust brought Liszt to me one day. I wanted so much

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Palace of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Paris.

to see that complex character, made up of enthusiasms of all kinds, patriotic, religious, musical. He was dressed in the ordinary black priestly garb, looked like an ascetic with pale, thin face, which lighted up very much when discussing any subject that interested him. He didn't say a word about music, either then or on a subsequent occasion when I lunched with him at the house of a great friend and admirer, who was a beautiful musician. I hoped he would play after luncheon. He was a very old man, and played rarely in those days, but one would have liked to hear him. Mme. M. thought he would perhaps for her, if the party were not too large, and the guests "sympathetic" to him. I have heard so many artists say it made all the difference to them when they felt the public was with them—if there were one unsympathetic or criticising face in the mass of people, it was the only face they could distinguish, and it affected them very much. The piano was engagingly open and music littered about, but he apparently didn't see it. He talked politics, and a good deal about pictures with some artists who were present.

I did hear him play many years later in London. We were again lunching together, at the house of a mutual friend, who was not at all musical. There wasn't even a piano in the house, but she had one brought in for the occasion. When I arrived rather early, the day of the party, I found the mistress of the house, aided by Count Hatzfeldt, then German ambassador to England, busily engaged in transforming her drawing-room. The grand piano, which had been standing well out toward the middle of the room, open, with music on it (I dare say some of Liszt's own —but I didn't have time to examine), was being pushed back into a corner, all the music hidden away, and the instrument covered with photographs, vases of flowers, statuettes, heavy books, all the things one doesn't habitually put on pianos. I was quite puzzled, but Hatzfeldt, who was a great friend of Liszt's and knew all his peculiarities, when consulted by Mme. A. as to what she could do to induce Liszt to play, had answered: "Begin by putting the piano in the furthest, darkest corner of the room, and put all sorts of heavy things on it. Then he won't think you have asked him in the hope of hearing him play, and perhaps we can persuade him."

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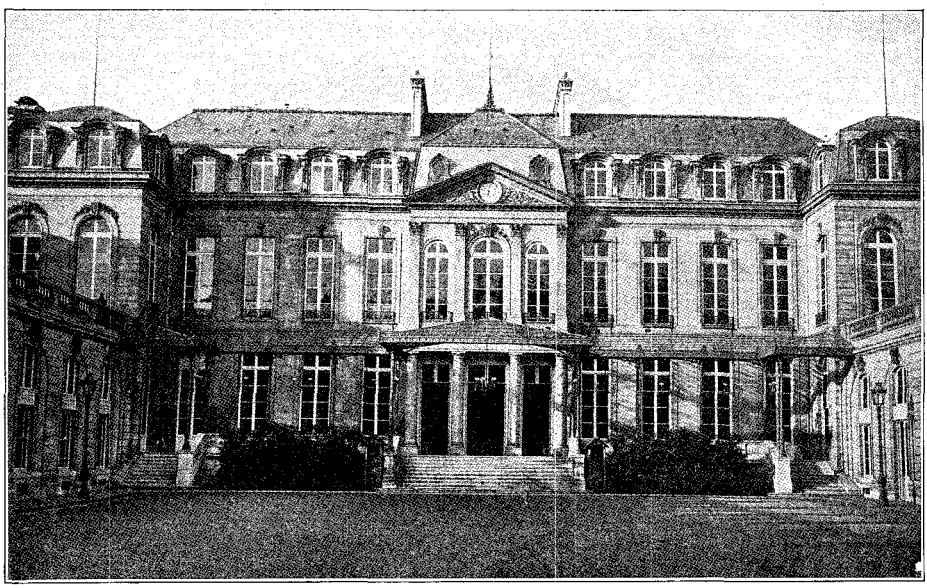

The Elysée Palace, Paris.

The arrangements were just finished as the rest of the company arrived. We were not a large party, and the talk was pleasant enough. Liszt looked much older, so colorless, his skin like ivory, but he seemed just as animated and interested in everything. After luncheon, when they were smoking (all of us together, no one went into the smoking-room), he and Hatzfeldt began talking about the Empire and the beautiful fêtes at Compiègne, where anybody of any distinction in any branch of art or literature was invited. Hatzfeldt led the conversation to some evenings where Strauss played his waltzes with an entrain, a sentiment that no one else has ever attained, and to Offenbach and his melodies—one evening particularly when he had improvised a song for the Empress—he couldn't quite remember it. If there were a piano—he looked about. There was none apparently. "Oh, yes, in a corner, but so many things upon it, it was evidently never meant to be opened." He moved toward it, Liszt following, asking Comtesse A. if it could be opened. The things were quickly removed. Hatzfeldt sat down and played a few bars in rather a halting fashion. After a moment Liszt said: "No, no, it is not quite that." Hatzfeldt got up. Liszt seated himself at the piano, played two or three bits of songs, or waltzes, then, always talking to Hatzfeldt, let his fingers wander over the keys and by degrees broke into a nocturne and a wild Hungarian march. It was very curious; his fingers looked as if they were made of yellow ivory, so thin and long, and of course there wasn't any strength or execution in his playing—it was the touch of an old man, but a master—quite unlike anything I have ever heard. When he got up, he said: "Oh, well, I didn't think the old fingers had any music left in them." We tried to thank him, but he wouldn't listen to us, immediately talked about something else. When he had gone we complimented the ambassador on the way in which he had managed the thing. Hatzfeldt was a charming colleague, very clever, very musical, a thorough man of the world. I was always pleased when he was next to me at dinner—I was sure of a pleasant hour. He had been many years in Paris during the brilliant days of the Empire, knew everybody there worth knowing. He had the reputation, notwithstanding his long stay in Paris, of being very anti-French. I could hardly judge of that, as he naturally never talked politics to me. It may very likely have been true, but not more marked with him

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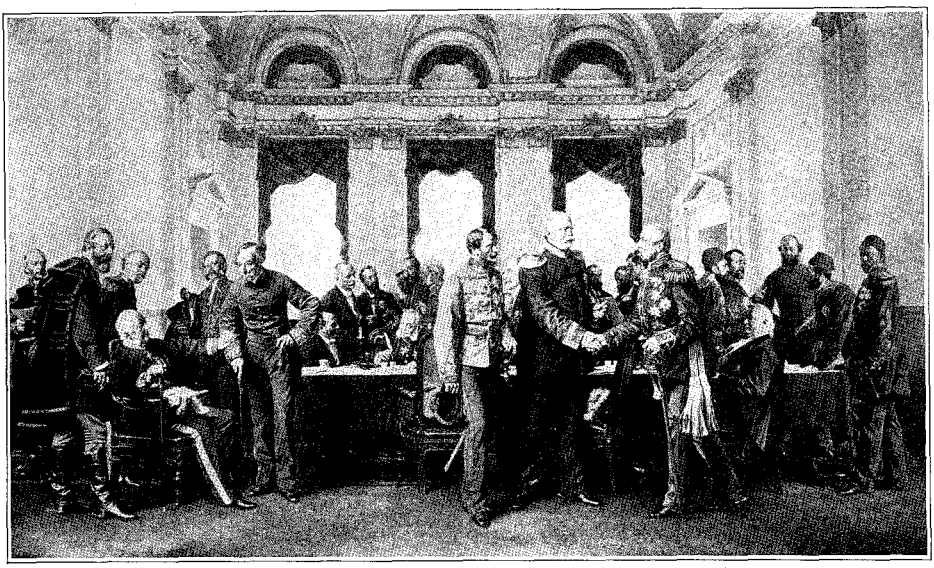

Photograph by Photographische Gesellschaft, Berlin.

The Berlin Congress.

From a painting by Anton von Werner, 1881.

than with the generality of Anglo-Saxons and Northern races, who rather look down upon the Latins, hardly giving them credit for their splendid dash and pluck—to say nothing of their brains. I have lived in a great many countries, and always think that as a people, I mean the uneducated mass, the French are the most intelligent nation in the world. I have never been thrown with the Japanese—am told they are extraordinarily intelligent.

We had a dinner one night for Mr. Gladstone, his wife, and a daughter. Mr. Gladstone made himself quite charming, spoke French fairly well, and knew more about every subject discussed than any one else in the room. He was certainly a wonderful man, such extraordinary versatility and such a memory. It was rather pretty to see Mrs. Gladstone when her husband was talking. She was quite absorbed by him, couldn't talk to her neighbors. They wanted very much to go to the Conciergerie to see the prison where the unfortunate Marie Antoinette passed the last days of her unhappy life, and Mr. Gladstone, inspired by the subject, made us a sort of "conférence" on the French Revolution and the causes which led up to it, culminating in the Terror and the execution of the King and Queen. He spoke in English (we were a little group standing at the door—they were just going), in beautiful academic language, and it was most interesting, graphic, and exact. Even W., who knew him well and admired him immensely, was struck by his brilliant improvisation.

Seventy-eight was the most important year for us in many ways. Besides the interest and fatigues of the Exposition and the constant receiving and official festivities of all kinds, a great event was looming before us—the "Berlin Congress." One had felt it coming for some time. There were all sorts of new delimitations and questions to be settled since the war in the Balkans, and Europe was getting visibly nervous. Almost immediately after the opening of the Exposition, the project took shape, and it was decided that France should participate in the Congress and send three representatives. It was the first time that France had asserted herself since the Franco-Prussian war in 1870, but it was time for her now to emerge from her self-imposed effacement, and take her place in the Congress of nations. There were many discussions, both public and private, before the "plénipotentiaires" were named, and a great unwillingness on

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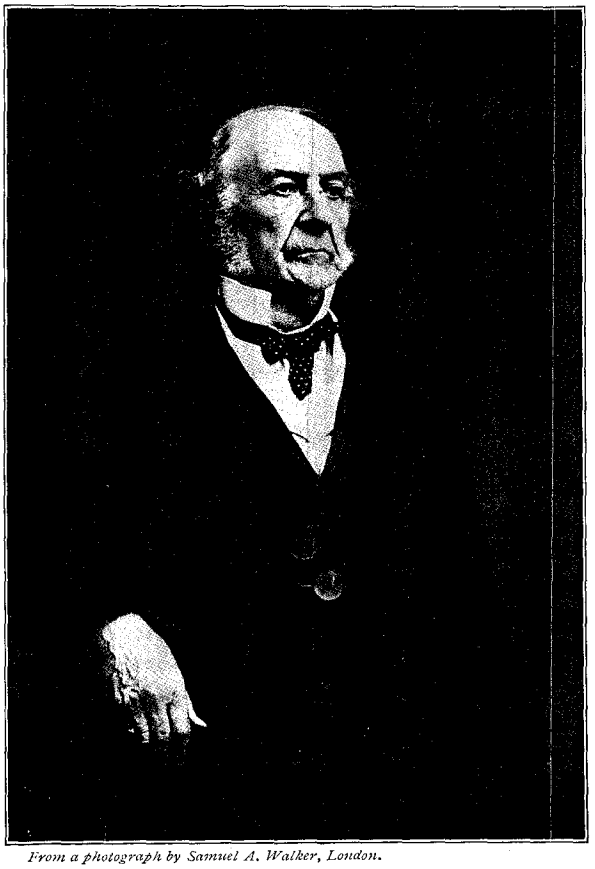
the part of many very intelligent and patriotic Frenchmen to see the country launching itself upon dangerous ground and a possible conflict with Bismarck. However, the thing was decided, and the three plenipotentiaries named,—M. Waddington, Foreign Minister, first; Comte de St. Vallier, a very clever and distinguished diplomatist, actual ambassador at Berlin, second; and Monsieur Desprey, Directeur de la Politique au Ministère des Affaires Etrangères, third. He was also a very able man, one of the pillars of the ministry, "au courant" of every treaty and negotiation for the last twenty years, very prudent and clear-headed. All W.'s colleagues were most cordial and charming on his appointment. He made a statement in the house of the line of policy he intended to adopt—and was absolutely approved and encouraged. Not a disparaging word of any kind was said, not even the usual remark of "cet anglais qui nous représente." He started the 10th of June in the best conditions possible—not an instruction of any kind from his chief, M. Dufaure, Président du Conseil,—very complimentary to him certainly, but the ministers taking no responsibility themselves—leaving the door open in case he made any mistakes. It was evident that the Parliament and Government were nervous. It was rather amusing, when all the preparations for the departure were going on. W. took a large suite with him, secretaries, huissiers, etc., and I told them they were as much taken up with their coats and embroideries and cocked hats as any pretty woman with her dresses. I wanted very much to go, but W. thought he would be freer and have more time to think things over if I were not there. He didn't know Berlin at all, had never seen Bismarck nor any of the leading German statesmen, and was fully conscious how his every word and act would be criticised. However, if a public man is not criticised, it usually means that he is of no consequence—so attacks and criticisms are rather welcome—act as a stimulant. I could have gone and stayed unofficially with a cousin, but he thought that wouldn't do. St. Vallier was a bachelor, it would have been rather an affair for him to organize at the Embassy an apartment for a lady and her maids, though he was most civil and asked me to come.



From a photograph by Samuel A. Walker, London.

William E. Gladstone.

I felt rather lonely in the big ministry when they had all gone, and I was left with Baby. W. stayed away just five weeks, and I performed various official things in his absence,—among others the Review of the 14th of July. The distinguished guest on that occasion was the Shah of Persia, who arrived with the

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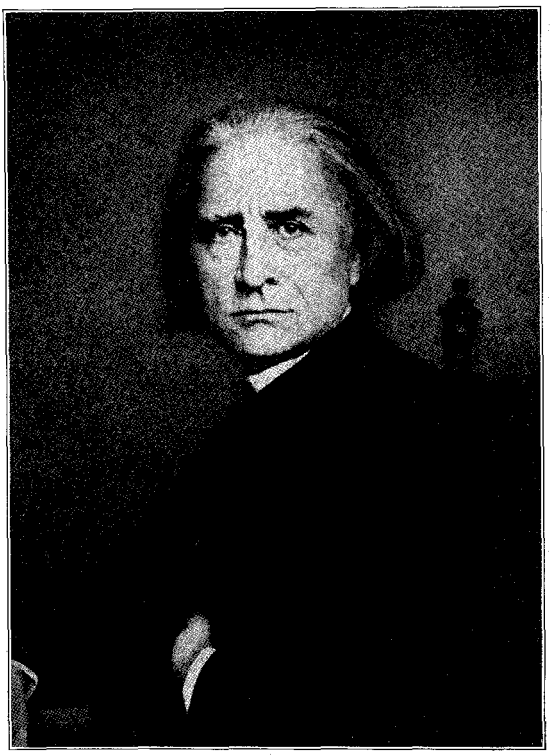
maréchale in a handsome open carriage, with outriders and postillions. The marshal of course was riding. The Shah was not at all a striking figure, short, stout, with a dark skin, and hard black eyes. He had handsome jewels, a large diamond fastening the white aigrette of his high black cap, and his sword-hilt incrusted with diamonds. He gave a stiff little nod in acknowledgment of the bows and courtesies every one made when he appeared in the marshal's box. He immediately took his seat on one side of the maréchale in front of the box, one of the ambassadresses, Princess Hohenlohe I think, next to him. The military display seemed to interest him. Every now and then he made some remark to the maréchale, but he was certainly not talkative. While the interminable line of the infantry regiments were passing, there was a move to the back of the box, where there was a table with ices, champagne, etc. Madame de MacMahon came up to me, saying: "Madame Waddington, Sa Majesté demande les nouvelles de M. Waddington," upon which His Majesté planted himself directly in front of me, so close that he almost touched me, and asked in a quick, abrupt manner, as if he were firing off a shot: "Où est votre mari?" (neither Madame, nor M. Waddington, nor any of the terms that are usually adopted in polite society). "A Berlin, Sire." "Pourquoi à Berlin?" "Comme plénipotentiaire Français au Congrès de Berlin." "Oui, oui, je sais, je sais. Cela l'intéresse?" "Beaucoup; il voit tant de personnes intéressantes." "Oui, je sais. Il va bien?" always coming closer to me, so that I was edging back against the wall, with his hard, bright little eyes fixed on mine, and always the same sharp, jerky tone. "Il va parfaitement bien, je vous remercie." Then there was a pause and he made one or two other remarks which I didn't quite understand —I don't think his French went very far —but I made out something about "jolies femmes" and pointed out one or two to him, but he still remained staring into my face and I was delighted when his minister came up to him (timidly—all his people were afraid of him) and said some "personnage" wanted to be presented to him. He shook hands with me, said something about "votre mari revient bientôt," and moved off. The maréchale asked me if I were not touched by His Majesty's solicitude for my husband's health, and wouldn't I like to come to the front of the box and sit next to him, but I told her I couldn't think of engrossing His Majesty's attention, as there were various important people who wished to be presented to him. I watched him a little (from a distance), trying to see if anything made any impression on him,—the crowd, the pretty, well-dressed women, the march past, the long lines of infantry, rather fatiguing to see, as one line regiment looks very like another,—the chasseurs with their small chestnut horses, the dragoons more heavily mounted, and the guns—but his face remained absolutely impassive, though I



Franz Liszt.

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think he saw everything. They told a funny story of him in London at one of the Court balls. When he had looked on

Nasr-ed-Din, Shah of Persia.

at the dancing for some time, he said to the Prince of Wales: "Tell those people to stop now, I have seen enough,"—evidently thought it was a ballet performing for his amusement. Another one, at one of the European Courts was funny. The monarch was very old, his consort also. When the Shah was presented to the royal lady, he looked hard at her without saying a word, then remarked to her husband: "Laide, vieille, pourquoi garder?" (Ugly, old; why keep her?)

I went to a big dinner and reception at the British Embassy, given for all the directors and commissioners of the Exposition. It was a lovely warm night, the garden was lighted, everybody walking about, and an orchestra playing. Many of the officials had their wives and daughters with them, and some of the toilettes were wonderful. There were a good many pretty women, Swedes and Danes, the Northern type, very fair hair and blue eyes, attracting much attention, and a group of Chinese (all in costume) standing proudly aloof—not the least interested apparently in the gay scene before them. I wonder what they thought of European manners and customs! There was no dancing, which I suppose would have shocked their Eastern morals. Lord Lyons asked me why I wasn't in Berlin. I said, For the best of reasons, my husband preferred going without me—but I hoped he would send for me perhaps at the end of the Congress. He told me Lady Salisbury was there with her husband. He seemed rather sceptical as to the peaceful issue of the negotiations—thought so many unforeseen questions would come up and complicate matters.

I went to a ball at the Hôtel de Ville, also given for all the foreigners and French people connected with the Exposition. The getting there was very long and tiring. The "coupe-file" did no good, as every one had one. Comte de Pontécoulant went with me and he protested vigorously, but one of the head men of the police, whom he knew well, came up to the carriage to explain that nothing could be done. There was a long line of diplomatic and official carriages, and we must take our chance with the rest. Some of our cousins (Americans) never got there at all, sat for hours in their carriage in the Rue du Rivoli, moving an inch at a time. Happily it was a lovely warm night; and as we got near we saw lots of people walking who had left their carriages some little distance off, hopelessly wedged in a crowd of vehicles,—the women in light dresses, with flowers and jewels in their hair. The rooms looked very handsome

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when at last we did get in, particularly the staircase, with a Garde Municipal on every step, and banks of palms and flowers on the landing in the hall, wherever flowers could be put. The "Ville de Paris" furnishes all the flowers and plants for the official receptions, and they always are very well arranged. Some trophies of flags too of all nations made a great effect. I didn't see many people I knew—it was impossible to get through the crowd, but some one got me a chair at the open window giving on the balcony, and I was quite happy sitting there looking at the people pass. The whole world was represented, and it was interesting to see the different types—Southerners, small, slight, dark, impatient, wriggling through the crowd—the Anglo-Saxons, big, broad, calm, squaring their shoulders when there came a sudden rush, and waiting quite patiently a chance to get a little ahead. Some of the women too pushed well—evidently determined to see all they could. I don't think any royalties, even minor ones, were there.

From a photograph by Alfred Weidener, Berlin.

Empress Frederick.

W. wrote pretty regularly from Berlin, particularly the first days, before the real work of the Congress began. He started rather sooner than he had at first intended, so as to have a little time to talk matters over with St. Vallier and make acquaintance with some of his colleagues. St. Vallier, with all the staff of the Embassy, met him at the station when he arrived in Berlin, also Holstein (our old friend who was at the German Embassy in Paris with Arnim) to compliment him from Prince Bismarck, and he had hardly been fifteen minutes at the Embassy when Count Herbert von Bismarck arrived with greetings and compliments from his father. He went to see Bismarck the next day, found him at home, and very civil; he was quite friendly, very courteous and "bonhomme, original, and even amusing in his conversation, but with a hard look about the eyes which bodes no good to those who cross his path." He had just time to get back to the Embassy and get into his uniform for his audience with the Crown Prince (late Emperor Frederick). The "Vice Grand-Maître des Cérémonies" came for him in a court carriage and they drove off to the palace,—W. sitting alone on the back seat, the grand-maître facing him on the front. "I was ushered into a room where the Prince was standing. He was very friendly and talked for twenty minutes about all sorts of things, in excellent French, with a few words of English now and then to show he knew of my English connection. He spoke of my travels in the East, of the de Bunsens, of the Emperor's health (the old man is much better and decidedly recovering)—and of his

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great wish for peace." All the plenipotentiaries had not yet arrived. They appeared only on the afternoon of the 12th, the day before the Congress opened. taries. French was the language spoken, the only exception being made by Lord Beaconsfield, who always spoke in English, although it was most evident, W.

From a photograph by Reichard & Lindner, Berlin.

Emperor Frederick.

Prince Bismarck sent out the invitation for the first sitting:

"Le Prince de Bismarck
a l'honneur de prévenir Son Excellence, Monsieur Waddington, que la première réunion du Congrès aura lieu le 13 juin à deux heures, au Palais du Chancelier de l'Empire, 77, Wilhelmstrasse.
"Berlin, le 12 juin 1878."

It was a brilliant assemblage of great names and intelligences that responded to his invitation—Gortschakoff, Schoubaloff, Andrassi, Beaconsfield, Salisbury, Karolyi, Hohenlohe, Corti, and many others, younger men, who acted as secre- said, that he understood French perfectly well. The first day was merely an official opening of the Congress—every one in uniform—but only for that occasion. After that they all went in ordinary morning dress, putting on their uniforms again on the last day only, when they signed the treaty. W. writes: "Bismarck presides and did his part well to-day; he speaks French fairly but very slowly, finding his words with difficulty, but he knows what he means to say and lets every one see that he does." No one else said much that first day; each man was rather reserved, waiting for his neighbor to begin. Beaconsfield made a short speech, which was trying for some of his colleagues,

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particularly the Turks, who had evidently much difficulty in understanding English. They were counting upon England's sympathy, but a little nervous as to a supposed agreement between England and Russia. The Russians listened most attentively. There seemed to be a distrust of England on their part and a decided rivalry between Gortschakoff and Beaconsfield. The Congress dined that first night with the Crown Prince at the Schloss in the famous white hall,—all in uniform and orders. W. said the heat was awful, but the evening interesting. There were one hundred and forty guests, no ladies except the royal Princesses, not even the ambassadresses. W. sat on Bismarck's left, who talked a great deal, intending to make himself agreeable. He had a long talk after dinner with the Crown Princess (Princess Royal of England) who spoke English with him. He found her charming—intelligent and cultivated and so easy—not at all stiff and shy like so many royalties. He saw her very often during his stay in Berlin, and she was unfailingly kind to him—and to me also when I knew her later in Rome and London. She always lives in my memory as one of the most charming women I have ever met. Her face often comes back to me with her beautiful bright smile and the saddest eyes I have ever seen. I have known very few like her. W. also had a talk with Prince Frederick-Charles, father of the Duchess of Connaught, whom he found rather a rough-looking soldier with a short, abrupt manner. He left bitter memories in France during the Franco-German war, was called the "Red Prince," he was so hard and cruel, always ready to shoot somebody and burn down villages on the slightest provocation—so different from the Prince Imperial, the "unser Fritz" of the Germans, who always had a kind word for the fallen foe.

From a sketch by Anton von Werner, 1880.

Prince Bismarck.

W.'s days were very full, and when the

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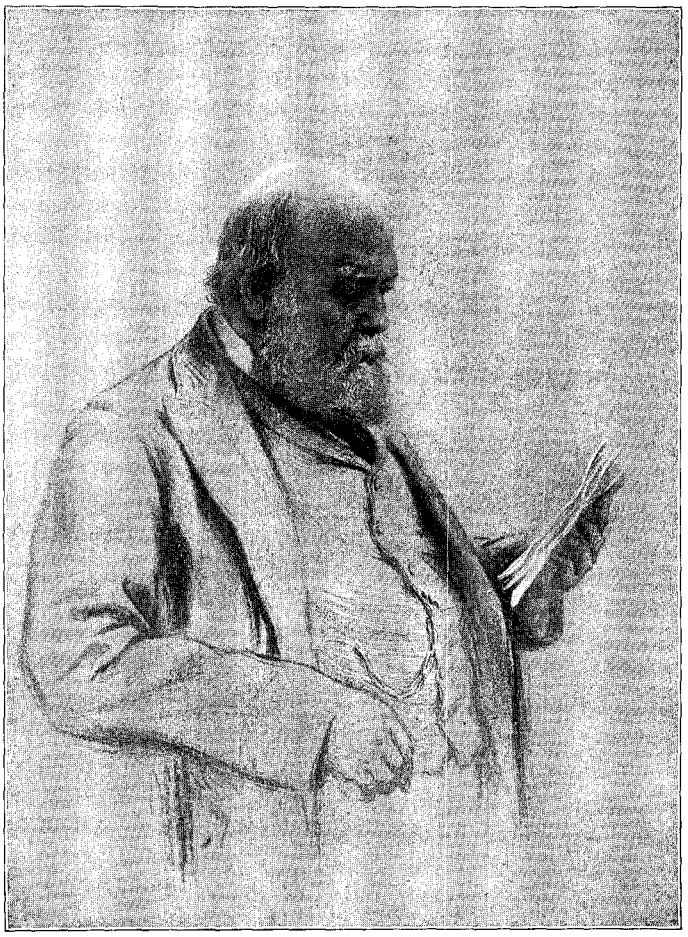
important sittings began it was sometimes hard work. The Congress room was very hot (all the colleagues seemed to have a holy horror of open windows)—



From a photograph by Lambert Weston & Son, Dover.

Lord Salisbury.

and some of the men very long and tedious in stating their cases. Of course they were at a disadvantage not speaking their own language (very few of them knew French well, except the Russians) and they had to go very carefully, and be quite sure of the exact significance of the words they used. W. got a ride every morning, as the Congress only met in the afternoon. They rode usually in the Thiergarten, which is not very large, but the bridle paths were good. It was very difficult to get out of Berlin into the open country without going through a long stretch of suburbs and sandy roads which were not very tempting. A great many officers rode in the park, and one morning when he was riding with the military attaché of the Embassy, two officers rode up and claimed acquaintance, having known him in France in '70, the year of the war. They rode a short time together, and the next day he received an invitation from the officers of a smart Uhlan regiment to dine at their mess "in remembrance of the kind hospitality shown to some of their officers who had been quartered at his place in France during the war." As the hospitality was decidedly forced, and the presence of the German officers not very

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agreeable to the family, the invitation was not very happy. It was well meant, but was one of those curious instances of German want of tact which one notices so much if one lives much with Germans. The hours of the various entertainments were funny. At a big dinner at Prince Bismarck's the guests were invited at six, and at eight-thirty every one had gone. W. sat next to Countess Marie, the daughter of the house, found her simple and inclined to talk, speaking both French and English well. Immediately after dinner the men all smoked everywhere, in the drawing-room, on the terrace, some taking a turn in the park with Bismarck. W. found Princess Bismarck not very "femme du monde"; she was preoccupied first with her dinner, then with her husband, for fear he should eat too much, or take cold going out of the warm dining-room into the evening air.

Lady Salisbury.

There were no ladies at the dinner except the family. (The German lady doesn't seem to occupy the same place in society as the French and English women do. In Paris the wives of ambassadors and ministers are always invited to all official banquets.)

Amusements of all kinds were provided for the plenipotentiaries. Early in July W. writes of a "Land-parthie,"—the whole Congress (wives too this time) invited to Potsdam for the day. He was rather dreading a long day—excursions were not much in his line. However, this

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one seems to have been successful. He writes: "Our excursion went off better than could be expected. The party consisted of the plenipotentiaries and a certain number of Court officers and generals. We started by rail, stopped at a station which is a pretty Gothic country-seat, not a palace, and belongs to the present Emperor. After that we had a longish drive, through different parks and villages, and finally arrived at Sans Souci, where we dined. After dinner we strolled through

M. de Blowitz.

called Wansee, and embarked on board a small steamer, the Princess Royal receiving the guests as they arrived on board. We then started for a trip on the lakes, but before long there came a violent squall which obliged the sailors to take down the awnings in double-quick time, and drove every one down into the cabins. It lasted about half an hour, after which it cleared up and every one reappeared on deck. In course of time we landed near Babelsberg, where a quantity of carriages were waiting. I was told off to go in the first with the Princess Royal, Countess Karolyi (wife of the Austrian ambassador, a beautiful young woman), and Andrassi. We went over the château of Babelsberg, the rooms and were shown the different souvenirs of Frederick the Great, and got home at ten-thirty." W. saw a good deal of his cousin, George de Bunsen, a charming man, very cultivated and cosmopolitan. He had a pretty house in the new quarter of Berlin, and was most hospitable. He had an interesting dinner there with some of the literary men and "savants,"—Mommsen, Lepsius, Helmholtz, Curtius, etc., most of them his colleagues, as he was a member of the Berlin Academy. He found those evenings a delightful change after the long hot afternoons in the Wilhelmstrasse, where necessarily there was so much that was long and tedious. I think even he got tired of Greek

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frontiers, notwithstanding his sympathy for the country. He did what he could for the Greeks, who were very grateful to him and gave him, in memory of the efforts he made on their behalf, a fine group in bronze of a female figure—"Greece" throwing off the bonds of Turkey. Some of the speakers were very interesting. He found Schoubaloff always a brilliant debater,—he spoke French perfectly, was always good-humored and courteous, and defended his cause well. One felt there was a latent animosity between the English and the Russians. Lord Beaconsfield made one or two strong speeches—very much to the point, and slightly arrogant, but as they were always made in English, they were not understood by all the assembly. W. was always pleased to meet Prince Hohenlohe, actual German ambassador to Paris (who had been named the third German plenipotentiary). He was perfectly "au courant" of all that went on at Court and in the official world, knew everybody and introduced W. to various ladies who received informally, where he could spend an hour or two quietly, without meeting all his colleagues. Blowitz, of course, appeared on the scene—the most important person in Berlin (in his own opinion). I am not quite convinced that he saw all the people he said he did, or whether all the extraordinary confidences were made to him which he related to the public, but he certainly impressed people very much, and I suppose his letters as newspaper correspondent were quite wonderful. He was remarkably intelligent and absolutely unscrupulous, didn't hesitate to put into the mouths of people what he wished them to say, so he naturally had a great pull over the ordinary simple-minded journalist who wrote simply what he saw and heard. As he was the Paris correspondent of *The London Times*, he was often at the French Embassy. W. never trusted him very much, and his "flair" was right, as he was anything but true to him. The last days of the Congress were very busy ones. The negotiations were kept secret enough, but things always leak out and the papers had to say something. I was rather "émue" at the tone of the French press, but W. wrote me not to mind—they didn't really know anything, and when the treaty was signed France would certainly come out very honorably. All this has long passed into the domain of history, and has been told so many times by so many different people that I will not go into details except to say that the French protectorate of Tunis (now one of our most flourishing colonies) was entirely arranged by W. in a long confidential conversation with Lord Salisbury. The cession of the Island of Cyprus by Turkey to the English was a most unexpected and disagreeable surprise to W. However, he went instantly to Lord Salisbury, who was a little embarrassed, as that negotiation had been kept secret, which didn't seem quite fair—everything else having been openly discussed around the council table. He quite understood W.'s feelings in the matter, and was perfectly willing to make an arrangement about Tunis. The thing was neither understood nor approved at first by the French Government. W. returned to Paris, "les mains vides; seulement à chercher dans sa poche on y eut trouvé les clés de la Tunisie"—as one of his friends defined the situation some years ago. He was almost disavowed by his Government. The ministers were timid and unwilling that France should take any initiative—even his friend, Léon Say, then minister of finances, a very clever man and brilliant politician, said: "Notre collègue Waddington, contre son habitude, s'est emballé cette fois pour la question de la Tunisie" ("Our colleague Waddington, contrary to his nature, has quite lost his head this time over the Tunis question"). I think the course of events has fully justified his action, and, now that it has proved such a success, every one claims to have taken the initiative of the French Protectorate of Tunis. All honors have been paid to those who carried out the project, and very little is said of the man who originated the scheme in spite of great difficulties at home and abroad. Some of W.'s friends know the truth.

There was a great exchange of visits, photographs, and autographs the last days of the Congress. Among other things which W. brought back from Berlin, and which will be treasured by his grandsons, as a historical souvenir, was a fan, quite a plain wooden fan, with the signatures of

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all the plenipotentiaries—some of them very characteristic. The French signatures are curiously small and distinct, a contrast to Bismarck's smudge. W. was quite sorry to say good-by to some of his colleagues. Andrassi, with his quick sympathies and instant comprehension of all sides of a question, attracted him very much. He was a striking personality, quite the Slav type. W. had little private intercourse with Prince Gortschakoff—who was already an old man and the type of the old-fashioned diplomatist—making very long and well-turned phrases which made people rather impatient. For the whole W. was satisfied. He writes two or three days before the signing of the treaty: "As far as I can see at present, no one will be satisfied with the result of the Congress; it is perhaps the best proof that it is dealing fairly and equitably with the very exaggerated claims and pretensions of all parties. Anyhow, France will come out of the whole affair honorably and having done all that a strictly neutral power can do." The treaty was signed on July 13 by all the plenipotentiaries in full uniform. W. said there was a decided feeling of satisfaction and relief that it was finished. Even Bismarck looked less preoccupied, as if a weight had been lifted from his shoulders. Of course he was supposed to have had his own way in everything. Everybody (not only French) was afraid of him. With his iron will, and unscrupulous brushing aside, or even annihilating, everything that came in his way, he was a formidable adversary. There was a gala dinner at the Schloss, to celebrate the signing of the treaty. "It was the exact repetition of the first, at the opening of the Congress. I sat on the left of Bismarck, and had a good deal of conversation with him. The Crown Prince and Princess were just opposite, and the Princess talked a great deal with me across the table, always in English." The Crown Princess could never forget that she was born Princess Royal of England. Her household was managed on English principles, her children brought up by English nurses, she herself always spoke English with them. Of course there must have been many things in Germany which were distasteful to her,—so many of the small refinements of life which are absolute necessaries in England were almost unknown luxuries in Germany,—particularly when she married. Now there has been a great advance in comfort and even elegance in German houses and habits. Her English proclivities made her a great many enemies, and I don't believe the "Iron Chancellor" made things easy for her. The dinner at the Schloss was as usual at six o'clock, and at nine W. had to go to take leave of the Empress, who was very French in her sympathies, and had always been very kind to him. Her daughter, the Grand Duchess of Baden, was there, and W. had a very pleasant hour with the two ladies. The Empress asked him a great many questions about the Congress, and particularly about Bismarck—if he was in a fairly good temper —when he had his nerves he was simply impossible, didn't care what people thought of him, and didn't hesitate to show when he was bored. The Grand Duchess added smilingly: "He is perfectly intolerant, has no patience with a fool." I suppose most people are of his opinion. I am not personally. I have some nice foolish, kindly, happy friends of both sexes I am always glad to see; I think they are rather resting in these days of high education and culture and pose. W. finished his evening at Lady Salisbury's, who had a farewell reception for all the plenipotentiaries. He took leave of his colleagues, all of whom had been most friendly. The only one who was a little stiff with him and expressed no desire to meet him again, was Corti, the Italian plenipotentiary. He suspected of course that something had been arranged about Tunis, and was much annoyed that he hadn't been able to get Tripoli for Italy. He was our colleague afterward in London, and there was always a little constraint and coolness in his manner. W. left Berlin on the 17th, having been five weeks away.

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MAJE: A LOVE STORY

BY ARMISTEAD C. GORDON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER BIGGS

II

"I'M a trifle sleepy, thank you," said Maje to Cousin John, in response to the latter's early-morning inquiry as they emerged from the Pullman. "I'm not used to travelling in a bed. There was no room in the infernal place to dress and undress, and I couldn't tell which was the head and which was the foot. I put the pillow in the direction we were going, to keep from feeling that I was travelling feet foremost to my own funeral."

John chuckled.

"There was a young woman just across the way from the place you were in, John. Did you see her? Yes, sir! A young woman there in that car! By heavens, sir! It's not decent!"

Cousin John's chuckle waned into a sombre smile. Then he looked serious.

"New style o' uniform at de Soldiers' Home, an' new kind o' brass buttons on 'em!" commented the Pullman porter, as he watched the major moving down the station platform, bearing over his shoulder the saddle-bags that he had refused to permit John to carry.

"Whar he come f'om?" asked the other Pullman porter. "An' what dat he got?"

They were running on this trip in adjacent cars.

"Soldiers' Home, I reck'n; but I ain't never seed none like him. Dem's his clothes-bag, I 'spec'."

"De gent'mun dat's wid him give me half-a-dollar for dustin' him off. I ast dat ole feller, after he got on dem uniform clo'es:

"'Dust ye off, sir?'

"'Do what?' he says, lookin' at me as fierce as a lizard.

"'Dust ye off?' says I.

"'No, damn you,' he says, 'I ain't dusty!'

"Den I hear him tell the t'other one:

"'I didn' want him to put his han's on dis uniform.'"

A double-barrelled shout of laughter arose from two jocund pairs of Ethiopian lungs, and each black Pullman porter climbed back into his car.

Maje and his companion passed down the long platform, thronged with people coming and going, and crowded with overladen baggage and express trucks that were pushed by men, also in uniform.

But the major noted that there was no uniform there like his.

They entered the great waiting-room, where innumerable travellers sat about the benches, some with bundles and bags and others with valises and suit-cases piled about them. Maje looked around, but failed to see a pair of saddle-bags anywhere.

Yet he made no sign.

They went into the passenger elevator that was to take them to the lower floor on the street level. Cousin John had watched, at intervals, the old man's face as they came down the platform through the jostling crowd, past snorting engines and through the din of travel. There had been no lifting of an eyebrow of wonder or surprise. In the major's serene expression was the perfect breeding of the old *régime*.

When the elevator began its rapid descent, Maje was struck with a sudden physical pang. He felt as if something had given way inside him.

"John," he gasped. "By heavens, I don't like this business! Where are they carrying us?"

But there was no hint of apprehension in the query. It was a question that sought information. The courage that had esteemed it worth a million dollars to be first in the Bloody Angle did not wane in the imminence of any untried danger.

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"It's all right, major," said Cousin John. "We are just getting down to the street."

"I hadn't observed before that we were up in the air," said Maje sarcastically, as they emerged from the elevator car. "I didn't know we were so high up we had to alight like birds on the limb of a tree."

The hurrying and self-centred public glanced at him curiously, generally with a smile, and almost always with immediate forgetfulness.

An elderly lady, with gray hair and with sorrow written in the wrinkles of her kindly countenance, gazed at Maje as they stood near together on the curb, awaiting the approaching street-car. There was something about her that reminded him of his mother; but he did not understand why she should be crying as she looked at his gray uniform. The tears were trickling down her cheeks, and she could not wipe them away because she had a satchel in one hand and the hand of a little girl in the other.

"She's her little granddaughter," thought Maje, regarding the bright and eager face of the child. "She's about old enough to be her granddaughter."

"Our car, major!" called Cousin John, breaking in on his revery.

Maje looked up the street, and saw the electric car come whizzing down the hill and stop opposite to where they were standing.

"Great Scott, John, what's pulling it?" he queried.

It was the first time his kinsman had seen him express surprise or a sense of the unaccustomed.

"Electricity, major," explained Cousin John.

They climbed into the car by the rear platform, following the kindly-faced woman and the little girl.

"Let's get up in front, John," said Maje eagerly. "I want to see how it works. Why, it's something tremenjous! Yes, sir, tremenjous! Let's get up there by the driver. Driver? Why, he's got neither reins nor animals! He's turning a blamed iron crank!"

The major's voice could be heard above the roar of the moving car.

John led the way forward to a front seat which chanced to be vacant; and the Major sat down with shining eyes. The street was gray in the cold morning light and the long car was crowded with men and women.

There was not one of them, however faded, or worn and indifferent, or rebellious against fate, who had failed to look up, with a swift if transient interest, at the pathetic figure as it went up the aisle.

"Shades of the past, Henry!" said an old man with a close-clipped gray mustache and dark eyes to his younger companion who sat by him. "Look at that, will you? It's the ghost of the Confederacy!"

The major waited expectantly, while John stepped out on the platform in front, and, in violation of the company's rules, engaged the motorman in conversation. He had a five-dollar note crumpled in his shut right hand when he went out which was not there when he returned.

"Yes, he says it's all right. But don't stay long, major," said John.

Maje arose and passed through the open front door of the car, and the nearest passengers wondered. There was a crowd at the rear, which had got on at the last stopping-place. The conductor was very busy.

"Do you think you can make it?" queried Maje of the motorman.

"Think what?" asked the motorman, surprised.

"Make this hill? Do you think you can make it?"

The grade was a very heavy one. The motorman smiled, and looked at his questioner derisively.

"I been makin' it for twelve months," he said. "I don't reckon it's goin' to break down this morning because you're aboard."

"By heavens, it's marvellous!" exclaimed the major. "Up-hill all the way and not an animal or a steam-engine in sight!"

The man at the wheel smiled again, but the derision was gone.

He looked at the gilt stars on the collar of the gray coat, and at the broken ostrich plume. He did not know what to think. He had had scant experience heretofore with five-dollar fools.

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Drawn by Walter Biggs.

The major took his place, with his foot against the brake and his hand on the lever.—Page 224.

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"Might I run it?" asked Maje. "Just for a minute," he added.

The motorman looked back and saw the conductor still busy seating passengers and ringing up fares.

"Just a minute," he said, and stepped to one side.

The major took his place, with his foot against the brake and his hand on the lever.

"By heavens!" he shouted. "She's done it! She's come over the hill!"

The car slowed down, as the motorman resumed his place.

"Seventh Street, west," called the conductor.

"We get off here, major," said John.

The gray-haired, sweet-faced woman watched them go; and the foolish tears came back, and trickled down her cheeks.

It was evening in Cousin John's brownstone house on the avenue, and there was frost in the air outside.

Maje, after having had revealed to him the marvels of the bathroom adjoining the guest-chamber, had been visited by the barber. Now, with his gray hair trimmed and brushed until it shone like silver, and his beard cut to a fashionable Van Dyke point, he sat luxuriously in an easy chair in John's library.

He was clad in a new suit of clothes of a recent pattern, and his collar and scarf-pin were unexceptionable. He surveyed critically the foot which dangled at the end of one of his attenuated legs that was crossed over the other. The foot was shod in a patent-leather pump. He had wanted to get a pair of boots, but they were not to be had in the city.

"You know boots have always to be made to measure," explained John, who had not seen a boot-jack for twenty-odd years.

Maje's uniform, and his black hat and plume, had been carefully packed away in a handsome leather suit-case that stood on the floor by his bedside in the guest-chamber. The saddle-bags, without his knowledge, had been transferred to the stable-loft.

"You'll have to keep that uniform spick and span till you visit your Mary," John had said to him. "She'll remember you in it."

"Yes," said Maje, watching John's valet as he carefully folded the ancient garments. "She'll remember it."

It was this suggestion of visiting Mary that seemed to control and direct much of Maje's thought and action in his unaccustomed surroundings. He had made no question about the new clothes and the new valise. They were all as a matter of course. He would have them when he went to see Mary. Nor did the luxurious furnishings of his host's house dazzle his unaccustomed sight and senses. It was only when he came in contact with things which were beyond his experience that his long-caged imagination was set free and took its flights.

"How d'ye get that candle inside the glass, John?" he asked, removing his gaze from his patent-leather shoe to the electric-light bulb on the bronze bracket above the rosewood study-table.

John arose from his seat opposite Maje's and, flicking the ash from the end of his Havana, turned off the light. There was comparative darkness above the rosewood, but the mellow glow of half a dozen other lights illuminated the room.

"That's the stuff that pulled the street-car up the hill," he explained, turning the current on again.

"Why, that's fire!" said Maje. "There's a red-hot wire inside that glass. There was no fire on the street-car."

"It was there all right, major, only you didn't see it. It's the same thing. It's electricity."

"What is it?" queried Maje eagerly.

"I don't know. Nobody knows," responded John. "It's the lightning that old Franklin caught with his kite."

"And now they've got it fastened up in glass balls," said the major. "Well, I'll swear!"

He looked at the light with grave interest.

"Can I put it out, John?" he asked.

Receiving permission, he turned the button, and the light vanished. Then he turned it on again, and his eyes shone with pleasure.

"By George! it's wonderful!" he exclaimed.

John looked at him with affectionate regard, and admiration for his sincerity and simplicity, as he stood there on the velvet carpet, so different in appearance

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from what he had seemed twenty-four hours before.

The scar on his wan forehead was scarcely perceptible now, and his face was as eager as a schoolboy's.

"Yet, after all, the old uniform becomes him best," thought John. "He belongs to the Long Ago."

"Sally's staying a powerful long time," said Maje at last, when he had turned the light off and on repeatedly, with unabated interest in the performance. "She said, when she went out, that she wouldn't be gone so long. She had to go a pretty considerable distance, didn't she, John?"

"Between two and three miles, major. It isn't far for a carriage on our smooth streets. She's at her aunt's, out in the western part of the city, on the Boulevard. Would you like to talk to her?"

"Like to talk to her? Why, of course, I like to talk to her. I love to talk to her. That's why I asked you when she would come back. She is an extremely agreeable and charming lady to talk to."

"I mean, would you like to talk to her where she is, out there at her aunt's, two miles away?"

Maje looked at John with an expression that went from startled incredulity to amusement.

"Look here, John, none of your pranks on me, now! None of your pranks on me!"

"I'm dead serious, major. You can do it. Come out here."

John led the way from the library into the hall, and Maje followed.

"The weather must have moderated," the old man said. "It's as warm here in this passage as it is in there with the fire on the hearth. It was as cold as Christmas when we came into the house, John."

John stopped before the telephone and rang up Central. Then he said: "1787, Madison," with the receiver at his ear.

"1787 — Federal Constitution," said Maje, contemplatively. "Madison—great expounder in *The Federalist*. He's got the year and the man. Now let's see if he can produce the book out of the box."

Maje stood expectant.

"That you, Sally?" said John. "Been waiting for me to call you? Yes. How long before—? Yes, he's here now. Yes, yes. I say, Sally— Yes. He wants to talk to you. Half past six? Yes. It's all right. Yes. Yes— Come here, major. Hold this thing to your ear, and talk into this place. That's right."

Maje, with a puzzled look, from which the amusement had disappeared, stepped forward and held the receiver to his ear.

Then John saw a radiant smile break over the withered face. Maje had formed "a great fancy," as he called it, for Sally.

"Yes! Yes! Of course I know your voice," he said. "Who that has ever heard it could forget it? Yes, yes, indeed. When did you get home? John said you were at your aunt's."

He dropped the receiver and started back from the phone. Then he picked it up again, and the conversation was renewed.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed, and it was evident to John that the old man's glee was an echo of Sally's laughter, that was always infectious.

"What? You are? I don't believe a word of it! Ah, Sally, you can't fool me! At your aunt's? Why, you are hiding right here in this very room! Ha! ha! ha! You're behind the door, Sally! I know you're close enough for me to touch you, if I could just see you. What? Yes. Yes. Yes, he's standing right here by me, enjoying the joke. At your aunt's? How far? Two miles and a—? Ah, Sally, you are too young and pretty to tell fibs! Ha! ha! ha! I know you are behind the door!"

Again the major laughed with a hilarity that was irresistible, and John joined in.

"Let me talk to her, major," said John; and the old man surrendered the receiver and his place and stood by.

A baffled, puzzled look crept over his countenance, and he seemed to grow years older as he listened.

"Get back as soon as you can, dearie," John called to Sally over the phone. "Yes. We'll have dinner as soon as you come. Yes. Yes. Good-by."

Maje's face was a study when they returned to the library.

"By George! he said good-by to her," communed Maje with himself.

He sat down again in the easy chair; and the wrinkles in his visage seemed to

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grow deeper, and the scar on his forehead was very white.

"I'd like to go home, to-morrow, John," he said gently.

"Oh, no!" said John. "We haven't seen anything of you yet."

Maje continued wrapped in thought. This latest experience eclipsed the street-car and the light. It was beyond his comprehension; yet, in some subtle, indefinable way, full of a vague and beautiful promise.

"I wonder if Mary knows about it?" he said at length, abstractedly.

"Knows about what?" queried Cousin John, with unflagging interest in the major.

"About this—about this—about—about—all this electricity," he faltered. "This, what do you call it?"

"Telephone?" asked John.

"Yes, telephone," repeated the major.

"Oh, I guess so. 'Most every one does," said John.

Then he added confidingly: "Tell me about her."

"Her?" queried the major, with wandering thought.

"Yes, her. Your Mary, as you call her. You know you said in your letter to Sally, which invited me to go down for you and bring you up here, that it was because you had heard from Miss—she's Miss Mary, isn't she, major?"

"Miss? Miss?" repeated Maje, excitedly. "Why, of course she's miss! How could she be anything else? Didn't she say that she had never loved any other man but me?"

His voice was in a quavering key, and the point of his Van Dyke beard was thrust forward aggressively.

"I beg your pardon, major," said John. "Certainly I knew, if I had stopped to think. Tell me about Miss Mary while we wait for Sally. We'll have dinner when Sally comes."

He drew his chair confidentially nearer to Maje's.

"Well, you see," the old man began, and his restored serenity indicated that his ill humor had been only momentary, "I told Sally in my letter that I had heard from Mary after a long silence between us, and that it was my purpose to go to see her, because she had said it would be a great pleasure to her to see me again. As it would be to me, of course, to see her," he added meditatively, stroking the now mollified beard.

John listened, and Maje continued:

"I wrote Sally that I wanted to come up here, and have you and her get me back into the world again before I went. I knew I was behind the times, John."

John gave no sign of assent to Maje's transparently correct proposition.

"So I wrote Mary a letter, in which I told her that I should call on her in the early spring. Yes, in the early spring, I said. It seemed to me an unusually appropriate season to see her again, after so long a while; you understand, John—in the spring, when the flowers are beginning to bloom, and the greenness comes back to things. She always reminded me of the spring, with her sweet, fresh young face and her joyousness."

The old man paused in his reminiscence, and continued to finger his beard thoughtfully.

John did not speak or move.

"She had said in her letter to me that she had always loved me," continued Maje, "and she signed—yes, I have no difficulty in telling you—she signed her name at the bottom of the page, 'Your——'"

He turned his face from the glow of the electric light that shone reflected in the polished surface of the library table; and the fingers of the slim left hand, that had played with the gray Van Dyke beard, moved irresolutely in the direction of his eyes as if to shade them.

"'Your own Mary,'" Maje concluded, turning to John with an air of defiance. "Yes, sir. 'Your own Mary.'"

"And when you see her in the spring?" queried John, seeking the climax of the romance.

"Why, I shall ask her to marry me, of course," said Maje. "And I'm sure she will. She said in her letter that she was an invalid, and had been confined to her couch for many years. She'll need me to care for her."

Maje was standing up now, in the pride of his imagined prospects.

"Did she speak of her financial circumstances?" asked John.

"Financial circumstances? She speak of her financial circumstances? Why,

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Drawn by Walter Biggs.

He was fond of walking out in the bright, crisp winter afternoons, with Sally on one side of him and John on the other.—Page 230.

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of course she didn't! Ladies and gentlemen don't discuss financial circumstances, sir. Why, sir, I never in my life remember to have heard either my father or my mother mention the subject of money."

Maje was genuinely astonished at John's question. It betrayed a lack of taste.

"But times have changed, major," protested John; "I have heard that her people, like many others, became very much impoverished after the war."

"I don't know, sir, and I don't care, sir," responded Maje decisively. "Not a damn, sir; no, sir, not a damn, sir. That does not occur to me, sir. I do not think of it. No, sir, I do not think of it."

John regarded the old man with misty eyes of affection and anxiety.

"Now, major," he said gently, "I'm awfully glad Miss Mary loves you after all these years. Awfully glad. It is a beautiful thing to have won and kept such an affection as your Mary's. It is a noble tribute to both of you, that your affections continue."

Maje, who had resumed his seat, swelled with gratified consequence.

"But, major——"

John's voice faltered, and he hesitated as he looked at the old man sitting there with the grayness of age upon him, and with only one hope left in life.

"What?" queried the major, regarding him benignly from his easy chair.

"Don't you think, now—? Take it kindly from me, major. Don't you think you will make a mistake to visit Miss Mary in the spring?"

"I can't well go sooner, John. There are a number of things——"

"But you don't understand me," said John, laying his hand upon the major's knee that was nearest to him. "You are an old man now."

"What the devil has that got to do with it, sir? What do you mean, sir?" asked Maje, jumping up and glaring at him with eyes of aroused suspicion.

"None of us can cherish illusions and find them realities in the end, major," pleaded John. "It is a vain effort."

"But didn't she say that she had always loved me?" Maje demanded fiercely.

"Sit down, major, sit down," said John. "The lady, like yourself, has grown old. Of course she has. Even the early springs, with their flowers and their green grasses, that you and she knew together so beautifully in your youth, were very different springs from these that come now. There will never be any other springs like them, major. She is decrepit and bed-ridden. She has no property. She is helpless——"

"All the more reason—" exclaimed Maje.

His voice was pitched on the key of excitement.

"Major, she would seem very different to you now from what she seemed as a girl. Stop and think of it. The years bring crow's-feet and wrinkles and—and—the lady has grown old."

Maje jumped up again in a frenzy of agitation. He waved his hands in the air in protest.

"By—, sir!" he shouted, "a beautiful woman never grows old!"

"What's all this about a beautiful woman?" called a laughing voice from the library threshold; and the major, turning, saw John's wife, Sally, standing there. Her cheeks were rosy with the winter's cold and her eyes sparkled. To John she had never seemed more bewitching than as she appeared, radiant in her silks and furs, and charmed with the novelty of having the dear old man a guest under the roof-tree.

She ran up to Maje, and putting her arms about his neck, drew his wrinkled face down to her fresh one and kissed him.

"Talk of angels—" he began, gallantly.

"You dear, dear!" she said, releasing him, and patting him on the arm. "And so you really and truly thought I was in the room all the time!"

"Get your traps off, Sally," said John, looking at her with glistening, idiotic eyes; and as she left the room he said to Maje:

"You're right, major. By jings, you 're right! Our beautiful women never grow old!"

It had been a pleasant week for John and Sally; and they missed the gentle old man very much when he was gone. He had stayed in the house so constantly,—for he declined to move out of it without Sally,—and he required so much looking after, and seemed to thrive so on

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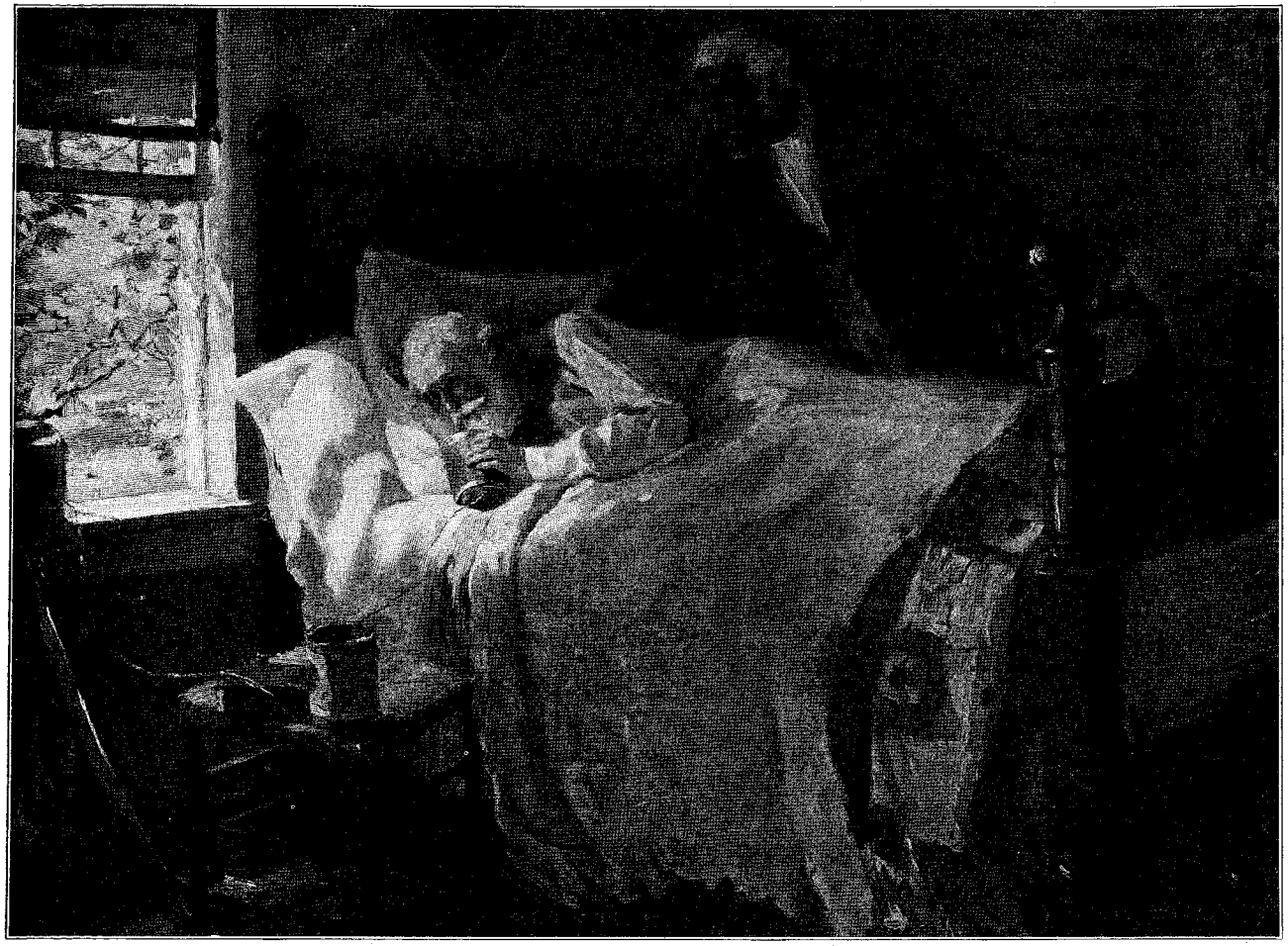

Drawn by Walter Biggs.

"He picked up de 'phome, an' he say: 'I'm sorry I kep' ye waitin' so long, Mary.'"—Page 233.

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what she called "coddling," that Sally was even more conscious and regretful of his departure than was John. John had wished to invite some of his friends to meet him at dinner, but he had declined. Even the suggestion that there were two or three old army comrades of his one-time acquaintance in the city, who would be glad to see him again, was dismissed by him with indifference.

"Thirty-five years will separate most men like eternity," he said. "It is only woman's love for man on which time makes no impression. Moreover, Sally, my dear, I have put the past behind me. I am looking only to the future now. My face is turned to the sunrise."

On the evening after his arrival she had told him that John would take him that night to the club; and this proffered invitation he had declined also. Yet there had been nothing churlish or ill-mannered in his refusal to mingle again with the world. It seemed so natural both to John and Sally to hear his serene and quiet declinations—so much a very part of himself that none of their proposed entertainments of him should appeal to him—that they found themselves at last unconsciously wondering that they had ever suggested them.

He was fond of walking out in the bright, crisp winter afternoons, with Sally on one side of him and John on the other, along the city's most fashionable avenue; and it was then that, with genuine delight, his companions observed most his high-bred bearing, and the elegant courtesy in his recognition of the passing salutations of their friends.

"I wonder where on earth Sally got him," more than one of her young-woman associates had asked each other. "He's arky-looking, but he really has beautiful manners. It was worth a walk for three blocks to get that bow. The young ones can't do it that way."

Once John brought two of his men friends in to dinner. When Maje learned that they were in the house he told Sally that he was feeling tired, and that he would go to his room. He was undressed and fast asleep under the snowy bedclothes of the brass bed when the dining-room servant came an hour later to fetch his dinner, that "Miss Sally" had sent him on a waiter.

"I don't want to see anybody but you and John, Sally," he said to her next morning after breakfast, while she sat by him and held his hand, when John had gone down-town to the bank. Then she asked him about Mary and the old love story of his youth; and he told it to her again and again, with the fond iteration of love's young dream and with the gentle smile on his withered face that the story never failed to awaken.

"Her eyes are blue, and she looks not unlike you, Sally," Maje said, with his more than thirty-years-old memory of his Mary. "Only I think she is not quite so tall as you are, my dear, but equally erect. She comes considerably above my shoulder. I would say, to here," he concluded, measuring.

Thus day after day he had described her in the infinite and unforgotten detail of youth and loveliness to the young and lovely woman who listened and sympathized with every word.

"She lives more than two hundred miles from my house," he said. "It is a long distance, Sally, and her home is almost as far from the railroad as mine is. It takes a letter a long time to go and come."

He was thinking of the telephone.

"It will be very beautiful for you and Mary to be together again," Sally said, still holding the old man's hand in hers.

"Yes," he answered dreamily, "very beautiful and very sweet, my dear, after so long a time. It will be pretty soon, now."

Then she dropped the nervous hand and hurried from the room.

Two weeks went by, and no news came to John and Sally from Maje, although he had promised them that he would write as soon as he had sent a letter to Mary.

On a bright morning in early April Sally said to John:

"I wonder if the major has started on his journey yet? The spring that he was waiting for is here."

The morning's mail lay on the breakfast table; and, turning it over, she found a letter postmarked "Kay," which proved, when opened, to have been written to John in Mr. Martin's crude chirography at Hercules's dictation. It ran thus:

"Honored Sir:

"Major has not been well since he got

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home from yours. I think he caught cold of cutting of his hair. He has been working too hard for him since he got back, having never before had to work a lick in his life. I think he has strained his mind somewhat and likewise his body. I think he is sick. I am pestered about him. I think I would feel better if you would come down and take a look at him. He don't know anything about it. Honored sir, your respectful, obedient

"HERCULES.

"P. S.—That is the way the colored man instructed me to write it.

"Resp'y,

"KAY MARTIN."

So John and Sally went, taking with them somewhat anxious hearts, and a hamper of things for the major's comfort. Hercules came through the scrub-pines and broom-sedge, and met the carry-all by the old pine-tree, where the barn used to stand. He professed to pilot the driver by the easiest route to the house; but in reality he only walked at the wheel of the vehicle, and talked to John all the way to the front steps.

"Yes, sir. He has been carryin' on mighty foolish an' strange sence he got back," he said; "I ain't nuver seed him so res'less, sence he was in de war. D'ye see all dem yonder strings an' tomaters-cans an' things nailed up ag'in' dem trees, an' tied together f'om one tree to anuther? Duz ye see 'em?"

John looked and saw them.

"Well, I gwi' tell ye 'bout 'em. Dat's what's de matter wid him,—dem very things dar in dem bushes. I ain't been able to do nothin' at all wid him. He done got plum' beyond me. He been had me clim'in' trees, an' nailin' up tomaters-cans, an' stretchin' twine-strings, 'twell I'm mighty nigh broke down. An' dat ain't all. Me an' him is done cut mo' railroad ties dan 'ud make a codderoy road endurin' o' de times o' de Bloody Wrangle. I done got all sorts o' warts an' whelks an' calluses an' bunions in de parms o' my han's, foolin' 'long o' all o' dese here things.

"Faus', she say I ain't nuver gwi' git shet o' 'em."

The two visitors in the carry-all peering to where the old negro pointed, saw a long line of battered tin cans nailed one after the other against the upper trunks of many of the scrub-pines; while stretching between them, from tree to tree, was dimly visible on nearer approach a line of stout twine cord connecting them.

"I bought a ball o' dat string at Kay Martin's, wid hunnerds an' hunnerds o' yards ter it; an' don't you know, sir, Maje done use up de whole ball? Ef I was ter go out de house at night an' walk aroun' dis here yard in de dark, I'd run de risk o' bein' hung up wid dat 'ar string, like King David's son, Absolute, in de Scriptchurs.

"An' what you reck'n he call it? He say he got a telephome. D'ye see yonder whar it run inter de winder thoo dat broke' pane o' glass? Maje, he in dat very room now, whar dat string runs in, in his bed, wid a tomaters-can on de piller by him, an' dat string stuck thoo a hole in de bottom o' it.

"'Fo' Gord, sir, I dunno what de matter wid de man. Faus' she say she think it's all along o' dat bullick in his head what he got at de Wrangle. She say de bullick ain't nuver got out, an' dat it's a-workin'."

Hercules escorted the visitors up the creaking steps and into the old library, where a cheerful log fire was burning on the brass fire-dogs, in front of which the major's well-worn leather chair stood empty. The books on the shelves were in their due places; and the backs of many of them were as worn and battered as the frayed furniture of the apartment. In the faded tapestry carpet every thread of warp and woof was literally bare. Three jonquils hung on languid stems from the neck of a black bottle which stood on the corner of the mantel-piece.

But for all its poverty the room was scrupulously clean.

John surveyed the books in their cases, and took two or three of the newest-looking ones from the shelves. None of them bore a later date on the title-page than 1861.

"Faus', she is done yaired de comp'ny room fur you-all," Hercules said. "She gwi' come pres'n'y, an' show you de way. She got a good fire up dar. It's cool dese here spring days, eben ef de flowers is a-bloomin'."

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He looked significantly at the jonquils in the bottle.

"I sho'ly is glad you-all is done come," he said, sincerely.

When Sally had taken off her wraps, and together the trio had opened the hamper which John and Hercules had transported from the carry-all into the library, and after they had arranged its varied contents on mantel-piece and chairs and floor, Sally asked:

"Can we see him now?"

Hercules, with a Chesterfieldian bow, answered her:

"He 'sleep, now, young lady. Yes'm, he 'sleep. 'Spec' we better not disturb him yit. When he wake up, I gwi' tell him you-all is done come, madam. He ain't sleep much lately. No, ma'am."

The green wood and the rotten fence rails on the blazing hearth combined to make an odd noise of burning timber and sputtering sap.

"Been putting up telephones, has he?" queried John, turning from the book-shelves with a vague smile, and holding his hands out to the cheerful blaze.

"Yes, sir. Yes, sir. Dat he is," said Hercules. "An' buildin' electric railroads, too. But he didn' keep dat up long. He cudden git no kyars, he say. It's de telephome what pleases him de mos'. He's a-talkin' in dat mos' o' de time, sir. Yes, sir. Dat he is."

"Who does he talk to?" asked Sally anxiously, with utter disregard of her grammar.

She was troubled to hear these stories of her dear old friend.

"He talkin' ter Miss Mary, he say, ma'am," responded Hercules. "I 'spec' dat what he's doin', too, 'ca'se it soun' like she was a-talkin' back ter him."

Hercules proceeded to repeat one of Maje's conversations with Miss Mary over the phone.

"You see, we can't hear nothin' she say,—me an' Faus' can't," he explained. "But he can hear her, beca'se he's answerin' back what she say ter him. Dat's what troubles me an' Faus'. We kinder skeered about dis here business. Dat how-come we wanted you-all ter come an' see what de matter wid him."

"Why, what is there to scare you?" asked John, surprised.

He had not yet come to take as grave a view of the situation as Sally had; and he couldn't understand why the black man should be alarmed.

"De 'oman, she's dead, you know, sir," said Hercules.

"What woman?" asked John, and Sally listened with blanched face.

"You know, he been had a correspon'-ence wid de lady what he was in love wid when he was young, dat is ter say, de one he call his Miss Mary. Dey hadn' heerd f'om one annu'r fur a long time, not sence de war; an' he writ her a letter, an' she say would he come ter see her. Dat how-come he went ter you-all's house—fur ter git fixed up, so he could go courtin' ag'in."

"Yes, yes, we understand all that," interrupted Sally; "but tell us the rest."

"Well, ma'am, whilst he was gone, a letter come ter Kay Martin's ter him f'om de place whar Miss Mary live. Kay Martin he say de mark was on de outside o' de letter fur ter show whar it com f'om; an' he say it was in a diff'unt han'write f'om her'n. I knowed she was ole an' feeble, like he is; she boun' ter be—an' I jes says ter Kay Martin, 'I think we better fine out what's in dat letter, 'fo' Maje gits back.' He say so too. So we opens de letter; an' 'fo' Gord, sir, it say she's dead."

Tears started in the black man's eyes, and trickled down his dark cheeks.

"I met him at de depo' when he come home, but I ain't nuver tole him yit. Faus', she say he ain't gwine ter be able ter raise no ready money fur ter buy a railroad ticket ter whar Miss Mary used ter live. So what de use o' tellin' him?"

He paused and answered his own question:

"Dey ain't none."

Then he waited a moment to note the effect of this recital of his diplomacy upon his listeners.

"But yo' needn' tell me he don't know it," he continued. "He knows it, jes like he done read it in dat latter. I been hear him talkin' ter her over de 'phome."

Then he told them, while they listened eagerly, all that had happened with the major after he came home. He had shown an unwonted mood of gayety—a mood that had verged on hilarity itself.

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He had been out in the world and he had seen the wonders of a wonderful century. He had learned more in a week than Hercules might dream of in a hundred years. He intended to build and equip an electric railway, on which Mary could ride with him in the pleasant summer nights, when the moon stood over the housetop, just as they used to ride horseback together in the summers long ago. And he would put up a telephone—a wonderful thing was a telephone, Hercules—by which you could hear the voices of persons very far away—hundreds of miles away, his Cousin John had said. He could not tell the distance, but he had talked over one for three miles, and he had heard from the other end of it as plainly as if the person talking there were in the room.

He had concluded after a few days to defer the building of the electric railway until later, when he could learn about the best style of cars. Besides, the telephone was what he wanted and needed most.

"Hello, central!" came the sound of a feeble voice from across the hall, and through the open door.

"You hear dat! Lissen! Dat's him now! He done woke," said Hercules. "I lef' his do' cracked open over dar, so I could hear him. 'Fus' thing he do is ter call 'Sentinel!' Den he ax de sentinel for Miss Mary. I reck'n he think he's back dar in de times o' de Wrangle."

The giant black tiptoed out of the room. After an absence of a few minutes he returned.

"He in dar talkin' ter her now, an' she talkin' back ter him, jes like I tole ye," he said, with profound conviction.

"I done let him know dat you-all was here, but he ain't pay no attention ter what I say."

"I think we ought to have a doctor for him as soon as possible, John," said Sally, and her voice trembled.

John asked Hercules to go back and see if the major could not be made to understand that his cousins had arrived and were very anxious to see him.

"He always is been mighty curisome 'bout havin' folks in de house, ever sence his ma died," Hercules said apologetically. "I dunno whether he gwine ter see you-all ur not."

He closed the door behind him softly as he went out.

The visitors waited in a tense silence that was unbroken save by the sizzling of the sap in the end of a green log on the fire.

Sally had taken John's hand and was holding it tightly.

"I don't like the looks of things myself, Sally," he said, as he returned her clasp.

Then he got up, and looked out of the window to where the lines of Maje's telephone swung in the spring sunshine.

The door opened, and Hercules came back. His eyes were very wide now, and beads of sweat were standing on his forehead.

"I wish you-all would go in dar," he said.

"Will he see us?" queried Sally.

"When I crope in dar close ter de bed, he seemed ter be breathin' sort o' hard. Says I, 'Maje, yo' Cousin John an' yo' Cousin Sally is done come. Dey in de liberry.' He didn' pay no attention ter me. He picked up de 'phome, an' he say: 'I'm sorry I kep' ye waitin' so long, Mary. I thought it would be bes' not to come 'twell spring.' Den he stop a minute, an' breathe hard ag'in. Den he say: 'Ring off, sentinel!' Den he lay back, an' he drap de 'phome, an' he ain't say nuthin' mo'."

John said to Sally:

"Wait here, dear."

He went into the major's room, followed by Hercules. Returning alone in a few minutes, John closed the door behind him.

Before he could speak the shut door opened again, and Hercules stood on the threshold. The big black man made no effort to conceal the tears that streamed down his furrowed cheeks. The Adam's apple in his throat moved up and down convulsively.

"Maje done gone ter see Miss Mary," he said.

Then Sally took one of his horny black hands in her soft white one, and John clasped the other; and they sorrowed together in the touch of pity which makes the whole world kin.

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FIGUIG

BY G. E. WOODBERRY

I WOKE, in the train, on the high plateaus. Dawn—soft green and pallid gold, luminous, then dying under a heavy cloud while faint pink brightened on the sides of the great horizon—opened the lofty plain, boundless and naked, thinly touched with tufts of vegetation; as far as one could see, only the elements—color, cold, swathing wild herbage on rugged soil; and far off, alone, the haze of an abrupt mountain range. It was the steppe beyond Khreider. The vast, salt chott of El Chergui, that streaks the middle of the steppe with its waste and quicksands, lay behind; but its saline arms still clung to and discolored the surface, and whitened the view westward with dull crystalline deposits. This wide blanching of the gray and red soil striped and threw into relief the rigid scene—aridity, vacancy, solitude, from which emerged the still grandeur of inanimate things. It was the characteristic scene of the high plains—a vague monotony, colored with sterile features flowing on level horizons. As the train ascended nature seemed still to unclothe and uncover, to strip and peel the land; but not continuously. From time to time the steppe lapsed back to a thicker growth of tough-fibred alfa, whose home is on these plains, and bore other dry, sparse, darkish desert plants upon reddish hummocks; on this pasturage distant herds of camels browsed unattended, as on a cattle-range, in the wild spaces fenced by rolling sands; then the climbing train would soon pass again amid low dunes. Few stations at long intervals; isolated, meagre, they seemed lost in the spreading areas, mere points of supply; the most important was but a village, with sickly trees; but they took on an original character. They were fortified; obviously built for defence, with sallies and retreats in their walls; guarded casemates obliquely commanding all avenues of approach and the walls themselves; doors that were meant to shut. It was a railway in arms, a line of military posts, or blockhouses, as it were, on an unsettled border. The sight gave a tang of war to the silence of the uninhabited country, and reminded one of unseen tribes and of the harsh frontier of Morocco over opposite, south and west. Slowly the mountains sprang up; one had already drifted behind, Djebel Antar; and now the peaks of the Saharan Atlas, rising sheer from the plain a thousand metres, lay on either hand, bold crests and jutting ranges—Djebel Aïssa on the left, the Sfissifa on the right in the southwestern sky, Djebel Mektar straight ahead. We had passed the highest point of the line at an elevation of thirteen hundred metres, and were now on the incline and rapidly approaching the last barrier of the Sahara. We were soon at the foot of Mektar. It was Ain Sefra, an important military base.

But I did not think of war; to me Ain Sefra is a name of literature and has a touch of personal literary *devoir;* for there in the barren Moslem cemetery, outside the decaying ksar, is buried the poor girl who taught me more about Africa than all other writers; she had the rare power of truth-telling, and lived the life she saw; her books are but remnants and relics of her genius, but she distilled her soul in them—one of the wandering souls of earth, Isabella Eberhardt. She was only twenty-seven, but years are nothing—she had drunk the cup of life. Here she died, in the oued, the torrent river whose bottom I was now skirting, a wide, dry watercourse, strewn with stones, and with roughly indented banks. It was dry now, but on these denuded uplands and surfaces, after a rainfall, which is usually torrential, it fills in a moment with a furious sweep and onset of waters; and thus a few years ago it rose in the October night and tore away the village below the high ground of the French encampment; and there she was drowned. The echo of her soul in mine, long ago at Tunis, was the lure that drew me here.

There before my eyes was the sight I

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had longed to see, just as she had described it. I knew it as one recognizes a lighthouse on a foreign coast, so single, so unique it was—the leap of the red dunes up the defile, fierce as a sword-thrust of the far desert through the mountains. That was Africa—the untamed wild, the bastion of nature in her barbarity, the savage citadel of her splendid forces to which man is negligible and human things unknown. The dunes are golden-red, tossed like a stormy, billowing sea; they charge, they leap, they impend—petrified in air; an ocean surf of red sand, touched with golden lights, frozen in the act of the wild wind. They are magnificent in their lines of motion, in their angers of color; but the spirit of them is their *élan*, their drive, flung forward as if to ram and overwhelm the pass with a wide sandy sea. The light on them is a menace; they threaten; nor is it a vain threat; they move with the sure fatality of all lifeless things; they will invade and conquer—a foe to be reckoned with; and, to fend the valley against them, man takes a garden, trees, plantations, advancing a van of life against all that lifelessness. It is a superb picture there among the mountains, a symbol of the struggle—the long battle of vegetable and mineral forces, clothing and desolating the planet; and it holds the rich glow of the African temperament, a spark of the soul of the land.

The train winds on in the bright morning air by a shining koubba, dark palm tufts, and the high, silent tricolor, and goes down the oued, turns the mountain, passes into the rocks, a strange scene of stormy forms and sterile colors, and makes from valley to valley by sharp curves, from oued to oued by deep cuts, piercing and grooving its passage to lower levels through the range of the Ksour. Almost from the first it is unimaginable, that landscape. It is all rock in ruins, denuded and shivered, shelving down, disintegrating; fallen avalanches of rotten strata; every kind of fracture; whole hills in a state of breaking up into small pieces, pebbly masses, bitten, slivered. We traverse broken, burnt fields of it, all shingle; expanses of it so, beneath walls cracked and scarified; we curve by scattered bowlders of all sizes and positions, down valleys of stones; new hills open, sharp-edged, jagged—continuous rock. All outlooks are on the waste wilderness crumbling in its own abandonment; all contours are knife-edges; the perspectives are all of angles. In the near open tracts lie relics and remains, mounds, mountains, and hills that have melted away; steep lifts on all curves; and on the sky-horizon, following and crossing one another, saw-toothed ranges, obliquely indented with sharp re-entries, or else acute cones and rounded mamelons: the whole changing landscape a ruin of mountains being crumbled and split and blown away. It is an elemental battle-field, where the rock is the victim—a suicide of nature. In this region of extreme temperatures with sudden changes—burning noons and frozen nights, torrid summers and winter snows, downpours of rainfall—the fire and frost, wind and cloud-burst, have done their secular work; they have stripped and pulverized the softer, outer rock shell, washed it down, blown it away, till the supporting granite and schist are bare to the bone. It is a skeletonized, worn land, all apex and débris; near objects have the form and aspect of ruins, the horizons are serried, the surfaces calcined. It is an upper world of the floored and pinnacled rock, an underworld shivered and strewn with its own fragments, a "gray annihilation"—of the color of cinders. I imagine that the landscapes of the moon look thus.

A mineral world, bedded, scintillant, flaked. It is dyed with color. All life has gone from it, and with the departure of life has come an intensification, an originality, an efflorescence of mineral being. The earlier stages of the ride—the red mountains striped beneath with black, beyond the middle ground of a prevailing reddish tint sparsely scattered with a vegetation of obscure greens and dull grays amid strong earth colors, once with the bluish-black of palm-trees blotting the distance—I remember now almost as fertility. Here there is not a leaf—nor even earth nor sand. It seems rock devastated by fire, like volcanic summits. A sombre magnificence, a fantastic grandeur! Blue-grays, browns, and ochres of every shade gleam on the slopes of the hillsides; reds splash the precipices and walls; innumerable, indescribable tones, too gloomy to be called iridescence, shimmer over the middistance and die out in twilights of color

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amid the manganese shadows, on the cold limestone heights, in the sandstone gullies. Where I can see the surfaces of the shivered stones, I notice their extraordinary smoothness. There are purples and black-greens and violets among them, but for the most part they are black, like soot; for amid this fantastic coloration, what gives its sombreness to the scene—the trouble of the unfamiliar—and grows most menacing, is the black. The land is oxidized—blackened; its shivered floor is strewn with black stones; black stripes streak its sides far and near; amid all that mineral bloom it is to black that the eye returns, fascinated, enthralled. It invades the spirits with its prolonged weirdness; it awes and saddens. And all at once we emerge from a deep ravine—oh, *la belle vie!*—a sea of dark verdure makes in from below, like a fiord, among the naked mountains round it—silent, mysterious, living, the green of the palm oasis; and swiftly, after that stop, we dip into the black gorges beyond Moghrar, more sombre, sinister—valleys of the color and aspect of some strange death, the incineration of nature in her own secular periods, the passing of a planet. Slowly vegetation begins—tufts amid the rock interstices, desert growths, the *chaufleur saharienne*, the drin, the thyme, plants of ashen-gray, stiff, sapless; trees now—betoums, feeble palms; a beaten track with a trio of Bedouin Arabs. It is the oued of the Zousfana; and we debouch on the far prospect—off to the right the oases of Figuig, oblong dark spots on the foot-hills of Morocco and before us to the left the great horizons of the Sahara, the *hamada*. Five hours from Ain Sefra. It is Beni-Ounif.

I descended from the train amid groups of soldiers. I lose my prejudice against a uniform, when it is French or Italian; and in North Africa the blue of the tirailleur, the red of the spahi, are a part of the *mise-en-scène*. These were soldiers of the Foreign Legion. I had been familiar with their uniform, too, in the north at Oran, and particularly at Sidi-bel-Abbes, one of their rendezvous; and I saw it again with friendly eyes, for all that I had here—harborage, security, freedom to come and go—did I not owe it to them? The Sud-Oranaise is their work, like so much else in Algeria. I trudged through the sand, a young Arab tugging at my baggage and guiding me, to the hotel, which occupied a corner of an extensive flat building of Moresque style, rather imposing with its towers though it was only of one story, on a street that seemed preternaturally wide because all the buildings were likewise of one story. The whole little town, a mere handful of low, fragile blocks, looked strangely desolate and lonesome, forsaken, isolated, dull. The host received me pleasantly—I was the only guest to arrive, and there was no sign of another occupant—and took me to my room in the single corridor; it was clean and sufficient—a bed, a basin, and a chair; a small, heavily barred window, at the height of my head, looked on a large, vacant court. So this was the *terre perdue*. I was "far away." "The brutality of life—" I was "clean quit" of it, like a lark in the blue, like a gull on the gray sea. "*Adieu, mes amis*," I thought. Where had I read it—"The man who is not a misanthrope has never loved his fellow men."

There was a knock at my door: "Monsieur, some one to see you." It came with a shock, for the solitude had begun to seize me. I went toward the office. A young soldier of the Legion approached me, full of French grace, with a look of expectancy on his fine face. "I heard there was an American here," he said in English; "I did not believe it," he added; "I came to see." "Yes," I said, "I am an American." "There hasn't been one here in two years—not since I came," he spoke slowly—keen, soft tones. "South American?" he ventured. "No," I said, melting. "Truly from the United States—where?" His look hung on my face. "I was born near Boston," I replied, interested. "I was born in Boston." I shall never forget the gladness of his voice, the light that swept his eyes. A quick soldierly friending seized us—the warmth that does not wait, the trust that does not question. In ten minutes he was caring for me like a younger brother, introducing me with my letters at the Bureau Arab, doing everything till he went to his service. In the evening we met again, and so the lonely journey of the day ended in an African sunset, as it were, of gay and brilliant spirits, for I know of no greater joy than the making of friends. He was of French parentage,

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and the only American in the Legion; at least, he had never seen nor known of another. And I went to bed thinking of the strange irony of life, and how the first thing that the *terre perdue* gave me was the last thing I expected in the wide world—a friend.

II

I WENT by myself to visit the old ksar, the native village which had occupied this site before the coming of the French and the rise of the new town about the railway. It lay some little distance to the west of the track—a collection of palm-trees, with a village at the farther end, backed by a white koubba. My Arab boy, who had never lost sight of me, had me in charge, and led the way. We crossed into the strip of barren country and saw the ksar with its palmerai before us, like a rising shoal in the plain. Accustomed as my eyes are to large horizons, this country had an aspect of solitariness that was extraordinary. The sand-blown black rock, the *hamada*, lies all about; the mountains of the Ksour that back the scene to the northeast are reddish in color and severe in outline, and the mountains of Morocco, cut here by three passes, block it to the north and west with their heavy and wild masses, while other detached heights are seen far off to the south. From this broken ring of bare mountains, red and violet and gray, the rocky desert floor, blown with reddish sand, makes out into the open distance interminably to horizons like the sea. In the midst of this the little ksar with its trailing palm-trees, Beni-Ounif with its slender rail and station, its white redoubt and low buildings, with the Bureau Arab and its palms a little removed, seem insignificant human details, mere markings of animal life, in a prospect where nature, grandiose in form and without limit in distance, exalted by aridity, is visibly infinite, all-encompassing, supreme. The sun only, burning and solitary, seems to own the land. The moment one steps upon the windy plain it is as if he had put to sea; he is alone with nature, and the harshness of the land gives poignancy to his solitude.

We walked over rough ground awhile, and then crossed the dry bed of a oued, one of the channels that in time of flood lead the waters down to the Zousfana, whose shrunken stream flows in its wide rocky bottom some distance to the north of the ksar toward the mountains; and we climbed up on the farther side by crumbling foot-paths that run on little uneven ridges of dry mud, twisting about in a rambling way, with small streams to cross, which groove the soil; and so we came into the gardens. The aspect, however, is not that of a garden; the background of the scene is all dry mud, whose moulded and undulating surface makes the soil, while the little plots are divided by mud walls, high enough at times to give some shade and meant to retain the irrigating waters. There are a few patches of barley, very fresh and green; but for the most part the plots are filled with trees—fig-trees, old and contorted, with their heavy limbs, the peach and almond with fragile grace and new tender green, the pomegranate and the apple, and rising above them the palms whose decorative forms frame in and dignify the little copses of the fruit-trees, and unite them; but the dry mud makes an odd contrast with the branching green of varied tints and gives a note of aridity to the whole under-scene. The plots vary only in their planting, and were entirely deserted. We came through them to the ksar itself with its wall. It is built of dry mud, which is the only material used here for walls and houses alike. The rain soon gives them a new modelling at best, and this ksar is old and ruined, half-abandoned now that the French town is near. The outer wall is much broken, with the meandering shapelessness of abandoned earthworks—scallops and indentations, the smooth moulding and mud sculpture of time on the golden soil; and off beyond it stretches the endless cemetery, with the pointed stones at the head and foot of the graves, a tract of miserable death, so simple, naked, and poverty-struck, and yet in such perfect harmony with the sterile and solitary scene, that it does not seem sad but only the natural and inevitable end. It belongs to the desert; it is its comment on the trivial worthlessness of human life, whose multitude of bones are heaped and left here like the potter's shard. The sun beats down on the wide silence of that

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cemetery; the sand blows and accumulates about the rough stones that seem to lie at random; there is no distinction of persons there, no sepulchral apparelling of the mortal fact, no illusion, no deception; it is the grave—"whither thou goest." And it is not sad—no more than the naked mountains of the Ksour, the dark Morocco heights, the silent sunlight; it is one with them—it is nature. On its edge toward the ksar rises the koubba of the saint, Sidi Sliman Bou-Semakha, the ancient patron of the country; it is the only spot of this old Moslem ground that no infidel foot has trod; there his body reposes in its wooden coffin, hung with faded silks within its carved rail in the white chamber, secluded and sacred, and the faithful sleep in the desert outside. It is a world that has passed away.

The ksar itself was like all others in this region. They are walled villages adjoining the palmerai that feeds them; the houses are built of sun-baked earth supported on small palm-beams and lean serried one upon another in continuous lines and embankments; narrow alleyways and passages honeycomb them, often with a roofing of the same palm-beams, so that one walks in underground obscurity; externally, owing to their old and weather-worn aspect, they have a general ruinous look. The walls on the street are blind; here and there in dark corners a seat for loungers is hollowed out in the side; there is somewhere a square for judgment where is the assembly of the elders, and by the mosque or koubba an open space. There is always a life outside the walls, a place for market, for caravans to stop, encampments of all sorts. All have a look of dilapidation. But this old ksar had more than that; it was obviously in a state of ruin and abandonment. Walls had fallen, exposing the wretched interiors, cave-like, mere cellarage. There was no one there. I passed through some of the covered ways —blank obscurity, with holes of naked sunlight. I did not see half a dozen living figures: they were unoccupied, listless, marooned. It was still—a stillness of death. I found the sources, the underground streams that supply the little oasis; there were three or four young negro girls standing in the water, in discolored bright rags; they pointed out to me the blind fish in the water. "*C'est défendu*," said my Arab boy when I asked him to catch one. Life seemed *défendu*. The air was moribund. It was a decadence of the very earth. I was glad to have the hot sun on my back again by the tall palms and green fruit-trees springing out of their dry-mud beds, and I sat down on a crumbling wall, amid the amber deliquescence of the rich-toned soil, and looked back on that landscape of decay, and sought to reconstruct in fancy the desert life of its silent years.

It was an old human lair. Its people, the *ksouriens*, who lived here their half-underground life, sheltered from the burning blasts of the summer sun and the bitter winds of winter, were a settled town folk, with their oasis agriculture and simple desert market. The ruling race were the descendants of some marabout; for the Moslem saint was a patriarch, and one finds whole villages that claim to be originated from some one of them; these men were the proprietors of the gardens, which were tilled by native negroes or Soudanese slaves and their progeny, a servile breed; and there were Jews, who were compelled to live apart, a pariah caste. Outside were the Berber and Arabized nomad tribes, scattered and living in fractions, who went from place to place for the pasturage of their flocks; their chiefs and headmen were desert-raiders, who took toll by tribute or pillage of the caravans traversing their country, and made forays on their neighbors; the people of the ksar held a feudal relation to these desert lords. The most secure units of property in the land were the *zaouias*, or monasteries, bound to hospitality and charity, and ruled by marabout stocks; their gardens and flocks had a protective character of sacredness, the goods of God. Society was in a primitive form of uncohering fragments, very independent, self-centred, uncontrolled; though it was of one faith, hostility pervaded it; feuds were its annals; it had pirate blood. A pastoral, marauding, sanguinary world, with elements of property and aristocracy, but democratic within itself, with slaves and outcast breeds; a world of simple wants but always half submerged in misery; a world of the strong arm. In such a world the *ksouriens* lived here by the mountain passes. They saw those old nomad tribes go by that mounted to Tlem-

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cen and drank the bright cup of the Mediterranean for a season; but the *ksouriens* had forgotten them; their passage was only a wrinkling of the desert sand. Caravans stopped by the brown walls; raiders rode by to the desert; the seven ksars of Figuig fought petty wars, one on another, on the hill opposite; mountain women pitched their striped tents by the cemetery wall; the Jews worked at little ornaments of silver and coral; there was a coming and going to the fountain, secret and ferocious love, the woe of poverty and hate—the Arab life of violence and ruse and silence, in the palm gardens, the underground passages, the darkened streets; a life of obscurity and somnolence; and the *ksouriens* grew pale like wax, with their black beards and corded turbans, and the old Arab vitality melted in their bones. The hours that no man counts rolled over the languid ksar, where white figures sat in the seats in the earthen wall along the covered streets in the silence; the unborn became the living and the stones multiplied in the cemetery; and there was no change. I could almost hear the bugle-note yonder that brought a new world of men. And now the ksar was dead.

The moon, almost at the full, was growing bright in the eastern sky; the mountains of the Ksour, that still took the setting sun, glowed with naked rock, rose-colored; on the left the mountains of Figuig lay in black shadow, with the violet defiles between, clear-cut on the molten sky. As I stepped on the rise of Beni-Ounif it was already night; the brilliant white moon flooded the hard landscape with winter clarity; the unceasing wind blew cold. It was a solemn scene.

III

"MONSIEUR, le spahi." I went out in the early morning air and found my escort for Figuig, a tall, dark Arab, almost black, his head capped with a huge turban wound with brown camel's-rope in two coils, and his form robed in a heavy white burnoose that showed his red trousers beneath; he held two horses, one tall and strong, for himself, the other, smaller and lighter, a mare, for me. My friend soon joined us with his mount, and, glancing at my mare as I also mounted, warned me not to rein her in straight with that bit, as it was thus that the Arabs trained their horses to rear and caper, and a strong pull might bring her up unexpectedly on her hind legs, and that, he said, was all I need be careful about. We trotted off easily enough down the street toward the railway, and in a few moments turned the last building and were on the route westward over the open plain. The old ksar lay far off to the left, the Zousfana to the north, and between was the unobstructed stretch of the rocky *hamada*, herbless and strewn with small and broken stones, to where we saw a line of straggling palms beneath the Morocco hillside. The air was brisk and cool—just the morning for a gallop. The temptation was too great for my mare, who showed no liking for her neighbors, and, after a few partly foiled attempts, struck boldly off the trail to the left. I minded my instructions and had no desire to see what she could do on her hind legs. I had neither whip nor spur. I gave her her head. I was likely to have a touch of the Arab *fantasia*, and I did. I settled myself hard in the saddle as she flew on; she was soon at the top of her speed; it was the gallop of my life. Her feet were as sure as they were fleet on the pathless, rocky plain; she avoided obstacles by instinct; and if she came to a dry, ditch-like channel now and then that cut the level, with a slight retardation for the spring she jumped it, as if that were the best of all. But it was a pace that would end. After a mile or so she breathed heavily, and I, seeing some Arab tents pitched not far away, turned her toward them, thinking she might regard it as a friendly place, and so brought her up quite blown and with heaving sides. Three or four Arabs, very friendly and curious, ran up, and I dismounted. "*Méchante, méchante*," they kept saying; and I looked at the shallow glitter of the mare's eyes, as she turned them on me to see the rider she had got the better of, and for my part I said "*Furbo*"—something that I learned in Italy. My friend came riding up after a little to know where I was going, and said he thought I was "having a little fun"; and the spahi rode in, and, dismounting, also with a "*méchante*," changed horses with me. I said good-by to the friendly Arabs, and we rode off straight north to the route from

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which I had involuntarily wandered; but it was a fine morning gallop.

We came without further incident to the line of scattered palms, amid a very broken country, where the ascent makes up to Figuig, enclosed in a double circle of walls. Figuig is the name of the whole district. It includes a lower level, where is the ksar of Zenaga and its vast palmerai, and a higher level, on which are scattered the other six ksars amid their gardens. All are built of sun-dried mud, as are also the two walls, the inner being furnished with round towers at frequent regular intervals. We went on amid a confusion of gardens—fruit-trees with vegetables under them, such as beans and onions, and plots of bright barley in the more open places, but mostly palms with little else, all springing out of the dry mud; we were past the ruinous-looking stretches of the brown, sun-basking wall, and began to be lost in a narrow canyon, as it were, up which the rude way went between the enclosed gardens. There was hardly width for our horses, as we rode in single file on the uneven, climbing path that seemed something like the bed of a torrent, and indeed every now and then water would break out from underground and pour down like a cascade or swift brook, with a delicious sound of running streams. On either side the garden walls rose a great height far over our heads, and above them brimmed branches of fruit-tree tops with the splendid free masses of palms hanging distinct and entire in the bit of blue. We seemed to be walled out of a thick, fertile, and beautiful grove; but they had only the same dry mud for their bed that was under our feet in the narrow, tortuous way. The sun had begun to be hot before we left the plain, and now, in spite of the shelter of the walls, the heat began to make itself felt; there was the dust of the country, too, which, slight as it was that day, is omnipresent; so, being both very thirsty, my friend and I dismounted at a place where the running water came fresh from the yellow ground, and we drank a very cooling draught of its brown stream. It is the scene that I remember best. It was like a defile in a narrow place; the way broadened here by a bend in the steep ascent; one saw the brimming gardens below, and the view was closed above by the turn of the walls; and there in the hollow my friend and I leaned over the cascading water and turning saw the spahi, as he tightened the girths of my saddle which had loosened, under those walls, brown in the shadow, and an orange glow in the sun, with the spring green starred with white blossoms like a tender hedge above their yellow tops, and the leaning palms in the blue. It had a strange charm; and the water made music, and it was solitude, and everything there was of the earth, earthy—and beautiful.

We came out shortly at the top of the ascent in an open space before a round archway in a wall, and dismounted in a scene of Moors passing in and out, whom I photographed; and then we walked on through the low-browed little street, which offered nothing remarkable except its strangeness, and found ourselves at the other side on a high rocky floor, quite mountainous in look, stretching off and off nowhere, which is the neutral ground lying about all the ksars; it looked as if the sun and wind had worn it out, and it had a rugged grandeur; a distant horseman on it seemed uncommonly tall and as solitary as a ship at sea. I got a slim palm wand from a group of Arab boys to use as a switch; but my show of copper coin drew some beggars about me, very insistent, and when we mounted and rode off stones followed us. I have been stoned in various parts of the world and did not mind. The spahi, however, after the incident, took up his station behind. We soon reached another wall with a gate, on one side the inevitable cemetery, with its pointed stones, and on the other the Morocco army in the shape of a small squad of soldiers in soiled gorgeousness, lying about on the ground near their guard-house. They did not have a very military appearance, and paid no attention to us as we rode into the ksar and struck the narrow street, which was the main thoroughfare. It was quite animated, with many passers-by, whose Oriental figures were sharply relieved on the walls in the sun or grew dark in the shadow. The houses were low, one against another, and their wall space was broken only by rude doors; here and there were higher buildings, often with little oblong windows aloft, with the effect of a ruined tower, or broken-arched façade, or

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square donjon; but these elements were rare, though at times they gave an architectural *ensemble* to little views against the sky with their fine shadows. Poor habitations they are, dilapidated and meagre they look, forlorn and melancholy to the mind, rubbishy, tumble-down, and ruinous to the eye; yet the air of ancientry everywhere dignifies the poor materials, and the sun seems to love them; human life, too, clothes them with its mysterious aura. The crude object partakes of the light it floats in, and every impression fluctuates momentarily through a whole gamut of sense and sensibility; for there is a touch of enchantment in all strangeness.

We dismounted in the middle of the street, half-blocking the way with our horses, by a café whose proprietor, a humble and life-worn old man, set himself to prepare us a cup of the peculiar Morocco tea that is flavored with mint. There were a few passers-by, and I busied myself with my camera. The café was a mere hole-in-the-wall, of preternatural obscurity, considering its small size and shallow depth; the furnace and the tea-kettle seemed to leave hardly room for the old Arab to move about. I found a camp-stool and sat down opposite the low, dark opening, and, the tea being ready, was drinking it with much relish; it was truly delicious with its strong and fragrant aroma of mint, and was also uncommonly exhilarating. I was thus engaged when two particularly ill-favored Moors, each with a long gun over his shoulder, appeared, and planted themselves, one on either side behind my shoulders, as close as they could get without actually pressing against me, and gazed stolidly and fixedly down at me. I paid no attention to them, but drank my tea, and from time to time dusted my leather leggings with my little palm wand. It was a picturesque group: my friend in his shining white uniform, unarmed, leaning carelessly against the wall in the sun, the tall spahi opposite in the shade regarding us, the two Moors hanging over me motionless, and no one said a word. After a while they seemed to have had enough of it, and went away with a sullen look.

We said good-by to our host and walked on, the spahi following on horseback at a distance of several yards, well behind, and two boys leading our horses. We were soon in the covered ways, where it was often very dark; we met hardly any one—a negro boy or a woman; the doors were shut, and it was seldom that one left ajar gave a scant view of the interior; narrow alleys ran off in all directions, down which one looked into darkness; but if we stopped to peer into them, or showed curiosity, the metallic voice of the spahi would come from behind, "*Marchez*," and at the frequent turnings of the way he called, in the same hard voice, "*A droite, à gauche*"; and so we made our progress through those shadowy vaults, silent, deserted, in the uncertain light. It was like a dead city, motionless, hypnotized, as if nothing would ever change there, with a sense of repose, of negligence of life, of calm, as if nothing would ever matter; occasionally there were figures in the recesses sunk in the wall, silent, motionless—dreamers; one white-bearded old man, seated thus under an archway in a dark corner, seemed as if he had been there from the beginning of time and would be found there on the judgment-day. It was weird. We turned a corner in the darkness and came on a large group—perhaps a score—of young children at play in the middle of the street. I never saw such terror. They fled screaming in all directions, swift as wild animals; it was a panic of such instant and undiluted fear as I had never imagined. I cannot forget their awful cry, their distorted faces, their flight as if for life the moment they caught sight of us; it was a revelation.

A few minutes later we came out on a crowded square, full of shops, men working at their trades, others lying full length on the ground; it was a small but busy place—not that much was being done there, but there were people, and occupations, and human affairs. It was the gathering-seat of the assembly of the elders before whom the affairs of the ksar are brought for judgment. No one paid us the slightest attention; and after looking at the little stocks of leather and grains and odds and ends, and glancing at the reclining forms that gave color and gravity to the ordinary scene of an Arab square, we entered again on the darkness and somnolence of the winding streets, where there was no

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sun nor life nor sound, but rather a retreat from all these things, from everything violent in sensation or effort or existence; places of quiet, of cessation, of the melancholy of things. We emerged by a mosque, and near it a cemetery on the edge of the ksar—such a cemetery as they all are, blind, dishevelled heaps of human ruins marked by rough, naked common stones, the desert's epitaph on life, inexpressibly ignominious there in the bright, bare sunlight. We mounted and rode down through gardens, as at first, on a ridge that commanded now one, now another view of the palm and orchard interiors with their dry beds, a strange mixture of barrenness below and fertility above, a rough but pleasant way; and all at once we saw the great palmerai stretching out below us in the plain, like a lake bathing the cliff, a splendidness of dark verdure; black-green and blue-black lights and darks filled it like a sea—cool to the eye, majestic, immense, magnificent in the flood of the unbounded sunlight, a glory of nature. It was a noble climax to the strange scenes of that morning journey; and soon after we dismounted to make the steep descent on the gray-brown rock of the cliff. The two boys, who had rejoined us, brought down our horses, and we left the half-fallen towers and crumbling walls in their yellow ruin behind us, with the young Arabs still looking, and rode through the hot desert to Beni-Ounif.

This was the mysterious Figuig of old travellers. I had seen it, but it still seemed to me unrealized, though not unreal. A vision of palm-topped garden walls on crumbling mountain paths; of a wind-blown, sunburnt high plateau; of a sun-drenched gully of a street with a strange-windowed, lonely ruin looking down on horses that hang their heads; a maze of darkened passages with a sense of lurking in the shadows, of decay in the silence, of apparition in the rare figures; a closed city of hidden streams and muffled noises, walled orchards and shut houses, sunless ways, yet held in the sun's embrace, the high blue sky, the girdling mountains, the open desert; and with its stern and rocky gardens of the dead, too: a soil and a people made in the image of Islam, impregnated with it, decrepit with it, full of lassitude and melancholy and doom, mouldering away; yet set amid living fountains, lighted by placid reservoirs where the tall palms sun themselves in the silent waters as in another sky; queen, too, of that dark green sea of the palmerai, a marvel of nature; and last a vision of long-drawn walls and dismantled towers crumbling in the red sun. It is so I remember it; and it seems rather a mirage of the desert imagination than a reality, a memory.

IV

Beni-Ounif was dull. There was nothing interesting there except the *mise-en-scène*. It was pleasant to be dining with officers, for they were the principal patrons of the hotel, with whom stars and crosses were as common as watch-guards in New York; and it was stimulating to see the ensigns of the Legion of Honor where they were something more than the international compliment of a ribbon twisted in a black button-hole and had their heroic meaning, a decoration on an officer's breast. The crosses I saw stood for acts of bravery on the field of battle. There were a few other guests who came and went, a French hunter, a Belgian professor who told me of the prehistoric cabinets he had seen farther south, an officer's remarkable collection, and explained to me the geology of the Sahara in brief and interesting lectures. The town itself never lost for me the vacant and makeshift frontier look that it had at first sight; one could walk from end to end of it in a few minutes and come out on the desert, which was monotony petrified. Nothing happened except the arrival and departure of the daily train. Once I met on the edge of the desert the *goum*, a compact small body of native Arab cavalry attached to the French arms, a splendid squad of fighting men; rather heavy and broad-shouldered they looked, wrapped in burnoose and turban, mature men whose life was war, black-bearded, large-eyed, grim—predatory faces; and they were in their proper place, with the naked mountains round and the desert under their horses' feet—a martial scene of the old raiding race. I should not like to see them at work, I thought; their trade is blood, and they looked it—strong, hard, fierce—pitiless men. But usually there was nothing

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uncommon to my eyes. Once in the café, where we sat over our long glasses of the fortified liquors and tonic drinks of which there is so great a variety in desert towns, some one brought in a beautiful great dead eagle. It was as if he had been killed in his eyrie to see him there on the desert among the soldiers. We returned to our glasses and our talk: tales of Paris, tales of Odessa in the Revolution, tales of long Algerian rides, encounters, anecdotes of the road—what tales! And other men's tales, too—Anatole France, Pierre Loti, Maurice Le Blanc, Claude Farrère, Pierre Louÿs—all my favorites, for my friend knew them better than I did, and made me new acquaintances "in the realm of gold" that I like best to travel. What happy talk! and the time went by. I went out alone to see the full moon rise over the solemn desert by the reddish hills in the chill air, and fill the great sky with that white flood of radiance that seemed every night more ethereal, more remote from mankind, more an eternal thing; and at the hotel we would meet again to dine late, for my friend being a private soldier, we waited till the officers were gone; and then again the tales and the happy talk, and good-night. That was life at Beni-Ounif.

"Would I like to go to the theatre?" I repeated, for it was an unexpected invitation. "You might not think so, but there is a theatre at Beni-Ounif," said my friend. So it appeared that the Legion, among the multitude of things it did, occasionally gave a performance of private theatricals for its own amusement, and my friend himself was to play that night. It was a beautiful evening with a cold wind. I made my way through the burly military group wrapped in heavy blue cloaks, with here and there a burnoosed spahi or tall tirailleur, and entering the small hall was given a seat in the front row among a few ladies and very young children, two or three civilians, my Belgian acquaintance being one, and half a dozen officers with their swords and crosses. "The tricolor goes well with the palm," I said to myself, as I turned to look at the prettily decorated, not over-lighted room, where trophies of the colors alternated with panels of palm leaves on either side and at the rear, giving to the scene a simple, artistic effect of lightness and gayety with a touch of beauty, especially in the palms. It was characteristically French in refinement, simple elegance, and color; there was nothing elaborate, but it was a charming border to the eye, and no framework could have been so fit for that compact mass of soldiers as was this lightly woven canopy of French flags and the desert palm on the bare walls of that rude hall. But it was the men who held my eyes. The room was packed with soldiers of the Legion; a few spahis and tirailleurs stood in the rear or at the sides; there was no place left to stand even; and I looked full on their serried faces. My first thought was that I had never seen soldiers before. I never saw such faces—mature, grave, settled, with the look of habitual self-possession of men who command and obey; resolute mouths, immobile features; there was great sadness in their eyes that seemed to look from some point far back, heavy and weary; they had endured much—it was in their pose and bearing and on their countenances; they had ceased to think of life and death—one felt that; but no detail can give the human depth of the impression I felt at the sight—faces into which life had fused all its iron. And there was, too, in the whole mass the sense of physical life, of hardship and hardihood, and of bodily power to do and bear and withstand—the fruit of the desert air, long marches, terrible campaigns in the sands. It was a sight I shall always remember as, humanly, one of the most remarkable I ever looked on.

The Foreign Legion is commonly believed to be made up of broken men who have in some way found themselves eliminated from society, thrown out or left out or gone out of their own will, whether by misfortune, error, disappointment, or any of the various chances of life, and who have joined the Legion to lose themselves, or because they did not know what else to do with their lives. They come from all European nations and are a cosmopolitan body; and, no doubt, here and there among them is a brilliant talent or a fine quality of daring gone astray; but I imagine a very large proportion of them are simply friendless men who at some moment of abandonment find themselves without resources and without a career, and see in the Legion a last resource. I believe there

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are great numbers of such friendless men in our civilization. Among the thousands of the Legion there must be, of course, every color of the human past; the losers in life fail for many reasons, and in their defeat become, it may be, incidentally or temporarily, anti-social, or even habitually so, as fate hardens round them with years; but in a great number of cases, I believe, society has defaulted in its moral obligations to them before they defaulted in their moral obligations to their neighbors; and, holding such views, it was perhaps natural that, so far from finding the Legion a band of outcast adventurers and derelicts, I found them very human. I did not read romance or virtue into them. I know the hard conditions of their lives. If there be an inch of hero in a man, he is hero enough for me. The story of the French occupation of Algeria is largely the story of the Legion. For almost a century it has been one of the most effective units of the French army all over the world; and here in Algeria it has been not only a fighting force of the first order, but also a pioneer force of civilization. The legionaries have built the roads, established the military and civil stations, accomplished the first public works, drained and planted; they have laid the material foundations of the new order; they have not only conquered, but civilized in the material sense, and the labor in that land and climate has been an enormous toil. The reclamation of Africa is a great work, sure to be looked on hereafter as one of the glories of France in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and I thought, as I turned and the band began the overture, what a comment it was on society that in this great work of the reclamation of Africa from barbarism and blood and sodden misery so large a share was borne by this body of friendless men for whom our civilization could find no use and cared not for their fate. What a salvage of human power and capacity, turned to great uses, was there here! and from moment to moment I looked back on that body of much-enduring men with a keen recurring sense of the infinite patience of mankind under the hard fates of life, of the infinite honor and the infinite pity of it all.

To-night all was light gayety and pleasant jollity. The Legion has one characteristic of a volunteer regiment—its men can do everything, so various are the careers from which it is recruited. Its music is famous, and the orchestra played excellently; and as the first little play began, "Mentons Bleus," the players showed themselves good amateurs. The audience responded quickly to the situations and the dialogue; there were brightened spirits and much laughter, easy, quiet enjoyment and applause. The second part was a series of songs, done by one performer after another, each doing his stunt with verve and the comedy of the variety stage; there was a full dozen of these light-hearted parts. In the intermissions the men stayed in their seats, though about the doorway there would be a little movement and changeful regrouping, but it was an audience that sat in their places ready for more; there was no smoking. The last number of the programme—a small, pretty double sheet, like note-paper, done by some copying process in pale blue, with a sword, rifle, and cap on the ground before two palms lightly sketched in the lower corner of the title-leaf—was another one-act play, "Cher Maître," and was received with a spirit that seemed only to have been whetted by the previous amusement; and when it was over the evening ended in a round of generous applause and a smiling breaking up of the company after their three hours' enjoyment. It was pleasant to have been with the Legion on such a night, and to have shared in its little village *festa*, and I stood by the doorway and watched the men go by as they passed out, till all were gone.

It was midnight. The radiant moon poured down that marvellous white flood on the hollow of the desert where the little town lay low and gleaming, very silent. But I could not rid my mind of the soldiers' lives. I thought of the torrid summer heats here in garrison, of the burning marches yonder in the south, of the days in sterile sands that make the sight of palm and garden a thing of paradise—incredible fatigues, mortal exhaustion, monotony. One cannot know the soldiers' desert life without some experience; but some impression of it may be gained from soldiers' books, such as one that is a favorite companion of mine, "Une Promenade dans le Sahara," by Charles La-

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garde, a lieutenant in the Chasseurs d' Afrique, a thoughtful book, full of artistic feeling, and written with literary grace, the memorial of a soldier with the heart of a poet, who served in South Algeria. In such books one gets the environment but not the life; one touch with the Legion is worth them all. I fell to sleep for my last slumber at Beni-Ounif, thinking of soldiers' lives, friendless men—

"Somewhere dead far in the waste Soudan."

V

It was a brilliant morning. I went to the edge of the desert and looked off south with the wish to go on that all unknown horizons wake, but which the desert horizon stirs, I think, with more longing insistence, with a greater power of the vague, than any other; for there it lies world-wide, mysterious, unpenetrated, and seems to open a pathway through space itself, like the sea. All true travellers know this feeling, the nostalgia for the "far country" that they will never see; it is an emotion that is like a passion—mystical, and belongs to the deep soul. The desert horizon, like the sea's, at every moment breeds this spell. But as I turned back, with the sense of the chained foot, my disappointment was tempered by the knowledge that I was to companion my friend, who had been ordered to Tonkin; and I had timed my departure to go with his detachment on its way north. As I went down to the train my Arab boy, with the infinite hopefulness of such attachés, brought me a dead wolf, if by chance I would like it; but I could not add it to my baggage, whereat he was sorrowful, but was comforted. The station presented a lively scene—many soldiers in their white duck trousers and red caps; there was a band; the air was filled with good-bys and laughing salutations; the car windows grew lined with leaning forms and intent faces; the music struck up, high and gallant, and with the last cries and shouts we were off on the line.

It was too short a ride, though the train climbed slowly up the incline, while the desert grew a distant outlook and was shut from view as we made into the winding valleys; and we mounted up through the black defiles, the desolation of the shivered rock, the passes of the toothed ranges, the blocking cliffs and columnar heights—all the petrifaction and fantasy of that naked and severe land; but I was less sensible of its enmity and melancholy than when I came through it alone, though it was harsh and wild, a *terre perdue*. My friend travelled with his comrades, but we had a long lunch in the train before Ain Sefra, and a longer dinner when night began to fall, with tales and talk. Tales of the mutiny of the *bataillon d'Afrique*—Othello tales these, fit for fearful ears; tales of night surprises, Arabs crawling by inches for hours in the sands, the sentinels killed without a sound, the first alarm bayonets through the tents, and then the rouse, the square, the victory; tales of the desert madness, the *cafard*. Stirring tales. Talk, too, of home and friends left behind us in the world, of the dead and the living, and of what might yet be for both of us. He told me much of the Legion, for that interested me; but he never complained, and if he caught some unspoken thought on my face from time to time, "*C'est le métier*," he would say, and smile my sympathy away. He was a youth after my own heart; but the night fell darker and darker, and there would be an end. At the last station where it was possible, he came back to me. It was good-by.

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AS IN HIS YOUTH

By Ralph D. Paine

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. C. WALL

CAPTAIN EDWARD DORLAND of the liner *Centarus* was not ready to believe himself an old man. Trimly erect was the spare figure in the uniform of blue, decisive the commands spoken from the lofty bridge. His mustache was white and the wrinkles of the thin, kindly face were graven deeper than those of exposure to wind and sun. After a long vigil in bad weather his bones ached and his knees were weary, but this he laid to a touch of rheumatism. His eyes had begun to reveal the indefinable expression, appealing and akin to sadness, that is common to the declension of life and which no artifice can conceal.

Nevertheless he was still efficient, indomitable, good for further service in the Atlantic trade. But he was about to be dismissed because he had reached the age limit of sixty-three years. The head of the Constellation Line, a Scotch baronet, regarded pensions as a foe to thrift. A man should save enough from his salary to stave off starvation when retired. In order to encourage thrift the salaries were pinchingly small. The company paid the shareholders ten per cent and the surplus made one's mouth water.

This was Captain Dorland's last voyage, bound out from New York to Liverpool. Standing behind a canvas weather-screen, on a night quiet and luminous, he dwelt with thoughts that brought unhappiness. In youth he had greatly dreamed of love and bold adventure, and a fireside waiting to welcome him near the end of life's long road. The wife, now dead, had quenched the spark of romance before it was fairly alight and he had made the best of a bad bargain. A son lost at sea as mate of an overloaded tramp; a childless daughter who had married no more wisely than her father; savings vanished in investments made with a sailor's guileless trust in shrewder landsmen. Nothing seemed to survive of the years of effort to do his utmost for his own and for himself.

Steaming to and fro, climbing a step at a time, his sea record had been singularly uneventful.

To his passengers he was courteous but avoided familiarity. The ship and her safety absorbed his attention and he ruled her like a just and vigilant despot. What happened at breakfast on the fifth day of this voyage was unusual. A chair at his table was vacant and he appeared perturbed, glancing at it several times in absent-minded silence before he asked the portly, consequential gentleman at his right hand:

"Nothing wrong with Miss Tyndall, I hope? She is too good a sailor to mind this bit of a roll. I have seen her out bright and early every morning."

"A bit of a headache, I believe," was the rather indifferent reply.

"Cousin Amelia Tyndall is plain lazy to-day, I guess," piped up the small daughter. "Mamma says I must be patient with her 'cause she isn't as spry and young as she was once."

The father laughed, but Captain Dorland's brown cheek flushed with anger. The family occupied "the royal suite," and this Mr. Sherman Underwood was a person of much importance in New York. It was the duty of the ship's officers to make his voyage agreeable. The captain offered no comment, but left the table sooner than the others and sent a stewardess to inquire concerning the welfare of Miss Amelia Tyndall. And when she appeared on deck two hours later he found it necessary to pass that way on the daily tour of inspection.

She was the younger by a very few years and her hair was as white as his own, a woman of a certain fine distinction of aspect. Her interest in life was zestful but unaffected. Not wholly lost was the bright

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wonderment of youth that the world should be so full of diverting people and things, while with a spirit reconciled and untroubled she watched the shadows grow longer.

"You are a remarkably young, and handsome woman for your years, whatever they may be."—Page 248.

Halting beside her chair, Captain Dorland held his gold-laced cap in his hand and bowed by no means clumsily.

"I was worried about that headache of yours!" he gravely exclaimed.

Miss Tyndall looked up, grateful, admiring.

"How very good of you, with this great ship to care for!" she said. In her sight the master of a liner was an immensely heroic figure, for she felt the magic and the mystery of the sea. His candid features reflected something more than admiration. He had the simplicity that scorns evasions.

"I have been thinking of you a good deal, Miss Tyndall. Such a passenger as you makes a voyage worth remembering. Would you care to come on the bridge at six bells—half an hour from now? It's a fine view of the ship and the sea from there."

The color delicately suffused her face, and the sweet, well-bred intonations were slightly startled as she replied:

"Thank you for the compliment, Captain Dorland. May I ask Mr. and Mrs. Underwood to join us?"

"I will invite them some other time, if you don't mind," he firmly dissented, "unless you think we are young and frivolous enough to need a brace of chaperons."

"Hardly that," she smiled, finding no offence in the frankness of this elderly mariner. "I shall be delighted to see your sacred precinct. Our table-steward told

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us that you were on the bridge three days and nights without rest on a voyage last winter, and your shoes had to be cut from your feet."

"A mere matter of routine duty—not worth mention—all in the day's work," he stammered like a self-conscious boy. "Which reminds me that I am neglecting my duty. Shall I find you here?"

"You will find me waiting, Captain Dorland."

He walked forward, his gait easy and alert, nor in all the Seven Seas was there a shipmaster who felt less like an old man. Holding himself even straighter than ordinary, he hummed a snatch of a chantey recalled from the brave days of his teens when he sailed before the mast. To this superannuated commander, about to be discarded from the service as human junk, there had unfolded the miracle of love for a woman, naught of passionate infatuation, for that lay far behind him, but an affection deep, serene, immutable.

Although so tragically deferred, it made him young in heart. Hopeless it was and utterly futile, yet he was glad nevertheless. She a woman of wealth and exalted social station, he a man so soon to face idleness and poverty, his achievements a finished chapter. Doubtless they would never meet again after this voyage.

When he escorted Miss Tyndall to the steamer's bridge, the soaring isolation of the structure thrilled her. It seemed a world removed from the noisy, populous decks and cabins. Two navigating officers and the quartermaster at the wheel—quiet, unhurried men—scanned the sea and held the liner to her eastward course.

"How many are there in your crew?" she asked the captain.

"Four hundred, all told. You wouldn't think so up here."

"Four hundred men, obedient to you," murmured Miss Tyndall. "And a thousand passengers or more to carry through night and fog and storm and ice, month after month, year after year. Do you feel the pride of power, Captain Dorland?"

"I don't quite understand what you mean," said he, but an inner voice told him that he was poignantly reluctant to lay this power down. "It is a big job, in a way, and I like it. I have been at sea fifty years, Miss Tyndall. I know nothing else."

"As long as that? I shouldn't have dreamed it. But I suppose you have not begun to think of retiring. You are much more robust than some of our fagged business men who call themselves middle-aged."

This favorable verdict delighted him and he replied in his straightforward fashion:

"You are a remarkably young and handsome woman for your years, whatever they may be. I should say that you had cheerfully done your duty as you found it and let the worries take care of themselves. Those have been my sailing directions."

He could not bear to tell her that he would command the *Centarus* only three more days. She was to think of him, if she cared to recall the voyage, as she now beheld him, sovereign of his kingdom afloat. In her own soul she knew that she would many times think of him again, for romance can swiftly blossom as well for an elderly spinster as for a hoary master-mariner. Her sensitive lips trembled ever so little and she looked rather at the sea than at him as she said:

"I have found life both bitter and sweet, Captain Dorland. You are very flattering indeed, but if I am not really a withered old woman at sixty, perhaps it is because I have tried not to wither in spirit."

"And believed there was some goodness left in the world," he heartily added, "in spite of all the pessimistic drivel of a lot of half-baked lubbers ashore. I hear them now and then in the smoking-room, generally damning the universe."

"You and I preach the same gospel, I am sure," laughed Miss Tyndall.

"We think the same about a great many things, give us time to compare notes. How long do you expect to stay abroad?"

"About three months. We shall motor through France and Italy. The plan is to sail for home from Genoa on September 1st. I am sorry we can't return with you in the *Centarus*."

"I wish with all my heart we could sail together again, Miss Tyndall."

"Tell me something about yourself," said she. "Your references to me have been extremely personal, you know. Turn

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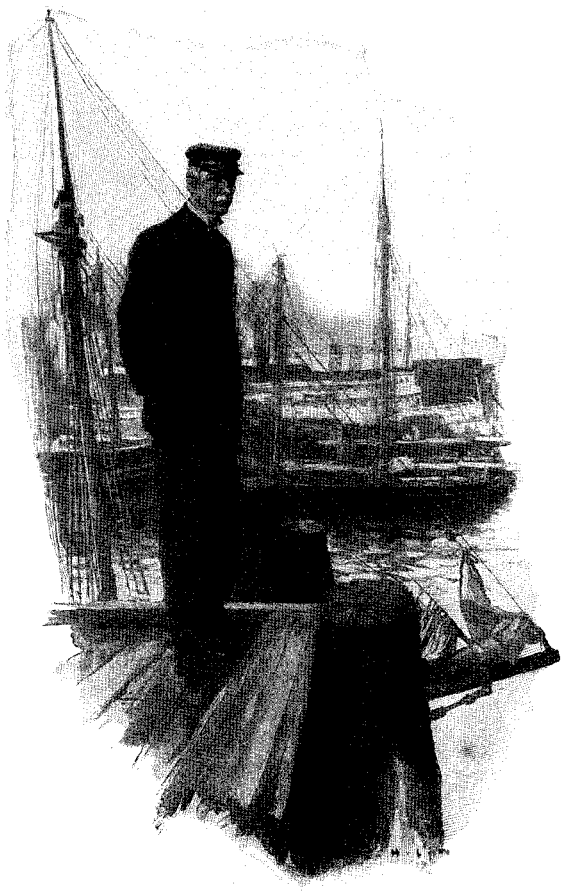
about is fair play. You have no home in England?"

"My home was in Liverpool. I am a Canadian by birth—raised in St. John—went to sea from there as a boy. I may go back there—" he hesitated and his voice was not quite under control as he slowly repeated—"go back there—some day."

"When you are in port—in New York, I mean—between voyages—" Miss Tyndall was more confused than the words warranted—"I should be pleased to have you call. My cousins, the Underwoods, usually open their town house early in November."

"I—I—it would give me a tremendous amount of pleasure," he faltered. The trend of the conversation had become painful. To hide the truth gave him a sense of unworthiness. All he could think of was that he was to be turned out of the Constellation Line because he was guilty of the crime of sixty-three years. Go to see Miss Tyndall in New York? By another winter he might be begging his bread in the streets. More than one old shipmaster had asked alms of him. The impulse prompting his next remark was natural and unconsciously pathetic. This woman who so profoundly stirred his emotions should see and know him to the best possible advantage.

"Do you want to go through the ship with me, Miss Tyndall? She is a big, complicated piece of work at close range."



Back to the place of his boyhood, . . . the tall wharfs, and the roaring tides of Fundy.—Page 250.

She accepted with charming enthusiasm. They went from the forecastle to the many decks, down, down to the clamorous engine-rooms and the inferno of the furnaces where the sweating stokers toiled in gangs. Everywhere throughout this vast and intricate fabric men respectfully saluted their commander, Norwegian seamen, pasty-faced stewards, white-clad scullions, grimy oilers, attentive engineers, all of them his servants, ready and willing, bound by the iron laws of the sea. The woman had sympathy to comprehend that this superb organization was dominated by the one masterful personality. When they came again under the open sky, she said:

"I shall not forget this experience. I have never known your kind of a man."

They stood forward, in the lee of a deck-house, apart from the passengers. As one who would say good-by to a friend,

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he took her hand and held it a moment. She let it rest there and her eyes met his unflinchingly. With a sigh he told her:

"I have never known your kind of a woman. I wish to God I could have met you years and years ago."

There was nothing more for him to say. Even this was more than he had meant to say. She stood as if waiting, but he was silent. Then she slowly returned to the promenade-deck while the captain climbed the stairway to the loneliness and the wide, empty spaces of the liner's bridge.

The wind veered that afternoon, increasing to a strident gale with an overcast sky. By sunset the weather was murky with rain and spray, and the commander did not appear at dinner. During the night the gale subsided, but a wet fog blanketed the gray sea and the *Centarus* crept cautiously to beware of other steamers. Nor did the sky clear until she had made a landfall off the Irish coast. It was decreed, therefore, that there should be no more interviews between the twain until the farewell, brief and outwardly commonplace, when the liner swung at anchor in the Mersey and the tender was alongside.

Captain Dorland cleared his ship of passengers and then put her in dock to discharge cargo. These final tasks accomplished, he laid aside the smart blue uniform, packed it in a chest with his other belongings, and went ashore to report to the marine superintendent. He received cordial commendation for his long and faithful service, including a formal letter from the Scotch baronet, and a bonus of a hundred pounds in token of the company's esteem. That same day the master of a smaller ship was promoted to the *Centarus*, and in as simple a manner as this did Captain Edward Dorland wind up an honorable career of fifty years on blue water.

He visited his daughter, who had inherited the mother's shrewish temper, and found that business misfortunes had again overwhelmed her luckless husband. Leaving with them a considerable part of the hundred pounds by way of succor, he took passage for St. John. It seemed useless to seek employment in England. Many friends would have been glad to offer tactful aid, but the thought of dependence was as bitter as death. By a sort of instinct he went homing back to the place of his boyhood, to the windy streets, the tall wharfs, and the roaring tides of Fundy. He had been a person of importance in maritime Liverpool and it was abhorrent to tarry there as a derelict.

Several weeks later than this, another elderly man trudged into the dooryard of a white cottage overlooking the harbor of St. John. His legs were short, his breath likewise, and his circumference more notable than his height. You might have been slow to twit him of the fact, for the beam of his chest was formidable and there was room for any number of chips upon his shoulders. Rolling into the kitchen, he shouted an affectionate greeting at a bright-eyed little woman with the quick movements of a sparrow, whisked her into the air, and set her down on a table. This violent procedure she accepted as a matter of course.

"Caroline, something has got to be done about it, as sure as my name is Joel Bangs."

"I suppose so, whatever it is," amiably chirruped his wife, "but there's two cakes in the oven and with you trampin' and chargin' around this way they'll fall flat. You were a sea-cook long enough to know better."

With gingerly tread he sought a chair and explained:

"I saw Captain Dorland again this morning, Caroline. And I just can't stand it. He's agin' all of a sudden. The story that he's retired and living like a gentleman on his investments sounds flimsy to me. Trouble is eating the heart out of him. And I suspect he's plumb near on his beam-ends."

"It don't seem possible, Joel," absently observed Mrs. Bangs as she opened the oven door and anxiously peered within. "Master of big passenger ships like the *Centarus?* Deary me, and here you are, better off than him, with a home free and clear, money in the bank, and shares in three schooners!"

"It makes me ashamed as the devil," rumbled her husband. "When I sailed with him as chief cook he had the old *Andromeda*, in line for promotion to a better ship. I thought a lot of him, Caroline, after that ruction I've told you about. My first day aboard he sent a boy down for coffee. I burnt it a-purpose, to find out what kind of a man the skipper was.

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Readin' human nature was my long suit. If he swallowed the rotten bad coffee and had nothin' to say, I'd know I could do about as I pleased aboard that hooker."

"Pshaw! I dassn't," he confessed. "You're not a seafarin' man, Caroline, and you don't understand how the etiquette of it was hammered into me. The master of a big liner is a stupendous proposition, speakin' sailor-wise, and would you ask him to set at table with a ship's cook?"

"Caroline, something has got to be done about it, as sure as my name is Joel Bangs."—Page 250.

"And what did he do to you?" she demanded with as much gusto as if the tale were new.

"Called me to the bridge, grabbed me by the neck, made me drink every drop of the blasted stuff, and broke the saucer over my head. Right there was where I quit readin' human nature with the aid of a coffee-pot."

"Why don't you ask him up to supper, Joel? I'll be very particular about the coffee. It's dreadful lonesome for him in lodgings, and he's been away from St. John so long that he can't have many friends here."

"Nonsense, Joel," was the crisp comment. "You are just a pair of barnacles peaceably growin' old ashore, with all the frills and crinktum-cranktums left at sea, where they belong."

"He was down to the wharfs yesterday," resumed Mr. Bangs, "and when Naulty happened to say he needed a night watchman, Captain Dorland hinted he might consider the berth. Just think of it. I'm all stewed up."

Joel filled his pipe and sat sorrowfully

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cogitating until the brisk little woman observed with emphasis:

"If etiquette prevents your treatin' Captain Dorland like a fellow human, suppose you lug me in some wood. I'm not too proud to be helped by a retired sea-cook."

While they discussed the lamentable fortunes of the recent master of the *Centarus*, the elderly gentleman in question was thoughtfully considering the self-same problem. He was drawing on his slender capital and had no source of income. Perhaps it would have been wiser to remain in England. A persistent quest might have discovered a clerkship in a ship-broker's or underwriter's office. He had professional knowledge to sell but there seemed to be no market for it in the hustling Canadian provinces.

It was difficult for him to comprehend that he was fit for nothing else than command upon the sea. He was afraid of the land. Already he had become vacillating, brooding, timorous, reluctant to thrust himself forward. St. John had welcomed and dined him as a distinguished native son and then taken it for granted that he was capable of looking after himself.

A burden of foreboding and discouragement made his shoulders sag and robbed his gait of its alert swing. The lines of his face deepened and his eyes were very tired. He no longer courageously warded off the conviction that he was a worn-out old man. The days of his splendid efficiency, so recent in time, began to appear vaguely remote.

He was reading in his room when Joel Bangs, having cogitated at much length and renewed the discussion with Caroline, came to see him. The prosperous sea-cook was hot and flustered. In his honest head was a magnificent idea, but all his resolution was required to disclose it. Standing stiffly at attention, just inside the door, he declined the proffered chair and hurriedly exclaimed:

"I'm fit and hearty, thank you, sir. Just a little call to wish you the same, which I hope you won't think presumin' of me."

Standing stiffly at attention, just inside the door, he declined the proffered chair.

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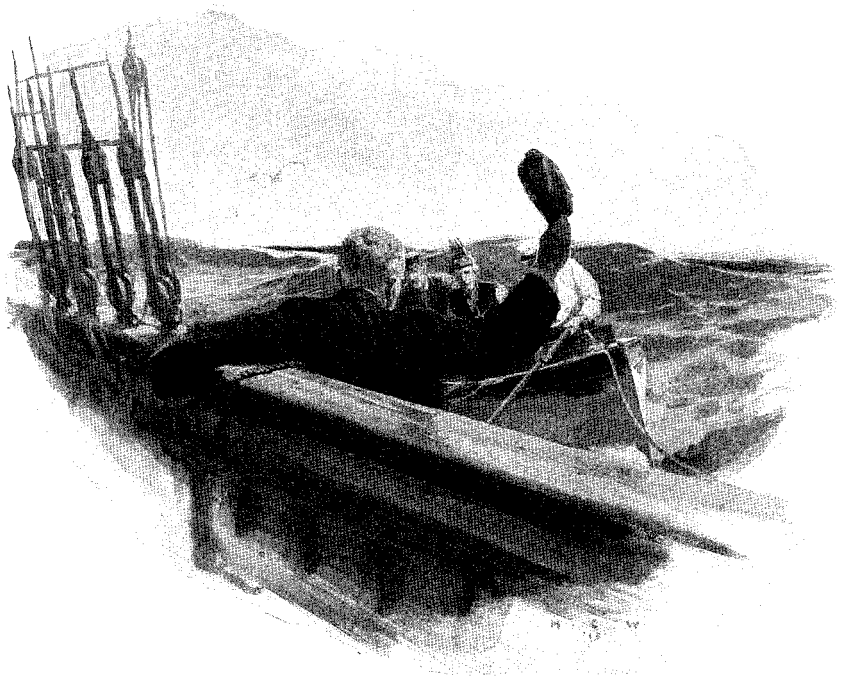
"Oh, sit down and have a chat, Joel," cried Captain Dorland. "You and I are old friends. I have been intending to walk up the hill and pay my respects to your wife."

"We'd be prouder of our little place than ever, sir," broadly beamed the other. "Diggin' in the garden does me a heap of good. You ought to try it."



He flourished his cap and lustily shouted.—Page 255.

"They say there is nothing like a bit of land to putter about in, Joel. I am too old a dog to learn new tricks. You were wise to quit the sea so much sooner than I did."

"Do you think you'd feel better if you were at sea again?" queried Mr. Bangs, who had begun to breathe hard.

The master mariner brightened. The very thought of it was like a tonic.

"Go to sea again? Lord, I'd go in a barge! I am pickled and salted in brine to the bone. I am getting full of dry rot ashore, like a stick of old timber."

Joel wiped his bald brow. Even those stout legs of his seemed unable to support him satisfactorily and he slumped into a chair. After opening his mouth twice the words came with a rush:

"There, I've led up to it handier than I hoped. Caroline said I wouldn't have the spunk to do it. It sounds impertinent of a man that once sailed with you as chief pot-walloper, sir, and if you don't like it, why, heave me out by the slack of my breeches. But if you're sure you would enjoy better health at sea again—well, I'm managin' owner of a two-masted schooner that trades between St. John and Boston. The master of her wants to quit me and go deep water. If you want her, the schooner is yours to command as long as you live and as long as she stays afloat."

Joel Bangs lay back in his chair like one exhausted, murmuring under his breath by way of peroration:

"Me talkin' that way to the skipper of the *Centarus?* Could you beat it?"

Captain Edward Dorland gazed hard at the wall and blinked before he brushed a hand across his eyes. He was not insulted. Very different from resentment was the emotion which welled in his heart. Ashamed of himself as womanish, he rapped out in the old curt, incisive manner:

"I am ready to report aboard and take

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the vessel to sea whenever you say the word, *Mister* Bangs."

"I am greatly obliged to you, sir," humbly quoth the managing owner.

"You bully old fool, you," blurted the shipmaster. "The thanks are all on my side. I will do my duty to the best of my ability. You are the boss. Are you sure I'm not too old?"

"Good for ten years, sir, and then you take the little farm next to mine and we'll plant our gardens together. I pay decent wages in my vessels. You are a very fine gentleman, Captain Dorland. Only a thoroughbred could take it as you do. Now, if you want to come down to the wharf, we'll look the schooner over. She is seaworthy, and I'm willin' to spend some money to make her fit and comfortable for you."

"And now you find me in this little schooner, earning my daily bread."—Page 256.

A fortnight after this interview the two-master *Caroline B.* was ready for sea. Vainly had Captain Dorland protested against the lavish outlay for paint, stores, and furnishings. The owner was stubborn and his wife abetted him. The best they could do was not good enough for the new master of the schooner. She was to look as fresh and smart as a yacht.

"You were never aboard one of his crack ships, Caroline," declared her lord. "He had an eye like a hawk for dirty paint or brass-work, and a spot on the deck-plankin' gave him fits. It would drive him distracted to go in a disreputable vessel. God knows it's hard enough for him anyhow."

"The cabin looks mighty nice, Joel, with the new desk and chair and rugs. And I took real pride in makin' the window curtains. My best counterpane is on his bunk and there's plenty of new table linen."

"I'm givin' him a good crew," said the owner. "There's only five of 'em, instead of four hundred. Ain't it ridiculous? The mate is first-class and the seamen are sober. About the cook, I dunno. Captain Dorland is used to having things served in proper style."

Mrs. Bangs giggled like a girl as she observed:

"Well, you've had that long-legged cook from the schooner up here every night this week, drillin' and trainin' him to make fancy dishes and wait on table, and muss up my clean kitchen."

"I've polished him off as well as I could at short notice," he anxiously affirmed.

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"If he don't suit the captain I'll ship as cook myself next voyage."

With a fair wind the *Caroline B.* stood out of the harbor and laid her course to the southward. Pacing the tiny poop-deck was the spare, erect figure of her master in a uniform of blue from which the gilt buttons of the Constellation Line had been removed. Nothing of chagrin or humiliation was written upon his thin, kindly features, only thanksgiving that this opportunity for usefulness had been vouchsafed him. The crew showed solicitous eagerness to please him. They viewed him as a great man fallen to a very humble estate. The respectful friendliness touched him exceedingly. The seamanship which he had learned in sailing craft came back to Captain Dorland and he showed his men that he knew the business of handling a schooner. The good wind, the heaving deck, the spatter of spray, the slatting of canvas and the whining song of the blocks revived in him the ardent interest of the yesteryears.

When the *Caroline B.* was abreast of a bight of the Maine coast, a strong westerly breeze came bowling across a bright sea under blue skies. The captain hauled further in to find smooth water under the lee of the land and let the sturdy vessel drive with all sail set. The mate was upon the forecastle-head tinkering with a broken capstan-pawl. Straightening himself, he glanced beyond the bowsprit by force of habit and discerned a white motor-launch a little to starboard of the schooner's course and not far distant. It appeared to be drifting without headway, now lifting on the backs of the breaking waves, now wallowing in the small valleys between. He sang out to the man at the wheel and Captain Dorland, who was scanning a chart in the cabin, jumped on deck.

There were two persons in the launch, one of them a man who raised his coat on the end of a boat-hook and flourished it as a signal of distress. The captain caught up his binoculars and stepped to the rail, telling the mate to heave the schooner to.

The other occupant of the launch was a woman, slender, composed, who showed no signs of alarm. Her hair was as white as Captain Edward Dorland's. He stared, and the hands which held the glasses were so unsteady with excitement that the vision of the woman came and went. The woman with whom he had talked that day on the bridge of the *Centarus?* The shipmate who had inspired his yearning affection? He forgot to be ashamed that she should find him thus.

It was easy to perceive that the disabled launch had been blown off-shore. Cleverly manœuvred, the schooner ran close alongside and the mate, waiting his chance, leaped in and helped the man fend off. Captain Dorland dropped a short ladder from the bulwark, moving with the activity of a boy. Then, as he stood braced to catch her, Miss Tyndall recognized him. With a startled gesture she rose to her feet and clung to the coaming while she gazed up at the captain in wordless amazement. He flourished his cap and lustily shouted:

"You are Miss Amelia Tyndall or her ghost. Welcome aboard my vessel. Steady, now."

The mate picked her up, biding his time until the launch lifted again, and swung her to the ladder with a heave and a toss. Captain Dorland caught her, an arm around her trim waist, and helped her to mount the low bulwark. After her came a trunk and several pieces of hand-luggage. The navigator of the launch scrambled to the deck and his crippled craft was dropped astern in tow. The mate hovered in the background, expecting an order either to put the schooner on her course or to land the castaways at some near-by port. The crew, moved by lively curiosity that two old friends should meet in this odd fashion, edged within earshot. They heard Miss Tyndall say, in fluttered accents:

"Is it really, actually you? Are you quite sure you are not your own twin brother?"

"Thank God, I'm no twin brother nor anybody else but myself," devoutly exclaimed the skipper. "Bless my stars, how did *you* happen? Where do you hail from and whither bound?"

"I was on my way from Mr. Underwood's island estate off the coast yonder. My intention was to reach the mainland and take a train to Boston. But the motor-boat broke down."

"But you haven't returned from Europe, my dear woman."

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"My cousin, Mrs. Underwood, died very suddenly in France," she explained. "And her husband brought home the little girl, Dorothea, and opened his place on the island. The child is delicate, the shock affected her seriously, and the physicians advised this bracing air. But you, Captain Dorland——"

"I am in command of the coasting schooner, *Caroline B.* of St. John."

He spoke with simple dignity and perfect poise, master of himself and the circumstances. Reminded of her plight he went on to say:

"You wish to be set ashore to continue the journey? With this off-shore breeze I'm afraid I can't fetch much nearer than Boothbay Harbor."

The man in charge of the launch stepped forward to assure him:

"That will suit me, sir. I can make repairs in Boothbay and go back to-morrow under my own power. It's very kind of you."

"Then ease off and keep her sou'-sou'-west," the skipper told the mate. "Now, Miss Tyndall, will you come below and let me try to make you comfortable while we spin our yarns? The cook will fetch tea and a bit to eat, presently."

They vanished into the cabin and the mate, who had left a sweetheart in St. John, sagaciously observed to the mainmast:

"If it isn't an old-folks' courtin'-match that we've crossed the hawse of, then you can call me seven kinds of a liar. Their faces were just shining."

Miss Amelia Tyndall dropped wearily into the armchair at the desk. For a spinster of her age the episode of the drifting launch had been excessively trying. She could not understand why, but as she looked at the captain and then at the pleasant room with its sense of simple homeliness, tears filled her eyes. He let her rest in silence for a few minutes before he gently began:

"I wanted you to think me a grand man, commanding a big ship. I put my best foot forward to win your favor. I am sorry I deceived you. It was my last voyage and I knew it. And I was due to be chucked ashore, stranded, finished."

"You were not guilty of false pretences, Captain Dorland. It must not make you unhappy. I—I admired you—not because of your ship——"

"And now you find me in this little schooner, earning my daily bread—doesn't it make a difference?" eagerly exclaimed the mariner.

"Why should it?" she asked with engaging sweetness. "I see no difference in you. Isn't it the finer thing to bear adversity with pride and fortitude? But you must hear my confession now. I deceived you. I am only a poor relation, nobody at all. While my cousin, Mrs. Underwood, was living, she gave me a home, and clothes—and I made myself useful. Her husband is a hard, unfeeling man. He sent me away—told me yesterday—I was too old. He wanted a younger woman with Dorothea now that her mother is gone."

The distressing tidings brought no gloom to Captain Dorland.

"What do you expect to do with yourself?" he blithely inquired.

"What can a poor relation do when she has worn her welcome out? I shall try to find work of some kind," was the brave answer.

A moment later Miss Amelia Tyndall discovered that she was standing close to Captain Edward Dorland. He was patting her cheek with his hard, brown hand. His white mustache brushed her lips and she was not indignant. She heard him say:

"So you and I are in the same boat, my dear. Dismissed on account of old age. Are you willing to stay in the same boat with me, and call this schooner home—our home?"

"Nothing in this whole wide world could make me so happy," she murmured, radiant and content.

In the firm tones of one accustomed to command, he announced:

"You will stay aboard for the run to Boston, Amelia. It is perfectly proper for such superannuated lovers. You will have my quarters all to yourself. Then we shall have a wedding, as soon as I can get a boat ashore. And our honeymoon voyage will be back to St. John. And there will be dear, kind friends to welcome you, friends who have made this wonderful thing possible. It has all come true at last, all that I dreamed of when I was young."

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THE GENIUS LOCI

By Carter Goodloe

BONBRIGHT held out the newly arrived copy of *L'Art Universel* opened at Bannister's article on Goya, but Penrose shook his head.

"Thanks," he said; "the truth is, I never read Bannister now."

"What! you disown the Lucifer of American art criticism! My dear Penrose, what can have happened to you?" cried Bonbright aghast.

"My dear Bonbright, don't be tragic," laughed Penrose. "Nothing has happened to me—except a loss of faith in the gentleman you vociferously style 'the Lucifer of American art criticism.' In fact, my dear boy, I entertain now about the same sentiments toward Bannister as an art critic that you would toward a surgeon who had cut off your leg when it was your arm that needed amputation."

"My dear fellow, you speak in riddles—do explain yourself!" murmured Bonbright, knocking the ash from his cigar.

His host laughed again. "All right," he said, settling back in his *chaise longue* and looking reminiscently out into the starlit night.

They were sitting in the loggia of Penrose's little white villa just beyond Montreux. In the warm summer night they could make out the twinkling lights of near-by villas and the big white blur above Vevay and Villeneuve, and could hear the cool lapping of the water against the stone parapet at the foot of the gardens. In the softly lighted room at their back Penrose's young wife—an English girl with a contralto voice too precious to be exposed to the night air—talked animatedly with Mrs. Bonbright. A delicious sense of privacy brooded over the place—a privacy that Penrose took good care should be rarely interrupted except by the occasional visit of old friends such as the Bonbrights.

"My loss of faith dates from the last of my rare visits to America when I became Bannister's guest," said Penrose at length, pulling reflectively at his cigar. "My guestship was absolutely involuntary, however—pressed upon me by Bannister—and it is this fact that palliates, to my way of thinking, the somewhat dreary happiness I experienced in being a spectator of his professional confusion. I say 'dreary' because, although I had disliked Bannister from the time we were boys together in old Ridgewold, still I had thoroughly believed in his impeccability as an art critic—in fact, my dislike had increased in direct proportion to my conviction of his value as an artistic monitor—and after all one does not exactly enjoy having one's firmly established illusions indecorously knocked about. Indeed, I remember, on his frequent appearance in print, having often referred to him, with the careless ingenuity one displays in mentioning celebrated connections, as 'my old friend, the author Bannister.' I don't do it any more. The truth is that Bannister had made good and I hadn't—in other words, if he hasn't turned out an artist he has become an eminent art critic, the next best thing to it in Ridgewold's estimation, while I, as you know, have subsided into a dilettante musician. Oh, no! don't protest! I am perfectly aware that while I am an extraordinarily good amateur I would be an extremely poor professional. Fortunately, having no money worries, it hardly matters, and I am and have been perfectly content with my lot. Music has always been my ruling passion, and this little villa suits me perfectly. So don't think for a moment that I've ever really envied Bannister—except for a few years when we were boys together in Ridgewold.

"Do you know Ridgewold? No? Well, it's a far cry from Chicago, though I dare say that most of the inhabitants of my native town would be surprised to know that even a Chicago stock-broker could be ignorant of Ridgewold's existence, and they would give you distinctly to understand that it was your misfortune, not theirs. Ridgewold, my dear Bonbright, lies enfolded in the Connecticut hills and an at-

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mosphere of art. The surrounding country is enchantingly picturesque—a fit setting for Ridgewold, and artists annually forgather there for the summer with enthusiastic pupils who camp upon the scenery and reproduce it with more or less fidelity and success. You know the kind of place I mean. When I go back—which isn't often—I go for the scenery.

"It's not a large place, though it has long since outgrown its suburban name, and in any event its inhabitants make up in artistic culture and intensity what they lack numerically. The whole place is permeated with art—it amounts to a saturated solution; the houses are artistic, even the station is artistic with its 'tapestry bricks' and glazed tiles. As one walks about one is continually being startled by coming upon architectural bits that recall—if faintly—different European capitals, and continually impressed with the idea that this is not so much an American town as an art centre. It's been an art centre ever since John Quincy Lithgow lived and painted and died there. His daughter, Miss Felicia Lithgow, a charming little old lady, lives there still. What! You never heard of Lithgow! Good Lord! I'm confoundedly glad we are on the shores of Lake Geneva and not in Ridgewold. Even here I feel like sinking my voice!

"Lithgow, my dear fellow, was one of the early ones. He flourished along in the thirties and forties—you'll find him in anything on American art. He founded what was at one time derisively called 'the Connecticut school,' and he was, in my humble opinion—re-inforced by Laley's—a remarkable painter, if he and his school did suffer ridicule and neglect before America woke up to art. Not that he ever suffered either ridicule or neglect in Ridgewold. Through him did Ridgewold become dedicated to art. He was 'the man who made Ridgewold famous.' He was a god there, the deity of the place—at least until Bannister came. But I'll get to Bannister directly.

"As for Lithgow—my dear Bonbright, I wish that you had seen any of his canvases. You would better understand my enthusiasm. I can only say that when our American landscape art was in its not over-promising infancy, there appeared this young painter, a born *pleinairist* years before even the term was coined, with a vigorous style of his own as different from the tentative, academic processes of most of his fellow pioneers as possible. He had invented a happy method, a legitimate trick, of throwing vivid colors together on the canvas with dazzling, bravura strokes that put cross-hatching, dotting, stippling, and such-like makeshifts to shame and produced a radiant luminosity that was later to be the chief glory of the French open-air school. And by a miracle of good fortune he had, too, a feeling for the harmony of line and masses almost as accented as his sense of color. Understand me—I don't mean that his brush work and drawing were always masterly—how could they be? He was almost entirely self-taught, and he never put his foot off of American soil. But if his methods were sometimes faltering, his ideals were always loftily inaccessible to all but himself. While his fellow artists were busy with remunerative portraiture and 'the painted anecdote,' while his fellow landscapists were smearing titanic canvases with chromo-lithographic representations of Rocky Mountains and Yosemite Valleys, or subordinating their art to allegorical horrors, Lithgow contented himself with the *paysage intime* of his own Connecticut. He went straight to nature, and he could make a purling brook sing you a low song between its sedgy banks, a defoliated tree against a windy sky sigh out a message.

"Unfortunately, Lithgow was not prolific. He must have painted *tout d'un coup*, and, if he failed of his hoped-for effect, sulked and started in on something else. I've a notion that he destroyed an immense amount of work. At any rate, his pictures are rare—you don't meet with them often in the big galleries. There are three in Ridgewold and a few scattered about in private collections. I think that is one of the things that put poor Bannister on the wrong tack about him—he believes literally that there is safety in numbers—likes a man to have a lot of canvases to his credit!

"Well, to get back to Ridgewold. As I've said, I rarely go back, and when I do it's only for Lithgow and the scenery. Ridgewold itself bores me. You see, the atmosphere is so surcharged with art—pictorial art—that my lungs don't function properly in it. All my sympathies and few

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talents being enlisted on the side of music, I always felt like a social and artistic pariah. When I went to afternoon teas and art receptions and heard everybody about me babbling of 'planes' 'glazing and scumbling,' and the virtues of the *pointillists*, I felt as helpless as a ship in a fog, and the worst of it was that I couldn't blow a horn or send out any C Q D messages. I just had to drift conversationally and excite as little attention to my unfortunate artistic position as possible. It would only have made things worse and nobody would have come to my assistance. Nobody, that is, except Peabody. Peabody helped me a lot. Peabody was an art student in Paris when I was at the Conservatoire. He had started in for literature, but had got side-tracked to art. He didn't know the bass from the treble cleff, but literature was our bond of union, and after a while I took to frequenting studios and art exhibitions with him, at first for the pleasure of being in his company and later because I found that under his peculiar tutelage I was actually learning something about art. You see, my dear fellow, he pursued the very simple method of translating art into terms of literature for my benefit. Now, when a man tells me that such or such a painter is the Swinburne of art, I seize his idea; or that such another is as great a 'stylist' as Henry James, I get at what he means. I was blind to an exquisite little thing of Manet's until he took the seals off my eyes by suddenly saying one day that it was to art what 'Mutability' was to lyric poetry. He had translated it for me into a language I understood. By a rigid adherence to this artistic-literary method I have arrived at some comprehension of art—at a tardy but enthusiastic appreciation of Lithgow.

"But all this was long after I left Ridgewold. At twenty I couldn't stand the place any longer, so I packed my things and started for Paris and the Conservatoire, and I've been back only at long intervals since.

"The last time was three years ago—a year before my marriage. I hadn't been home for a long while, I am so confoundedly contented here. But one morning I woke up with a restless feeling. I wanted a sight of America and boresome, art-soaked old Ridgewold. The next day I rushed up to Paris, took the boat train, and caught the *Kronprinzessin* at Cherbourg. I thought I had had a happy inspiration until I saw Bannister directing a deck steward where to put his steamer-chair.

"Well, he took possession of me from the first. He is one of those irritating people who, by boisterously and unrelentingly assuming your eternal friendship, make it impossible for you to reveal the real coolness of your sentiments. By the time we were half-way across the Atlantic I had seen enough of Bannister to last me a lifetime, and felt as if I had never left home. The worst of it all was that I had committed myself to stopping with him while in Ridgewold. I could no more withstand his cheerful certainty that I would enjoy being his guest than I could stem the torrent of his local information.

"The most important item of his budget of Ridgewold 'news' was the recent gift to our native town of a magnificent new art museum by Mr. John Greatorex, president of Ridgewold's bank. I had barely time to reflect, not without trepidation, that art must have become an even more potent influence in Ridgewold than of old, to have made 'tight-wad Greatorex' yield up three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, when I was made aware that I was speaking with the first vice-president and the chairman of the art committee. And I had scarcely assimilated this idea of Bannister's duplex greatness when I received the subtle impression that though there were three on the committee, Bannister himself was really the only one who knew anything about art.

"In my passive rôle of listener I was further informed that it was Bannister who had originated the idea of importing a foreign director to be at the head of the new art museum for several years and to give a *cachet* to the affair. As chairman of the art committee he had himself gone to Paris to see Laley and 'pick up' a few art treasures on the market. The negotiations and purchases having been triumphantly concluded—he had got hold of a Dagnan-Bouveret Madonna and a dancing-girl of Carrière Belleuse as *pièces de résistance*—Bannister was then on his way back to Ridgewold to superintend the transfer of the art objects from the old gallery to the new and prepare the way for Laley's arrival, which was to be in a few weeks. I had known Laley slightly in Paris myself,

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but I had not thought it worth while to interrupt Bannister's flow of information to speak of that fact.

"Well, my dear fellow, by the time we got to Sandy Hook I was so tired of Bannister and his art projects and Ridgewold affairs in general that I pretended important business in New York and stopped over there for a week to recuperate. But Bannister, of course, was so *affairé* that he could hardly get from the pier to the Grand Central fast enough.

"When I joined him at Ridgewold a week later I found that he had accomplished prodigies. The old art gallery had been completely denuded and the new one was so nearly in order that a reception was to be held the very afternoon of my arrival, that the impatient *conoscenti* of Ridgewold might get a glimpse of their new art treasures.

"Bannister was so busy that he couldn't meet me at the station, but his motor was there, and after a hasty and solitary luncheon at his house, I was driven up to the new gallery, where I found him excitedly directing the hanging of a last dozen canvases. While he was thus engaged, I strolled about alone, glad to see things by myself, and I confess it was all good—very good. An hour before the reception Bannister got away from his workmen and joined me. He wanted to take me about himself, he said, and I was in such good humor with everything that I even failed to be irritated by the implication that I hadn't been able to see much by myself. He was full of enthusiasm, an enthusiasm that seemed to be justified, and I said so.

"'But wait!—just wait until you see our *salon carré!*' chuckled Bannister. 'I am saving it for the last—the *bonne bouche*. My dear Penrose, there are things in it that will astonish you. There's a seapiece of Flameng's—*c'est épatant!*'

"By the way, it was a treat to watch Bannister going about getting opera-glass effects of the pictures through his doubled-up hands and babbling in French *argot* of 'tonality,' 'architectonic backgrounds,' 'wilful chiaro-oscuro,' and 'Munich platitudes'!

"As we went from room to room, in spite of Bannister's exaggerated enthusiasm I could not help but concede that the collection had made great strides—Laley would certainly have something to begin on. Only one thing surprised and mystified me. Nowhere, among the old favorites I recognized nor among the many new acquaintances, did I see the three Lithgows which had hung for so many years in Ridgewold's old art gallery. It finally struck me that of course for them had been reserved the honor of hanging on the walls of the *salon carré*. You can therefore imagine my amazement when on looking about me in that decidedly crude imitation of the Louvre's famous treasure-room I failed to find them—they were nowhere to be seen.

"My curiosity could stand no more, and clapping Bannister on the shoulder I cried out: 'My dear boy, *where* are the Lithgows?'

"For a moment he was visibly embarrassed and I could see that he was meditating an evasive answer; and then summoning all his artistic fortitude he turned resolutely upon me.

"'My dear Penrose, they are where they ought to be—stored in the basement with half a dozen other impossible canvases that I've had removed.'

"I stared at him incredulously. His statement sounded too monstrous to be believed. I was so evidently thunderstruck by his reply that, in spite of his assurance, he must have felt slightly disconcerted, for he began an explanation, a sort of extenuation.

"'My dear fellow,' he exclaimed impatiently, 'of course you are shocked. I was shocked myself at first when it began to be borne in on me that they must go. I was as sentimental over it all as you could possibly be—more so, I dare say,' he added dryly. 'But *que voulez-vous?* I'm not here to uphold sentiment—I'm here to uphold art. It's a sacred trust. We've made a sort of fetish of Lithgow here, and it's time we stopped worshipping false gods. We've tremendously overrated him. Don't you see that, in the light of modern landscape-painting, his work is quite impossible? To be cruelly frank, it is rubbish. Lithgow and all the men of his day—an awful day, illumined by a light that certainly never was on sea or land—were all ineffectual, hopelessly on the wrong tack. I've only done my duty. I will confess to you it has cost me one or

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two sleepless nights, but I have the consciousness of having stuck to the right artistically at some expense to my feelings.' He spoke with an almost touching solemnity. 'I simply *couldn't* let a man like Laley come here and find such specimens of American art hanging about. I declare I believe he would take the next steamer back, and I wouldn't much blame him. Lithgow, my dear fellow, has had his day. I don't deny that he was something of an inspiration to the early ones, but he wouldn't be an inspiration now—he'd be an "awful warning." Considered in that light, I might have continued to let him hang, but I couldn't quite stand that—I've too much feeling for the dear old chap. I'd rather hide him quietly away—relegate him right now to the oblivion his methods were bound to bring him to.'

"I was still staring at Bannister at the end of this tirade, too much *abasourdi* to attempt to argue the matter with him—I would as soon have thought of trying to explain a Tschaikowsky symphony. I simply took refuge in personalities.

"'And what will *she* do?'

"He had the audacity to pretend not to understand me.

"'She? Whom do you mean?'

"'My dear Bannister, whom on earth should I mean but Miss Felicia?'

"He had the grace to color.

"'Ah, she will have her sleepless nights, too,' he declared at length.

"'Sleepless nights!' I cried. 'It will *kill* her. She has lived on her father's fame—blast it, and you will destroy her as surely as if you had put cyanide of potassium in her morning coffee. My dear Bannister, for Heaven's sake let your sacrifices to art take some other form than the blighting of a reputation and a life!'

"For an instant I thought he wavered, but the next moment, assuming the look of a harassed martyr and passing his hand with a theatrically weary movement across his troubled brow, he delivered his ultimatum.

"'My dear Penrose, I have but done my duty, and I must stick by it.'

"I was so irritated by his attitude of adamantine artistic probity that I was ready to reply with a good deal of heat, but was prevented by the arrival at that instant of the vanguard of expected callers. Further private conversation with Bannister being impossible, I walked away, relieved to be at least out of his presence. I strolled about, meeting old acquaintances and hearing the familiar artistic chatter, furbished up with the latest *argot* like an old spring bonnet with new ribbons. I was particularly occupied in keeping an eye out for Miss Felicia Lithgow, for since boyhood I had been fond of her, and I was genuinely concerned as to what effect the public dishonor heaped on her father might have upon the fragile little old lady.

"She came in at length—a charming figure in pale-gray silk, with a fine lace fichu at her throat and her white curls bobbing about beneath a rather smart gray straw bonnet. Her manner was graciousness itself and expressed, in some inoffensively inarticulate fashion, the fact that to her, in that artistic *milieu*, belonged by right of birth a certain pre-eminence, an especial importance.

"I watched her trip with an astonishing gayety and verve from one room to another, greeting her friends and seeking—I could not doubt it—the coigns of vantage where hung her father's masterpieces. It was rather pusillanimous of me, perhaps, but I confess, my dear Bonbright, that I actually took care to keep out of her way. I simply couldn't have borne the sight of her humiliation, and it was only by an unlucky accident that I found myself at the top of the stairway when she passed out. I sha'n't soon forget the stricken look on her dear old face. The white curls that had bobbed so merrily in unison with her gracious nods hung with a pathetic droop about her lined, thin face. The gray silk rustled dumbly as she tottered slowly down the steps. I gathered my wits together just in time to rush forward and offer her my arm. The poor little lady scarcely seemed to recognize me, and it was only as I put her in her carriage that she recovered her composure enough to murmur a tremulous invitation to come to see her.

"She went into retirement, saw absolutely no one, and the rumor was current that she was actually ill. I was really wretched over the affair myself and after a week determined to take advantage of Miss Felicia's invitation and see for myself how she was bearing up under the blow Bannister had administered. She lived in

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a little flower-embowered house just across the wide, elm-shaded street from Bannister's, and taking my courage in both hands I walked across one bright afternoon. The tidy maid who answered my ring was at first obviously opposed to my entrance, but when I assured her I was there at her mistress's own request, she reluctantly allowed me to come in and motioned me toward a little garden in the rear of the house. I found Miss Felicia there, seated in a chair drawn up in a sunny spot, and, although the day was overpoweringly warm, wrapped up in numberless fleecy white shawls out of which her drawn face peered pathetically. There was such a ravaged, blighted look about the little old lady that as I sank down on a garden bench beside her I almost wished I had not come. Even my worried imaginings had not been as bad as the reality.

"She showed unexpected fortitude, however, and for a long while tremulously kept clear of the whole topic of the new art gallery. I was just beginning to congratulate myself that I was going to make my escape without a reference to it when, unfortunately, she asked me where I was stopping. Involuntarily I faltered over Bannister's name and instantly she fixed me with her dark eyes, which had suddenly grown bright and angry. Her lips were drawn tight and a flush sprang to her withered cheeks.

"'Bannister!' she exclaimed; 'do not mention his name to me! He is a miscreant!'

"It may sound amusing to you, Bonbright, that in her personal distress and humiliation she should have called poor Bannister a 'miscreant,' but I assure you that at the time it seemed to me a peculiarly fitting epithet. When I looked at the pallid little old lady, and thought of that long life of honorable hero-worship crowned at last with insult, I could have called Bannister almost anything. The only feeling I was aware of stronger than my irritation against Bannister was a desire to comfort Miss Felicia. But I hardly knew how. I sparred for time.

"'My dear Miss Felicia,' I cried, 'why on earth do you call Bannister a miscreant?'

"'Ah, then you are one of those who think he has done right!' She spoke with a terrible bitterness.

"'Why, what has he done?' I faltered.

"She darted another bright, scornful glance at me, beneath which I covertly quailed.

"'Do you mean to tell me, John Penrose, that you don't know that he has dishonored my father?—refused to give a place to his pictures in this grand new art gallery?—don't you know that they are lying with the rest of the rubbish down in the basement of this new temple of art of which *he* is the high priest?' There was a sob in the thin, silvery old voice. A very passion of rage against Bannister took hold of me. I would have liked to thrash him at the moment. As that was impossible, the next best thing to do was to console Miss Felicia, and I determined to do so at all costs.

"'My dear Miss Felicia, certainly I know that your father's masterpieces are stored in the basement of the new art gallery—but of course you, too, know why!' I declared pleasantly. At that instant, I assure you, Bonbright, I hadn't the ghost of an idea what explanation I was going to give her, but I was thinking hard, and the next moment it came easily to my lying lips—full-grown like Pallas Athene from the head of Jove, if I may make use of so resounding a comparison.

"It was Miss Felicia's turn to falter. She was clearly puzzled by my tone and manner.

"'No, I don't know,' she said at length, dubiously, and looking hard at me.

"I crushed my soft hat between my knees and leaned forward with a smiling plausibility at which I hardly knew whether to be more astounded or pleased.

"'My dear lady, it's a question of varnish. There are some bad cracks, I believe, and Bannister is waiting to consult with Laley about a new varnish. As soon as the pictures are restored—!' I rose to go slowly. 'Have you any preference as to where they should hang? It's hard to tell about a new place—one has to get familiar with a new *milieu*. In the old gallery every one knew the best spots and the Lithgows always had them!'

"You can imagine, my dear Bonbright, that I did some hard thinking as I walked back to Bannister's. I really was in a tight place. I did not regret my inventiveness—I am an habitually truthful person

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and felt I could afford the luxury of an occasional lie—but the fierce alacrity with which Miss Felicia had welcomed my explanation of the absence of her father's landscapes from the walls of the new gallery had had something terribly pathetic in it. The rebound of her spirits was as sudden and complete as the crushing of them had been. Her blighted air passed with the passing of her humiliation. In fact, she dismissed me with all the old lofty graciousness that had characterized her manner for fifty years. What it would mean to her to be replunged in her gulf of despair made me shudder. I knew that it would be useless to argue further with Bannister—he had all the obstinacy of the essentially weak person. Besides, the poor fellow really thought he was doing his artistic duty—he was genuinely blind. I had vague notions of appealing to Laley. But really, on sober second thoughts I hardly saw how I could interfere. Laley was a man of determination, of the highest artistic honesty. He would scarcely tolerate a sentimental appeal from a comparative stranger. I consoled myself finally by deciding that at the worst I could leave Ridgewold—could fold my tent and silently steal away to the shores of Lake Geneva and forget things.

"If I had disliked Bannister before, you can understand how cordially I detested him after that interview with poor Miss Felicia Lithgow. Justly or unjustly, I blamed him with my added perplexities and difficulties. I got so that the sight of him at the breakfast-table destroyed my appetite, and I was confoundedly glad that business took him so frequently to New York and left me to the solitary enjoyment of his handsome bachelor establishment and the renewal of old Ridgewold ties.

"He really had a lot on his shoulders and had to see to a host of things which his associates on the art committee—who if they were artistic were certainly not businesslike—would not attend to. To add to his worries, he had not heard for some time from Laley and was much disturbed in consequence, for he wished to make the art director's arrival in Ridgewold something of an event. Laley was to stop with him for several days, and I think Bannister rather fancied himself in the rôle of cicerone to the great art connoisseur.

"Well, it was on one of Bannister's numerous absences in New York, five or six days after my visit to Miss Felicia, I think, that, as I sat in the open window in the library smoking a solitary after-luncheon cigar, a station cab—a deplorable affair—rolled up to the door and Laley stepped out. For a moment I certainly was surprised, and then recalling what I knew personally of Laley and what I had heard of him, I decided that his abrupt appearance was characteristic of the man. Doubtless Bannister had been unable to refrain from giving him a hint of the functions attendant on his arrival and, his shyness taking alarm, he had simply caught an earlier steamer and appeared unheralded.

"In the midst of my pleasure at renewing Laley's acquaintance, I couldn't help a passing regret for poor Bannister's keen disappointment. On his return I knew he would feel a good deal as Admiral Sampson did when he got back and found that the laurels meant for the adorning of his own absent brow were resting becomingly on the head of the man who had been 'Johnny on the spot.' But I confess my regrets evaporated quickly in the genial glow of Laley's presence. He is really a delightful creature, and was as interested as possible in the new art venture at Ridgewold, which must have seemed an odd enough place to him, by the way. After half an hour's rest he was eager to go over to the new art gallery and have a look at his future field of activity. It goes without saying that I was anxious to have the pleasure and privilege of accompanying him, and in my quality of host I ordered Bannister's motor and we drove over.

"He was graciousness itself in regard to the collection and rubbed his hands with satisfaction as we passed from room to room.

"'Mais c'est bien—très bien!' he declared warmly. 'Il y a de belles choses ici.' He looked about him at the walls of the *salon carré* with which I had concluded our promenade—I had followed Bannister's lead and saved it for the last. 'Mais—est-ce que nous avons tout vu? Il n'y a rien de plus?—pas de "beaux restes"?' he inquired smilingly.

"I looked at him doubtfully. Suddenly I had an inspiration.

"'There are some things stored in the basement. Suppose we give them a look.'

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"He assented with enthusiasm, and together we made our way to the basement. I had not been down there before and a vast confusion of packing-boxes reigned, but by good fortune we had not gone twenty paces when we came upon the three Lithgows leaning face outward against the wall. By another piece of good fortune, as we approached them a shaft of afternoon sunlight struck through a low window full upon them, bathing them in a mellow radiance. I had never seen them so exquisitely beautiful.

"I heard Laley utter a low exclamation and saw him hurry forward toward them.

"'*Mon cher*,' he murmured over his shoulder, 'whose are they?'

"'They are the work of John Quincy Lithgow, a native of this place, who lived and died here in 1850. How do they strike you?'

"For a few moments he did not answer; he was too busy moving rapidly from one canvas to the other, now scrutinizing them closely, now stepping back to get a better *coup d'œil*, and always ejaculating softly to himself.

"'How do they strike me?' he returned at length. 'My dear Monsieur Penrose, they are amazing, simply amazing.'

"'I think they are amazing, too—amazingly good,' I said.

"'Good!—my dear fellow, from certain points of view they are superb! And to think that they were painted before 1850! It's positively incredible! Don't tell me America has produced many such landscapists!'

"I shook my head. 'He's the best of the bunch,' I replied somewhat irreverently.

"'They are wonderful, wonderful!' murmured Laley. He turned one sidewise to get a softer light on it. It was a lovely bit of spring nature caught at twilight—the broad green edge of a river sparkling in the last shafts of afternoon sunlight, a group of feathery elms rising fountain-like into the radiant air. It was perhaps as successful as anything Lithgow ever did. Suddenly he looked at me. 'My dear fellow,' he cried, 'what puzzles me is what they are doing down here! In Heaven's name, why hasn't Monsieur Bannister had them hung?'

"I shrugged my shoulders and said nothing. I didn't intend to mitigate by a word the *mauvais quart d'heure* that I saw was in store for Bannister. He might square himself as best he could with Laley. I metaphorically left him to his fate, not without, as I told you, a somewhat dreary happiness in so doing.

"It was a full hour before I could drag Laley away from the new-found treasures, and we had scarcely time to get back to Bannister's and dress for dinner before that punctual and admirable meal was served. During our drive back Laley kept up a running fire of question and comment about Lithgow. He wanted to know all about him, and in return pointed out to me in his ardent, epigrammatic fashion a hundred beauties and excellences in his work that I had ignored. When we were seated at the table he again took up the theme and we were in the midst of a discussion of Lithgow's lyrical suggestiveness and a delicious *vol-au-vent* when Bannister entered, fatigued from his trip to town and inexpressibly surprised and disappointed at Laley's unexpected arrival, of which he had heard from his chauffeur.

"He seated himself at the table as he was and began profuse apologies and explanations of his absence. But Laley cut him short. He could understand perfectly how it had happened that there was no one at the Ridgewold station to meet him—what he couldn't understand was why Bannister had kept from him the knowledge of exquisite, unhung art treasures.

"'My dear fellow, you were sly—very sly!' he cried.

"Bannister turned an inquiring eye upon me.

"'Monsieur refers to the three wonderful Lithgows in the basement,' I elucidated, not without a grim amusement at Bannister's blank look, though I rather dreaded the hedging and crawling he would have to do later.

"'Ah, *mon cher*, they are indeed wonderful—wonderful!' murmured Laley enthusiastically.

"Bannister got up slowly and, going over to a table with smoking things on it, chose a cigar.

"'You like them, then?' he asked carelessly, striking a match.

"'Like them? My dear fellow, I have only seen the three you are lucky to have here, but they at least are masterpieces,

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tout simplement. He transcribes nature with a robust method—I think it is the vigorous young America in him!—but with as fluid a color, as free a handling, as though one of the moderns had done it for last spring's salon. He strikes that almost unheard note between realism and suggestiveness—you look at a reproduction of nature but you think of poetry!'

"Bannister had returned to the table and sat there nervously twisting his cigar between his thumb and forefinger.

"'Or music,' I suggested hastily, turning to Laley, for a sudden compassion for Bannister smote me. I saw that he was quite incapable of speech. 'I believe the appeal he makes to me, who know so little of art, is the musical appeal. The radiant luminosity of most of his canvases, the rich, sombre tones of others, make me think of the limpid melodies, the overcrowded chords of Chopin.'

"'Ah, yes—"the radiant luminosity." His light effects are more than clever—they are exquisitely *raffinés*. If his drawing leaves something to be desired, his color work is amazing for that day—amazing and characteristic. He had no need "to rescue his individuality by employing an out-of-the-ordinary handwriting in copying nature," as one of your critics has put it. And how deep and sincere a feeling for nature! He was great enough to be content to interpret her impersonally—a thing almost unknown in those days with you. His work, to my mind, is the forerunner of all that is best in your contemporary art. Cherish it accordingly, my dear sirs! What an astonishing artist he is *en somme!* and to think that he was a farmer's son, entirely self-taught; that he never left his native America! He should have come to us—he should have known Rousseau, Corot, Dupré! Ah! what things they would have had to say to one another!'

"During this eulogy of Laley's I had been watching Bannister not without a good deal of amazement. At the beginning of it he had been uneasy. I had caught his eye and I fancied that I saw in it an acute embarrassment, a tentative appeal. But as Laley progressed, as he felicitated Bannister again and again upon the possession of such an American painter and such works of art, I noted a change in Bannister's manner. He leaned forward; an enthusiastic expression lit up his not unhandsome features, he listened attentively, with an air of almost personal grateful appreciation. At the conclusion of Laley's remarks he half-rose and, to my flat amazement, stretched a cordial hand across the table.

"'My dear sir,' he cried, 'I thank you on behalf of all American artists and especially on behalf of Ridgewold, whose *genius loci* Lithgow was! You are generosity itself to the man who has been one of the very greatest inspirations to American art. I felt sure that his fame, his place, were safe in your hands. I knew you would do full justice to one of the greatest—perhaps the greatest—of our pioneers in art. I left him to you!'

"'In the basement,' I put in, somewhat offensively, I admit. Bannister stared at me. The look of tentative appeal had disappeared and one of somewhat belligerent innocence had taken its place.

"'In the basement!' he echoed. 'Certainly in the basement! I hardly felt competent to hang them. I wanted Monsieur Laley's advice. My position was somewhat delicate. I thought that we enthusiasts of Ridgewold might overestimate Lithgow's importance—' he hesitated and directed an ardent, inquiring glance toward Laley. As for myself, I looked out of the window. *I* had no wish to meet Laley's eye. I was afraid of what I might read there. I was Bannister's guest and I had no intention of 'giving him away.' But with this abstention I felt that our accounts were squared and I permitted myself the luxury of a last shot.

"'Ah, then I have made a mistake,' I said regretfully. 'I told Miss Felicia Lithgow—she was somewhat distressed that her father's pictures have not been *en évidence*—that it was a question of a few cracks—you wished to consult Monsieur Laley as to a varnish——'

"Bannister turned from Laley to me. 'My dear fellow,' he cried coolly, although I had the rather barren satisfaction of seeing him redden, 'that *is* a mistake! I wouldn't have the dear old lady think such a thing for the world. The pictures are in perfect condition—they are miracles of freshness! Upon my word you ought to put on your hat and go over this minute to set the matter straight with her.'

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"I looked at him for a moment over my coffee-cup. 'Suppose *you* go,' I suggested.

"'It will give me pleasure,' he declared genially, and picking up his hat where he had laid it on coming in, he strolled out of the house and across the way to Miss Felicia's door. Heaven only knows what he told her. I can only say that the next day I received a loftily reproachful note from Miss Felicia in which she was glad to inform me that I had been quite mistaken about her father's pictures—they were in excellent condition and were to be hung immediately in the *salon carrê*.

"And now, my dear Bonbright, if you'll come in with me, I'll get my wife to sing 'Caro Mio Ben' for us."

WITH WALTON IN ANGLE-LAND

By Robert Gilbert Welsh

YOUNG Charles was crowned in ancient Scone
With sceptre, robe and ring,
Upon the royal seat of stone
As fits a Stuart king.
At Worcester he was put to rout,
To France he fled away,—
The doughty Cavaliers were out,
It was Noll Cromwell's day.
"Alas!" good Isaak Walton sighed,
His puzzled head he shook,
Then through the meadow-sweet he hied,
And fished in Shawford Brook.

Next, Cromwell with a tongue of flame
Swept Parliament aside.
"Traitors, self-servers, men of shame,
Begone! Begone!" he cried.
By ones and twos they slipped away,
Noll Cromwell turned the key.
If England in that April day
Had Parliament,—'twas he!
It was the time of fly and rod,—
Ik Walton breathed a prayer
Resigning England unto God
And angled in the Ware.

Then Cromwell died, and in his place
His son ruled England sore
Till, haply in a day of grace,
The King came home once more.
At Whitehall then he spent his time
As no wise king may do,
With idle gaming, naughty rhyme,
A careless love or two.
The folk of England said their say
With many "Haws!" and "Hems!"
But Isaak Walton slipped away
And angled in the Thames.

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The younger Isaak sprouted fast,
  Old Christ Church knew him well.
Deep learnèd, he came home at last
  From famous Doctor Fell.
And when in Holy Orders bound,
  He preached at length,—no doubt
The elder Isaak slumbered sound
  And dreamed, perchance, of trout.
    The buds were breaking on the thorn,
      The skies were blue above—
    Did Isaak wait for Monday morn
      Ere angling in the Dove?

Ik Walton, full of years and pain,
  Dull-eyed and short of breath,
Had seen four English monarchs reign,
  Had known one done to death.
His time was come,—in good round script,
  He wrote his will, full bold,
Remembering those whom Winter nipt,—
  The poor and weak and old.
    He prayed in Wykeham's stately pile,
      Where now he sleeps in stone,
    Then in the Itchen for a while
      He angled all alone!

THE POINT OF VIEW

THERE are times when I grow impatient of our threshold, it is so new, and consequently so expressionless. Under the green door, wide to admit whatever may come of life, it waits, hospitable and expectant, but it is as yet unworn. No hollows tell of the coming and going of patient and impatient feet; no dead have gone forth over it toward that vast threshold that waits us all; nor has the foot of wise physician touched it, coming to usher new life over the threshold of the earth. It is ignorant, slow to learn even the wisdom that we have brought it, and yet—experience comes, for it guards a busy doorway. Young seekers after knowledge cross and recross it, for ours is an academic world. Gladly we share our crumb and pour our cup—small, small, yet blue with the blue of far distance—with these young wayfarers, pilgrims of the soul, who stop with us for a moment now and then in the endless quest of youth. I like the sound of their swift footsteps, with the touch of eagerness, of question, and the firm note of assurance; already they feel the goal. Even if no bride has paused upon our door-step, joyously venturing into the unknown, radiant-faced maidens bring their fiancés for our benediction; breathlessly they study our house-plan, look enviously at our dishes, and glance shyly at our *Catering for Two*. There is one fair-haired, motherless girl, now busy, robin-fashion, in gathering together this and that for her home nest, whom we mean to coax here for her wedding, but as yet she does not know. Whatever hospitality we offer means receiving more than we give, for in all this friendly coming and going across our threshold we feel a sense of fellowship with firesides that we shall never see.

The Threshold —The Real

We have other, and many, guests, seen and unseen. When the crisp, busy winter

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days, and the busier days of spring, are over; when all are gone and no one else uses the knocker—old friends step from old books to visit us: Shakespeare, with his timeless wisdom, droll Lamb, and tender Thackeray, whom, in jest and in earnest, we understand better than we do more modern acquaintances. Old, charmèd days come back to linger with us, golden moments of delight in new beauty or new insight, by far seashore or distant mountainside. In the summer silences, now and then old sorrows knock, ever so gently; they have been trained to be unobtrusive, and we are too fully occupied to entertain them often. Through the warm fragrances of honeysuckle, rose, and sweetbrier, while drowsy birds chirp outside, they sometimes enter and possess the house, but with new faces, for

"Sorrows change
Into not altogether sorrow like."

Sometimes when the eternal struggle between the two human impulses to go, to stay, leaves the former triumphant, I fling forth, impatient of the limitations of my own threshold. Though the little white house with the drooping roof looks the embodiment of home and of sheltering peace, for the time I will none of it, being breathless for knowledge of how life has fared with others. Lingering, lingering along the open road, I read much of the experience of my neighbors, human and other, written on their doorways. The bank-swallows, with their fascinating thresholds in the sand cliff near by; the orioles, with their safe, high thresholds of silken thread; the squirrel, whose doorway is a hole in a decayed chestnut; the woodchuck, into whose house I almost stepped, uninvited, are of undying interest. I know an old frog who lives down by a bend in the river, a philosopher, a friendly Diogenes, crooning and booming from his damp and charming residence, sheltered by reeds and lily-pads. His surprised and scolding protest the other night when a canoe, gliding too near, violated the sanctity of his watery threshold, roused sympathy of full understanding in me. We are not so far as we think from the stages of unobtrusive life that go on in meadow and wayside. The wood near us is one great threshold of innumerable homes that suggest a hundred points of contact with our own; through the silences, bright, brave eyes watch the intruder from beyond the guarded doorways. I feel my pride in house-building put to shame by these little houses, often stronghold and larder in one, hidden with wise cunning, and showing a tender and secret wisdom shut from me.

I like to watch, too, people at their doorways: the white-headed carpenter, who sits on the front step of his little brown house by the aqueduct; the bent old woman at the edge of the wood who banks her tiny habitation with leaves when winter comes her way; the "spinsters and the knitters in the sun," on their old-fashioned porches in the old-fashioned villages near by. From all the walks and ways of life what knowledge have these folk brought home; word, or look, or gesture may perhaps bring some fragment of their hard-won wisdom to me as I pass. The wise ways of mothers with their children, and the charm of old faces, I see often through the lighted pane. If, sometimes, rough words resound; if the uncanny howling of the phonograph, the modern banshee, is heard through the open doorways of the poor—one hears too words that are the very melody of human life. Music floats to me across these thresholds, sometimes fine and sweet and far; two afternoons ago, the Pilgrim Chorus from "Tannhäuser," played by some one who understood, stole through the leaves and set the pace for me, coming, as music should, as a divine surprise.

There is nothing that more fully betrays the individuality of the dwellers within than these entranceways through which they come and go between their arcana, their secret selves, and the world outside. Character is written on a doorway, and human history on a gate-post. As I stroll past the lodges of the great estates hereabout, the stately hospitality of one tells me all I wish to know about the indwelling human spirit, for the generous paths are open, the wide driveways and curious close-clipped gardens are free to all; while the churlish sign of another, "Positively no admittance," makes up a fairly complete biography. Certain doors wear always an expression of the wisdom that reigns within. One is that of the village cobbler, who sits forever at work in his tiny shop, among his many lasts, pieces of leather with their pungent smell, shoemakers' wax, awls, needles, and innu-

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merable instruments whose names I do not know. He mends holes, puts on rubber heels, and performs other cunning deeds, for his is the ancient and honorable task of fitting the human pilgrim for the endless way, and he does it well, being of incorruptible honesty. When the latest muck-raking article about corruption in this or that leaves me in despair about the race of mankind, I am sometimes tempted to cut holes in my shoes that I may have excuse for going down to watch the cobbler. He has solved the Labor Problem by laboring all the hours of daylight; at night the uncurtained window shows him often busy by candle-light, his head bent in the fashion belonging only to those who take absorbing interest in their tasks. I have never yet succeeded in getting him to utter a single sentence about anything but shoes, but watching his silent, busy toil, I feel in the presence of one who Knows.

There are other thresholds that encourage belief in the worth of life, at which I feel like taking the shoes from off my feet, such holy living and dying has been carried on there. Crossing one, I feel at once the jolly and indomitable courage of a widowed mother, who, worn out by the struggle for existence, lately fell ill, but fought her way back from the very gates of death when recovery was impossible, her physicians said, that she might protect her growing boys and girls a little longer. Such tales give one thoughts one hardly dare fathom about the reach of the human will; truly, were it not for the record written on certain thresholds of our kind, we should faint and fail altogether, I fancy, in this allotted task of life.

The Symbol

FROM these habitations which have something of the secret of true living to share with him who enters, I turn sometimes toward deserted abiding-places, impressive in the silence of life gone by. There is one with worn gray stone steps that lead to a grass-grown threshold out under the open sky. Lilacs blossom by the door-step; old-fashioned pink roses tell when June is there, but the house has vanished forever, and will not give up its garnered wisdom. Not far is a fine, old-fashioned, uninhabited farmhouse, which, in spite of the encompassing quiet, looks as if life still stirred within. But tendrils of woodbine which have reached out from each side of the front door have clasped hands across the portal; the tangle of sweet, blossoming things—lilies of the valley, narcissus, periwinkle, and purple iris—are neglected in the shade of the tall solemn pines, and of clustering lilac and ragged syringa.

I can think of no more charming place for a new home than this, with its beautiful, rough stone gate-posts, its sheltering apple-trees, and its vines, vines everywhere, over the house, up the trees, and in great masses over the stone wall—woodbine, bittersweet, clematis, wistaria, tangled and entwined in loveliness of leaf and blossom. Pathos clings to it now, and it rouses wistful wonder, as does every spot where the flame of human life has gone up and out, whether sloping-roofed cottage of New England, or gray-rock mountain site of prehistoric city on the road to Epidaurus, dreaming against the blue-green sky of Greece, with eagles circling round.

There are other silent doorways that are full of eloquent appeal, such as the churchyard in our busy village, with motors and street-cars whizzing by, and many footsteps crossing and recrossing it past the old white headstones. It gets no moments for itself and for eternity except at dim midnight. There is a still older one in the ancient village to westward, set, with its gray and weather-beaten slabs, moss-touched, half hidden by long grass, about the old white church that wears the charm of an elder day, with its quaint windows and its faded blue blinds. Over all spreads the shadow of a gigantic elm under which, it is said, the apostle Eliot used to preach to the Indians. Generations of the faithful have worn that threshold of the house of God, and have won their rest in the deep shade without. The quiet hospitality invites us; with the old, consuming curiosity we wait for a little near those grass-grown doorways, silent, lest some shade of the larger significance escape us. Over this vast threshold one steps to—what?

In visiting my vanished neighbors I often find relief, for I like, when watching their abiding-places, either vacant doorways or the resting-places where they lie snugly tucked up in mother earth, to fancy that they lived well and bravely, facing the difficulties and the puzzles that we are facing

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now, victorious on the whole. Their hospitality is restful compared with that of some of the living, whose dwelling-places resound with anxious talk and question, loud debate and argument, and problems—you would think to hear them that human life had never been a problem before our time! I have an idea that part of this is mistaken zeal for well-being; that home should be the abiding-place of peace, and that he who has solved the problems of his own fireside has made his best and wisest step toward solving the problem of the whole.

The only unfortunate side of that otherwise perfect relaxation, walking, is that it sooner or later sets you to thinking; the slow jogging on of one's footsteps almost inevitably stirs one's brain, and then, one's mind is busy again, trying to solve the old riddle of existence! So, pondering, I walk until I am tired, then wander back, eager for the shelter of my own threshold, and glad to sink down upon it, unconsciously typifying the deepest paradox of human thought, the need of endless motion, the dream of endless rest. Those two old Greek philosophers who, like all philosophers since, were busy with the eternal apparent flux and change in things—that greatest and most tragic of all earth's problems, the glory and the despair of thinkers since the dawn of time—doubtless held opposing theories partly because they had different habits. Heraclitus, with his doctrine of constant shifting and endless motion through all being, probably paced and paced woodland walks and city streets and seashore, where he watched the waves; Parmenides, who taught eternal fixity, doubtless sat ruminating upon his own door-step, and was sure that all is stable and permanent.

As I sit upon my own, weary, somewhat dusty, and full of a sense of the recurring irony of life, I think, half-drowsily, while fireflies pass now and then against the soft darkness of the leaves beyond, of the significance of the threshold. To all of us, human, or bird, or beast, it means refuge; it has thus a sanctity that nothing else in the wide world possesses. It brings the joy of the familiar, the settled, to relieve the haunting sense of endless quest. This longing for the unchanging, sought through shifting theologies, philosophies, systems of thought, may, after all, be profounder than this sense of ceaseless process with which it is constantly at war. Of this longing the threshold is our best and most constant symbol. It stands for man's first faith, and for his final faith in life. The fact that he can fashion it bears witness to his deep belief in permanency; sitting upon it, he dreams his dream of stable existence—even, if he be so minded, of the time, or the eternity, when the immemorial hope of the race may come true in everlastingness. Whatever belief the threshold may possess is not that of ignorance, or knowledge withheld; there is utter pathos in the thought that this, the symbol of the lasting, must, more than any other part of the house, bear witness to all there is of change. The threshold survives flood and fire, wars and revolutions, cyclones, material and immaterial, external and internal. That enduring trust in home, one of the deepest things in human nature, is magnificent in this universe of constant flux and devastating change. Its sign and token, the threshold, flings its challenge to accident, disaster, sickness, death, for

> "It is more strong than death,
> Being strong as love."

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THE FIELD OF ART

CONTEMPORARY ENGRAVING ON WOOD

FOLLOWING the decline of wood-engraving before the advance of the improved photo-mechanical processes, in this country and abroad, there appeared something like an organized rescue of the art, a movement to set it up on a new basis, or an old one revived. This was greatly aided by an apparent revival of the desire of painters to seek in some form of engraving another medium of expression. It was accompanied by some very serious reversals of the ordinary conceptions of design for engravings, but these, also, found much of their justification in ancient examples. As for the longing to abandon pigment and brush for the burin and black ink, there were many causes—the adventurous human temperament for one. A purely artistic cause was an increased recognition of the very curious capacity of the black line, drawn or engraved, to render something of the individuality of the designer or engraver and—what is equally strange—very many things in Nature and Fancy with which it has, apparently, not the slightest relation. There is, really, not very much exaggeration in some of the claims made for this unnatural thing, a black line. "*Le trait*," says M. Henry Bataille, enthusing over the work of a contemporary etcher, Eugène Béjot, "that immediate means of expression sprung from the very subconsciousness of the artist, keeps under the hand of the engraver all its lineal beauty. . . . In such fashion that to a line which springs instinctively from the hand is added the amplification of the symphonic accents, light or grave, retained or supported." And he continues: "There is in this a veritable graphology, in the engraving of the painter (since the professional engraver abolishes, on the contrary, the personality of the line), a species of writing, and this graphology is, when rightly perceived, a revelation of the very soul which inspired it, whether it be that it had preserved in the design the unreflecting expressiveness of the sketch or whether it had transformed, on the contrary, this spontaneous impressionism into an organized and more deliberate ensemble." The subtle, the tremendous, things in heaven and earth that art has been able to express or suggest by means of black lines need not be cited.

For that "essential quality" in the "original engraving" of the day (more particularly in wood-engraving) which has come to be so much in evidence—the synthetic, it is called, attained frequently by the careful selection, the freedom and boldness and increased size and greatly diminished number of the lines and the greater amplification of the solid blacks and the spacious whites—an American artist, Mr. Arthur Wesley Dow, has furnished a general thesis: "Composition, building up of harmony, is the fundamental process in all the fine arts. I hold that art should be approached through composition rather than through imitative drawing. The many different acts and processes combined in a work of art may be attacked and mastered one by one, and thereby power gained to handle them unconsciously when they must be used together. If a few elements can be united harmoniously a step has been taken toward further creation. . . . This approach to art through Structure is absolutely opposed to the time-honored approach through Imitation." Mr. Charles H. Mackie, A.R.S.A., one of the most successful of the color-block engravers in England, testifies much to the same purpose: "One thing that has particularly struck me in this work, in which I have been experimenting for about fifteen years, is the capital exercise it affords of the picture-making faculty, since one sees one's picture grow to completion in such a logical way. No more perfect exercise, in fact, could be devised for educating the logical side of an artist, for one has to plan the whole result from the beginning, when one chooses one's forces and sequences of the block color-shapes, while throughout the printing one has to be as constantly on the alert as in painting, perhaps even more so, as any error in tone is irremediable." Some similarity in principle may be discovered between this system

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of instruction in art and those which have obtained in other branches of education.

With these, and other, buttresses for his cause the painter-engraver of the day, working on copper or on wood, has been encouraged to continue in these pictorial expressions of his temperament. The very restriction of his means has frequently given him inspiration—the expert workman's joy in overcoming difficulties—the pleasure in exploring new fields; the hope that in some new and entirely different technical process may be found more adequate presentation for those feelings, that vision of things, those "impressions, which he has received from his contact with nature and with life"—the possibility that with such apparently primitive methods as two or three flat tints, heavy outlines, and suppression of details there may be more truly presented (to a select audience), *e. g.*, the round white lighthouse tower on the dark crest of the hill against a shifting gray sky. The number and variety and greatly diversified temperaments of these "original engravers" in northern Europe and in the United States are surprising; and their activities are of recent date. The very first forerunner of what the French call *l'heureuse renaissance de la xylographie* was announced by Bracquemond, some twenty years ago, to be August Lepère, some of whose work is familiar to the readers of this magazine; the first exhibition of the Société des Artistes Graveurs Originaux was held in Paris, in the Galeries Manzi, Joyant et Cie., in 1911, and the first exhibition of the Société de la Gravure sur Bois Originale, in the Pavillon de Marsan of the Louvre, in November and December, 1912. In the latter there were three or four English-speaking exhibitors, one of whom was an American, Rudolph Ruzicka. The first of these exhibitions was a very comprehensive one, including etchings, lithography, engravings on wood and copper, all the processes of engraving and printing in black or in color, and many designs. Many of these lithographs and etchings, in black-and-white or in color, were not rendered in the summary methods favored by Lepère and his followers, but were much more conventional in technique, "finished" pictures, full of detail, treated broadly, more or less frankly decorative.

Without waiting for the second exhibition of the Society of Gravure Originale or the appearance of their journal, *Ymagier*, a number of the more enterprising *xylographes* organized an exhibition in November, 1913, in the Galerie Grandhomme in the rue des Saints-Pères in which they undertook to "modernize the frank facture of the ancestors" by works executed with the pen-knife, colored after the Japanese methods, with "disquieting nudes" and with "*camaïeux* largely rustic," etc. The very great liberty of design assumed in modern art, the almost entire freedom (if desired) from conventionality, the new freedom in the practically unlimited range of combinations of tone, color, and outline, give a surprising interest to these exhibitions. The visitor may readily get the impression that a new field of design has been opened, by the talent and the courage (sometimes reckless) of these artists.

The object of the Société de la Gravure sur Bois Originale, founded by wood-engravers, professionals and amateurs, is stated to be "to keep alive the true method of typographic wood-engraving—blank or in color—by assembling at expositions original work, and, by lectures, publications, etc., to again centre public attention on the art of wood-engraving, supplanted at present for many purposes by photo-engraving processes." Each exhibitor is required to agree in writing to send only original engravings on wood in the execution of which there shall have been no use of any photographic process. An interesting exhibition of some sixty of their works was shown in the gallery of the Museum of French Art, French Institute in the United States, in Madison Avenue, New York, in November and December, 1913. There are said to be in France to-day over twenty societies of wood-engravers, professionals and amateurs.

The "original engravers" on wood, sworn against the reproduction of any work but their own, found their inspiration, they assert, in "the wood-engraving of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, in the methods used by the Japanese for nearly three centuries." In the study of the prints of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries one of the leaders of these moderns, Pierre-Eugène Vibert, discovered "*la vraie tradition*" of the art: "A large and free distribution of the blacks and the whites, a harmony of tones and plans in the *camaïeux*, lines nervously

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expressive, and that striking and indelible aspect which is the peculiar appanage of typography." By *camaïeux* is probably meant that quality of low relief seen in early engraving, when tonal refinements for the purpose of rendering atmospheric depth were not sought, the aim being toward the decorative feeling of simple planes, with but little modelling. The French commonly use the term *en camaïeux* to designate engravings in chiaro-oscuro, such as those made in two blocks, the one on which the high lights are engraved and the other superimposed for the shadows. This simple process has been used with much success by some of the American engravers. The range of the new art is, in fact, very wide, a great variety of technical processes, of tools and materials, is allowed, and the most varying artistic temperaments may find means of expression. The engravings vary from the strictly linear on a white ground, or with the addition of bold patches of a single tint or color variously applied, to the fullest exercise of the color sense, or to the utmost delicacy of engraving in black tint only, where the individual line disappears in favor of the tone. This latter method, that of the much-scorned "reproductive" engraving, is not viewed with favor by many of the more advanced practitioners of the art.

In the use of color great latitude is allowed, and a few of these painter-engravers are painters of excellent quality and secure results with their color blocks that are of singular richness and beauty. In the exercise of the simplest methods—a strict reduction of the design to its main structural forms in black and white; in the dipping into luxury and alien fields by borrowing from the palette a single color, made into two or more by applying it either solid or broken into tints; in the gradual yielding to temptation and more painter-like processes; in the austere, artistic, etcher-like determination to render *everything* with the bitten or engraved black line—in all these, and in all the shadings from one of these to another, are hidden untold wealths of expression.

In some of these artists the Japanese influences, especially in the chromo-xylograph, are strongly evident, tempered more or less by individual and Western qualities. In the choice of materials individual tastes assert themselves: some cut the block with a pen-knife; the finer wood-engraving, for books, has been executed almost since the beginning on boxwood, because of the exceeding fineness of its grain; the coarser work, as for "posters," was usually cut on large pine or soft basswood blocks, free from knots; the contemporary engravers, in black and in colors, use box, cherry, pear, maple, sometimes sycamore; Mr. William Giles, one of the most successful of the English painter-engravers, prefers the wood of the Kauri pine from New Zealand. He also uses cameo zinc plates. The general testimony indorses Japanese paper to take the impressions in the finer work, as its long fibre enables it to withstand the vigorous rubbing to which it is subjected. Mr. Charles H. Mackie prefers oak for his blocks, and he mixes his color with an infinitesimal quantity of oil; he has discarded entirely the black key-block and relies for his effects on color shapes carefully juxtaposed. The color-printing is carried as far as thirty impressions or more, though these may be obtained from a very much smaller number of blocks. Very beautiful results in color and tone may be obtained by this more painter-like process, the completed proof presenting effects not unlike those accomplished by a very skilful use of water-color washes. The grain and quality of the wood from which it is printed give a peculiar texture and depth unlike that of the water-color, and in pure lightness and transparency of sky it is probable that the latter will excel.

Henri Rivière's generally larger pictures, in flat and slightly broken colors, with a free use of heavy but somewhat broken outlines in black or brown, present very decorative patterns and can suggest atmosphere and even aerial perspective by these simple means. His colored wood-engravings seen in connection with his water-color paintings enable the spectator to realize "his power of abstracting from either medium only that which is part of itself and which is closely allied to his interpretation of his subject." For the monochrome prints Lepère and others sometimes print their design, executed in black lines with a free use of solid blacks, on a flat light-gray tint which serves to complete the picture and give a decorative effect. Emile A. Verpilleux, as we learn from a recent magazine article,

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works on the ordinary surface of the block and not on that specially prepared by cutting against the grain. His paper is ordinary thick, absorbent paper; he uses printing-inks exclusively, and at most six or seven different blocks. With a somewhat summary, but sufficient, modelling he contrives to present very important features of his composition, as an entire building, in gradations of one or two flat tones of color. Sometimes this color-construction takes the form of a very intricate pattern, as the iron framework of a railway station. With this he combines, in the immediate foreground, trees, lamp-posts, little figures, carriages, etc., in almost or quite black silhouettes, much like the *Ombres Chinoises* of the regretted *Chat Noir* of Paris.

Of the American engravers, one of those who may be taken as a representative of the successful abstinence from color is William G. Watt, who makes use of every variety of line. Sometimes they are the finest, so that his proof is as soft and atmospheric as a wash drawing, as in his reproduction of his own painting, "The Pool"; and sometimes they reproduce boldly the slashing strokes of the crayon drawing—keeping them not too hard. He has an excellent feeling for the suggestion of color by tone; and not infrequently his line suddenly grows adventurous, as in windy skies, flying in every direction. This sudden contrast with the more conservative, strictly constructive, lines of his architecture and ground, as in his "Carcassonne," suggests much of that vividness and lack of solidity which the sky is apt to present in nature. An effective contrast is secured in some cases by different methods, as in a finished and smooth rendering for faces and hands and a much bolder one for contiguous portions, and he even uses in the same group both hard outlines and the softest blendings of the figure into the background. In his occasional use of color there is generally a discriminating economy, as in a little Japanese winter scene where the blue added is broken and softened in the sky and the snow shadows and solid in the small figures, the pool in the foreground, and the darks of the houses.

One of the closest followers of the Japanese is Miss Helen Hyde, who has lived in the island empire and generally renders Japanese subjects, both in colored woodblocks and in etchings. Rudolph Ruzicka has endeavored in an ingenious series of experiments in black-and-white and in color to preserve certain fine relations between the initial design, which is of first importance, the block, and the press—this including considerations of paper, ink, etc. The quality of the paper on which his block is to be printed is nearly always in the engraver's mind; a more satisfactory and artistic effect can be obtained on hand-made paper than on the glazed—the quality of the former giving a slight effect of texture, or of atmosphere, on the broken surface, and of embossing in the printing. Howard McCormick, on the contrary, is content to leave the printing of his blocks to the professionals, reserving himself for the more purely artistic problems; he believes in preserving the character of the wood-engraving as such, respecting his material, not sacrificing the quality of the wood in an attempt to reproduce closely the medium used in the design, etc.; usually he works with regard to the white line, but does not follow Linton implicitly. His proofs are generally low in tone, without vivid contrasts of light and shade, somewhat summary in modelling, and with great freedom and variety and frequently fineness of line. In the use of colors, as with three, which give in the printing seven, he thinks the best results can be obtained by having them all practically of the same tone, which insures a good general tone for the completed proof; generally the successive printing of all three will give a better black than the usual black printers' ink.

WILLIAM WALTON.

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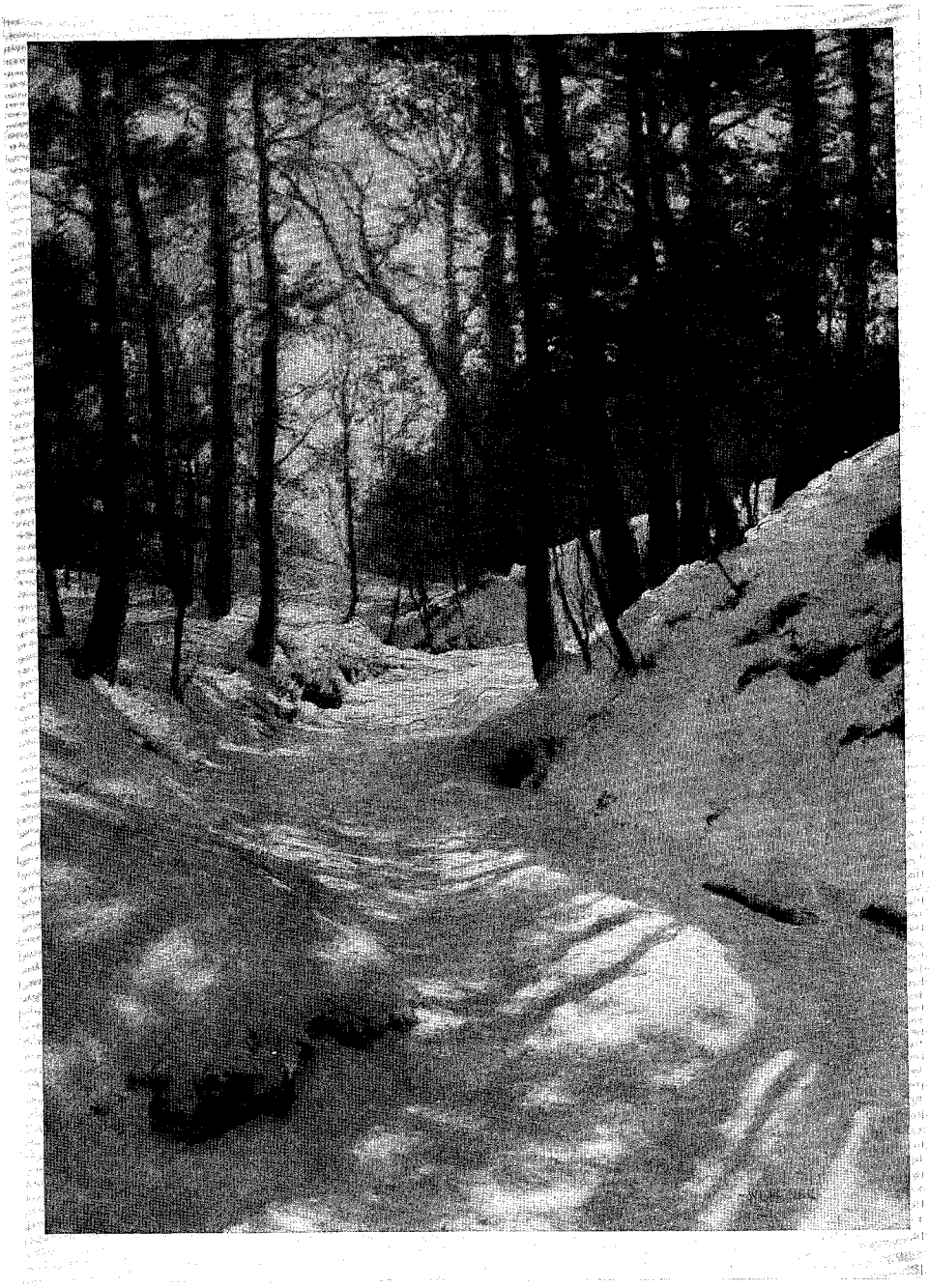

THE GLADE.

BY WALTER LAUNT PALMER.

—See "Field of Art," page 403.

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